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THE SECOND SON.

V.

AFTER DINNER.

"I HEARD," said Mr. Mitford, when the servants had left the room, "that Elizabeth Travers was over here to-day. Who saw her when she came? — or was it true?" —

A look was exchanged very quickly, almost imperceptibly, by the others round the table, and Nina, who had not yet had time to go away, answered in her little voice, which had still something in it of the shrillness of childhood, "She was not here, papa."

"But I heard that she was here," said Mr. Mitford, in his preumptory tones. He was one of the men who are always ready to suppose that they are being deceived, and that every contradiction must be a lie, — possibly intentional, perhaps only uttered on the spur of the moment, but at all events untrue.

Roger, who knew what was coming, stirred in his chair with a consciousness that could not quite be concealed; but it was Edmund who replied:—

"She was at the Rectory, sir. We saw her mare in front of the gates, as we were going to the railway with Steve."

"Which of you went in to make her welcome?" the Squire asked.

"I don't think any of us thought of

it. Steve had only just time to catch his train."

"I was not thinking of Steve. What has Steve to do with it? But you two, I suppose, had no train to catch. It was most fraternal, truly beautiful, to walk down with your brother, but it did not, I imagine, occupy all your souls."

"I don't pretend it occupied much of my soul," said Roger. He had turned half round on his chair, perhaps out of mere caprice, perhaps that the light might not fall so distinctly on his face.

"And when you saw her there, — a fine creature, handsome enough to turn any young fellow's head, and as nice as she's handsome, — you forgot all about Stephen, and did your best to make yourself agreeable? Much as I value family affection," said the Squire, in the voice of satire which his children dreaded. "I could forgive that."

Nina was not clever enough to see what it was about, but she perceived that the situation was strained, and she made a little diversion for the brothers by leaving the table. Mr. Mitford never entered the drawing-room after dinner, so that Nina's departure was accompanied by a little ceremonial which sometimes had the effect of changing a disagreeable subject. She went up to her father, and put her soft little lips to the weather-beaten cheek which he turned care-

lessly towards her. "Good-night, papa," she said.

"Good-night, good-night," he replied, almost with impatience. This time the diversion was without effect. That Roger should get up to open the door for her seemed to Mr. Mitford a quite unnecessary ceremony; and it must be owned that Roger himself but seldom remembered this homage to womanhood in the person of as familiar and unimportant an object as his little sister. He had to come back from the door, by which he was so much tempted to escape, and take his chair again, which he did most unwillingly, foreseeing trouble to come.

"Well!" said the Squire. "How far did you go with her? Or rather, how long did she stay?"

"I told you, sir," said Edmund, "that we went with Steve to the railway."

"Again! what has Steve to do with it?" the father cried.

"So that we saw nothing but the groom with the mare. Her visit was at the Rectory, not here."

"At the Rectory, and not here!" repeated the Squire, with a contemptuous (and very unsuccessful) mimicry of his son's tone. "Did I ever say it was here? How could she come here, to a house where there's no woman, to throw herself at your heads? That's what you expect a girl to do, you young fellows nowadays. She went as far as she could in coming to the Rectory. By Jove, when I was your age I should soon have let her see I knew what she meant."

"You forget, sir," said Roger, evidently restraining himself with an effort, "that there is not the slightest reason to suppose — indeed, that we have not the least right to imagine — Miss Travers's visit to her friend at the Rectory to have anything to do with us."

"I don't forget, sir," cried the angry father, "that you're a puppy and a coxcomb, and that Lizzy Travers is twenty thousand times too good for you."

This perfectly irrelevant sentiment was delivered with so much heat that Edmund gave his brother an anxious, deprecatory look, to which Roger replied with an indignant frown before he spoke. "I am convinced of that," he said.

"Convinced that you mean to let her be carried off before your very eyes! There's that long-shanked simpleton Ray Tudgold: though he's a boy and a fool, he has more sense than you. I saw him at her bridle, assiduous enough, I can tell you, and Tudgold himself settling her stirrup for her. Why were n't you there? What the deuce do you mean by always being out of the way when there's a really good chance for you? And she must have seen you pass under her very nose, taking no notice. A pretty way to treat a lady, and the handsomest woman in the country, and all the Biglow estate at her apron strings!"

"I'm very sorry, sir, if you thought us negligent," said Edmund. "For my part, I think it would have been very bad taste to interrupt her at that moment. She had just arrived, she was with her particular friend."

"What," said Mr. Mitford, with a laugh, "are you still so soft in that quarter, Ned? To think any woman in the world would prefer Pax Lemesurier to an admirer of the other sex! We all know your sentiments in that quarter, my boy, but women are not such fools as to care for each other's company except when there's nothing better to be got."

To this neither of the young men made any reply. It is possible that they were themselves of the same opinion, regarding it with blind faith as a sort of mathematical axiom, recognized by everybody and beyond the necessity of proof. But to a man who is angry, and who is relieving his mind on a legitimate subject, there is nothing so exasperating as silence. It is worse than contradiction, for it implies disrespect. It implies that he is not worth arguing with, that there is nothing for it but to

bear with him, and let the tempest die away.

"You seem to have nothing to say for yourself," he said, turning to Roger, "and I don't wonder. But at least you know my opinion. You are acting like a fool, in the first place, and how far it is strictly honorable" —

"Honorable!" exclaimed Roger, turning round suddenly from where he had placed himself with his face in shadow.

"I'm not afraid of you," said his father, with a laugh. "Honorable, — that's what I said. According to my old-fashioned code, it's distinctly not honorable to persecute a girl with your attentions at one time, and at another to carelessly fling her off."

"I have done neither one thing nor the other," cried Roger, roused to an outburst of indignation, "nor has any one a right to say so. I have the greatest respect for Miss Travers, and always have had. And if any one but you, sir, ventured to speak so of a lady whom — of a — of a girl who" —

"Do you want me to finish your sentence for you? — of a lady whom you once admired very much, and who is the best match in the country; of a girl who would make a capital mistress to Melcombe, and complete the estate in the most satisfactory way, so that the family would be the better of it for generations. I tell you what, Roger," said Mr. Mitford, relaxing, — "for a quarrel between you and me can lead to nothing agreeable, — the thing for you to do is to get the Black Knight out to-morrow, and ride over to see her. She will be quite willing to believe that you prefer getting her all by herself, for the aunt, of course, does n't count; you can easily elude the aunt. Do this, like a good fellow, and I'll be content."

Edmund's eyes conveyed a dozen messages while this was being said, but how could his brother receive them, having turned again his shoulder to the light? No answer came for some time out of

the shadow. Perhaps the young man was struggling with himself; perhaps it was only reluctance to reply, to meet the softened tone with another contradiction. At last he said abruptly, "I am sorry — I can't go to-morrow. I am — otherwise engaged."

"Engaged! I should like to know what that means," said the father sharply.

"I've got something else to do," said Roger. "I've — various things to do. I've — a number of letters to write. I can't possibly spare to-morrow. It would throw everything into arrears."

"Well," said the father, persistently amiable, "if not to-morrow, let us say next day, or Thursday, — at all events, a day this week."

"I shall be busy all this week," Roger said, in a sullen tone recognizable by both father and brother. They knew his under lip had set firm, and the somewhat too long upper one had closed down upon it like a vise. Edmund, looking at him fixedly, in the hope that he might glance up and take counsel from his warning eyes, afforded a means to the Squire of giving vent to his renewed wrath.

"What is all that telegraphing about?" he said. "Ned, you had better mind your own business. You want to advise your brother to be prudent, not to try my patience too far. Let him alone; he had better be honest and let me know exactly what he means, since we're on the question. If he means to defeat me in my first wish, let him say so, and then we can fight fair."

"Roger means nothing of the kind, sir," said Edmund, "though he may be driven to say so, if you press him so hard. Good heavens, what is the use of talking of what a man means! You know very well that in most cases we mean nothing but just what happens to hit our fancy for the moment. To defeat you, no! I'll be bound for him that is not what he means."

"Hold your tongue, Ned," said Mr. Mitford. "That's all very well for boys

and women. I expect I'm talking to a man when I talk to my eldest son. How old is he? Three and thirty, if he's a day. Do you mean to tell me that's an age at which a fellow can go on philandering as if he were still a boy?"

"I'd rather, if it is the same to you," said Roger, again suddenly shifting his position, and revealing a face very white and obstinate, with a fiery glow under the lowered eyelids, "that we discussed this matter, father, you and I, instead of having it talked over like this. Ned means very well, and would be kind if he could, but he does n't always understand." After receiving this ridding stroke, which is inevitably the recompense of the third party, Edmund drew back a little, involuntarily, from the table, pushing his chair out of the circle of the lamplight. The two faces which were within that round of light stood out like those of actors upon the intimate stage of private life, which is so much more exciting than any play.

"Very well," said the Squire, "that's what I say. Let us have it all honest and aboveboard. You know well enough what I want. I want the Biglow estate added on to Melcombe, which is all for your own advantage, not mine. It would not do me any good if it were done to-morrow. And I want a woman that will be a credit to us, that can take the head of the table, as your mother did, and make a fit mistress of a family like ours. The first pretty girl that turns up is not what I want, Roger. You're old enough to know what's what, and not to be run away with by any childish fancy. All these things I find in Lizzy Travers. She's a fine, handsome creature, she's a woman of sense, and she has got plenty of money and just the land that is wanted to round off our own. You looked as if you thought so, too, a little while ago. Why, in the name of all that's idiotic, do you call off now, and disappoint her (as I've no doubt you're doing), and defy me?"

Mr. Mitford warmed as he went on; the enumeration of all Elizabeth's advantages fired his blood, and the thought that for some whim, some caprice unworthy of a man, some change of liking, all these advantages might be thrown away, was intolerable to him. He could not but feel that his son must be actuated by something more than mere perversity, — by an undutiful impulse to go against himself and thwart his designs, which were so clearly for the benefit of the family. That sons did so out of mere rebellion, and injured themselves to spite their father, without any other motive, Mr. Mitford thought he knew well. It was one of their leading impulses, he was convinced.

The contrast between this superficial wrath and flow of opposition on one side and the passion in Roger's face was wonderful. He was quite pale; his eyelids half drawn over his eyes, his nostrils drawn in, his lips set tight. No petulance of contradiction such as his father believed in, but a force of emotion which was full of tragic elements, was in his face. He cleared his throat two or three times before he could get possession of his voice. "In the first place," he said, "Miss Travers's name must be put out of the discussion once for all. We were never more than good friends, she and I. Stop a little" (for Mr. Mitford had given vent to a snort of contempt and the scornful exclamation "Friends!"). "You have no right, and I have no right, to speculate upon what she thinks. A woman's mind is her own, I hope, as well as a man's. That's only a small part of the question, sir, I allow; the question is between you and me. If I proposed to a lady and she rejected me, I suppose you would not say *that* was my fault."

"But I should, sir," retorted his father; "certainly I should, in this case. I should say it was your shameful shilly-shally, your would and your would n't, your reluctance to come to the point, that

had disgusted the girl, and with good reason; only somehow I've faith in her, and I don't think it has."

Roger glared at his father with what he thought was indignation on Elizabeth's account. "I refuse to bring in her name. She has nothing to do with the question," he cried. "The question is between you and me, sir, and nobody else has anything to do with it. I never had any such intention as you give me credit for; but even if I once had, as you think, I have n't now. I don't want to bind myself. I've — no desire to marry," Roger said. He made a slight pause before he said these words, and plunged a sudden glance into the shade where Edmund sat, as if challenging him to interfere; and a sudden flush of color rose on his own face. He added, hastily, "I hope you don't think I'm capable of changing my mind to annoy you. I cannot deny such an accusation, because it's incredible. You can't think so badly of me, even if in the heat of the moment you say it. But if my mind ever inclined towards *that*, which it did n't, at least it does not now."

"And you think that's a reason," cried Mr. Mitford. "By Jove! You ought to think a little, Roger, what's your *raison d'être*. You've no profession, you never do anything, you're the eldest son. Just because it is unnecessary for you to work for your living, being the eldest son, it's your business to attend to this. You may call me brutal, if you like; perhaps it's brutal, but it's true. This is your share of the duty. If you don't do it" — Mr. Mitford got up from his chair almost violently, pushing it away from the table. Then he paused, and looked at his son from the vantage ground of his height and attitude. "Whether it's from mere caprice, whether it's for other reasons," — and here, to Roger's troubled ear, his voice sounded full of meaning, — "whatever is the cause, you had better look to it, my boy. Though you're the eldest

son," said the Squire, turning away, "please to remember that in our family there's no eldest son, so to speak, further than a parent may please."

He went away as he spoke, bursting through the door which opened into the drawing-room. Though he had avoided that way of reaching his own special retirement since little Nina had taken up her abode in it, his excitement was so great that he forgot his usual habit to-night, and a scream from Nina, faintly heard in the noisy shutting of the door, testified to her wonder rather than pleasure at the sight of this unexpected figure pushing through her usually silent rooms. His two sons sat immovable in their astonishment, watching this stormy exit. It was seldom that Mr. Mitford permitted himself to lose his temper, and they stared at each other with looks which were far from comfortable. The Squire was generally very decorous; if he had never sought the confidence and friendship of his boys, at least he had seldom repulsed them, and never threatened. But on this occasion excitement (or was it policy?) had carried him quite out of himself. They heard Nina's frightened little outcry, then a quick and rather angry dialogue, and then the shutting of the distant library door, which indicated that he had entered his own room for the evening. Roger had become very calm, very silent, in the midst of this sensation. "What do you suppose *that* means?" he said at last, when the echoes of the alarmed house had died away. "I did not think my father would have adopted such vulgar methods," he said.

"He meant nothing," said Edmund, in his usual rôle of peace-maker. "And you might have temporized a little. You could not have been forced into matrimony at a moment's notice. Why not yield a little, and keep the peace?"

"There has been too much sacrificed to keeping the peace." Roger got up and began to walk about the room, his figure moving up and down like a shad-

ow outside the circle of the light. "I can't keep it up," he cried. "I cannot go on like this. The best thing for me, if I could but do it, would be to go away."

"And why not? Why not go to town for a month or two? There's nothing tragical about that, no grand decision involved. Go up for the season, and cut this knot, whatever it is."

"You speak at your ease," said the elder brother, looking out of the shadow at Edmund's thoughtful face, in which there was no struggle, only a shade of sympathy and anxiety. Roger was torn by sensations very different, — by passion contending with all the restraints of life, and thought, and better judgment. "It is an easy matter for you," he repeated, with a certain bitterness; "to settle other people's affairs is always the simplest thing in the world."

"I don't even know what your affairs are," said the other. "I suggest no settling; take a moment's pause, as you may so well do. No one can have a word to say, if you start off for town now. It is the moment when everybody is going. And whatever there may be to decide, get it at arm's length, get it in perspective," Edmund said.

Roger stared at him almost fiercely for an instant, then came back and flung himself down again in his chair. "Don't insult a man with your artist's jargon," he said; then changing his tone in a moment, "That's just what I do, Ned, — that's just what I do too much. I can't get any natural action out of myself for that. My father thinks I mean to cross him. I don't. I see the sense of all he or you can say, though you drove me mad with your talk about what was suitable. I know it well enough. He's right, and you are right, and nobody knows so well as I do all the trouble that's in it, or how good it would be to take the other way. "But" — said Roger, staring into the white heat of the lamp, with eyes that were full of glowing fire — "but" —

Edmund stretched across the table, and laid his hand on his brother's arm. There are moments when the most sympathetic can do nothing, can say nothing, that may not turn to exasperation instead of solace. The touch was all he could venture on. Already both had forgotten the father's threat, if threat it were.

VI.

NINA.

The drawing-room at Melcombe had a succession of window recesses, or rather projections built out from the level of the room, like little porticoes inclosed with walls, where all the brightness of the sunshine concentrated, and where a silent little reader or thinker might rest unseen, whoever went or came. It was in one of these that Edmund found his sister the next morning. She had appropriated the little nook, which was oblong, with an opening opposite the great window like a doorway into the drawing-room. On the cushioned seat which ran all round Nina had accumulated her treasures. She had a work-basket full of bright-colored wools and silks, always in disorder, and pieces of work at which she sometimes labored for half an hour at a time. She had a few books scattered upon the seat: a novel always in course of reading; a book of poetry, about which she was not very particular so long as it was verse; and a volume of that vague morality and philosophy beaten down into a sugared pulp, which has at all times been thought the right thing for young ladies. It need scarcely be said that the little girl never opened it, but it represented the higher literature to her unsophisticated soul. She had what she called her "drawing things" upon the table beside her, so that in case an inspiration moved she might fly to her pencil, like a heroine in an old-fashioned novel, without loss of time. She

never did so, but what did that matter? An old guitar, which Nina had found in a lumber-room, hung by a faded ribbon from the wall, so that she might equally soothe her mind with that, if any sudden pressure of affairs suggested music as the natural relief to an overburdened soul. To be sure, Nina did not know how to play, but that made no difference. Had the necessity existed, no doubt the knowledge would have come. On the whole, the little thing pleased herself much with these simple preparations for every emergency, and as no emergency occurred read her novel in peace, or when there was any bazaar in prospect, for which her married sisters claimed her aid, would seize her crewels and work for a whole twenty minutes. She led a very useless life, much unlike the present habits of high-minded girls. She had nothing to do, and did nothing. She learned nothing. She did not improve her mind. She had no part in the operations of the household. In short, she existed only like one of the flowers in the garden. She loved the guitar, which she called a lute, and the drawing things, and the poetry book, and the crewels, which she called embroidery. These were all accessories to the little part she had to play, but her novels were old-fashioned, and so was her ideal, and she did not know that any more was intended in the constitution of a little girl belonging to a country family. Laura and the rest had married, that was true, and entered upon another kind of existence, which Nina supposed, some time or other, she too would have to do. But she did not speculate on that change, it was not within the range of any near possibilities, and the little mind did not require the stimulus of any such subject for dreams. Lily Ford, in her room which opened on the garden, dreamed all day long, — dreamed with passion, inventing for her future endless pleasures, splendors, and delights; but Nina, in her window-seat, was quite quiescent, pleased with the

days as they came. To be sure, Lily was the elder by three years, and her position was not the assured and simple one held by the little lady at the Hall.

"Oh, you are here, Nina," said Edmund, coming in. He placed himself in the basket-chair, which, though it was well cushioned, always creaked, and disturbed Nina's quiet. "I thought you might be out, as it is such a fine morning. You don't go out half enough."

"I have no one to go with, Edmund. It is rather dull always going out alone."

"So it is. If you would only be a little bolder, Nina, and get upon a horse, you could ride with Roger or me. One of us would always be glad to go."

This was one of the little habitual things which Nina knew were said without much meaning. Oh, yes, no doubt Edmund meant them when he said them. But his sister was too shy to keep him to his word. She was not so timid as was supposed, and had got, if not upon a horse, yet upon a pony, many times with impunity, and ridden soberly about the park. But the idea that Nina was not bold enough to ride had always been kept up. Though she was so simple, she quite understood this little fiction, and that it was not at all in her rôle to call upon her brothers to go out with her; for little persons like Nina, with all their innocence, often know things which they are not supposed to know.

"Thank you very much, Edmund," she said. "I am quite happy here. I am at a very interesting bit in my book. I am not quite sure, but I almost think that Ethelbert is going to turn out Lord Wilfrid's son, which would quite explain the sympathy that Emily felt for him the first time she saw him. It is the most interesting book" —

"Perhaps you would rather I went away, and let you unravel the mystery," Edmund said.

"Oh, no; oh, dear, no!" exclaimed Nina, putting down the volume upon its face. "I would a thousand times rather

talk to you. And there's something I want to ask you, Edmund. What was papa so angry about last night?"

"Last night? Oh, it was nothing, my dear. One of us displeased him. Either Roger or I said something that brought on a discussion; nothing you need trouble your little head about."

"But I do trouble my head. How can I help it? I know it was Roger, and not you. I heard loud voices, sounding quite angry, and then I went and sat close to the door."

"Do you think that was quite right, Nina? It is not the thing for a lady to do."

"Oh, I was not *listening*!" cried Nina. "I did not look through the key-hole, or anything like that. I only sat near the door. And then I heard papa scolding, — oh, scolding! worse than he ever did, even at Laura. I could n't help hearing. Then he bounced in when I was sitting there, never expecting it. What made him come through the drawing-room last night? I started up as if I had been shot, and then he — said something disagreeable to me."

"I am afraid you deserved it this time," said Edmund, shaking his head. "You should not sit near the door; you might hear something that you were not intended to hear."

"Oh, that is exactly why" — Then she stopped short, in confusion. "I mean," she said, looking as if about to cry, while Edmund continued to shake his head, "that I never know anything — about anything! And why should n't I find out, if I can? It is so dull at night, sitting all by one's self here."

"I ought to have thought of that," said Edmund; "of course it is dull. I'll make a point of coming in and sitting with you in future, Nina, if you will promise not to sit near the door."

"Oh, thank you very much, Edmund," said Nina. She was aware that this promise was about as much to be depended upon as that of riding with her,

if she could not ride; but repression had taught this little creature wisdom, and she accepted the offer as a benevolent form. "It was about Roger getting married," she said, nodding her head in her turn.

"What do you know about that? You must not say a word of anything of the kind. Roger is not going to be married."

"I know," asserted Nina. "I think I know more than you do, or papa either, but I am sure I would never tell."

"You — know about Roger? Nonsense, my dear little girl, you must not even think on such a subject. There is nothing for you to know."

"Oh, but there is," said Nina, once more nodding her head. "I knew first from what Simmons said. And then I rode round by the West Lodge, and there I saw."

"I thought that you said a minute ago you would never tell."

"Not to any one else," replied the girl, "but you and I are just the same as himself, Edmund. I would not tell papa for the world. Did you ever see Lily Ford? I think she is beautiful. There are not very many beautiful people like women in books. Perhaps she is not quite up to that, but she is the beautifullest I ever saw."

"Oh, nonsense," said Edmund, endeavoring to laugh the revelations off. "Prettier than Laura? You could n't mean that, and 'beautifullest' is not a word."

"It is what I mean," said Nina. "Laura? Oh, Laura! — she was just Laura, nicer than anybody. It did not matter in the least whether she was beautiful or not. But Lily Ford is like somebody in a book. I once read a poem about a beautiful maiden in a garden, don't you know? She is like that. She walks out among the flowers, and she never goes anywhere else except to church, and Mrs. Simmons says she does n't know what her parents are

thinking of; and then they always say something about Roger, but they don't let me hear what they say."

"You hear a great deal too much, I think," cried Edmund. "Nina, you ought to know it is not fit for a young lady to listen to what the servants say."

"Who am I to speak to, then?" asked Nina, the tears rising to her eyes. "Am I never to hear anything that anybody says?"

"My dear child," said Edmund, "I see how wrong we have all been. It is a shame that you should be driven to that, you poor little girl among all us men. But there is always the Rectory, Nina, when you're dull," he hastily said.

"Oh, I'm not at all dull. I like home the best, but I can't help thinking about what is going on. I like to ride past the West Lodge, the garden is always so pretty. And when it is warm you can look in at the window and see Lily sitting at work. I believe she's making some things for me," the girl added, with a certain sense of pride and proprietorship in Lily. "Roger is there almost every day."

"Nina! for Heaven's sake, don't go on with these revelations. All this information is quite out of your way. If Roger knew, he would be very angry; he would think you were watching him."

"So I was," admitted Nina quietly, "more or less; for I wanted to know. When you hear all sorts of things said of your brother, and especially when you see that they don't want you to hear what they say" —

"You must be removed out of the hands of those servants," said Edmund. "It is not at all good for you. Don't you know the difference between educated and uneducated people, Nina? You have no right to listen to them. You don't hear people of our own class" —

"Oh, Edmund! why, everybody does it; not about Roger before us, but about others. The Tudgolds, and even Pax. Pax was saying the other day that Amy

Tudgold went out a great deal too much when she was in London, and that our Stephen" —

"Don't say any more, please. I dare say we all talk about our neighbors more than is necessary. But the servants, — you must not listen to the servants. As for Roger, he would be very angry. You must know, if you heard anything at the door, — oh, Nina! — that this was not what my father was speaking to Roger about."

"No," said Nina, after a pause, fixing her eyes upon her brother as if there might be a great deal more to say; but though her eyes were eloquent she spoke no further word. For the next half hour or more Edmund kept his place, and made conversation for his little sister. He did his duty manfully, using every endeavor to make her forget the subject on which she had herself been the speaker. He told her about the books he had been reading, giving her at considerable length the plot of a new novel, with a description of the leading characters and their actions. He told her about some discoveries in which the fairy tales of science, the beautiful part of research, came in as they do not always come in, even in its most beneficent spheres. He told her about the last great traveler who had made a track across the black continent. To all of which Nina responded with a little swift interrogative Yes? with a No! of wonder, with the milder *Indeeds*, and *Oh*, *Edmunds*, of attention. She gave him her ear devoutly for one thing as much as the other, and laughed, and clasped her hands, and looked astonished and dismayed, just when it was right for her to show these sentiments. But when at last he got up and left her, Edmund was by no means sure that Nina had not seen through him all the time, that she had not been quite aware of his purpose, and laughing in her little sleeve at his attempts to beguile her. He thought to himself, as he went away, considerably

exhausted with his exertions and with the uncertainty of having at all succeeded in them, that he would never undervalue little Nina's intelligence again. What she had told him was not new to him. He had known very well where Roger was going when he turned along the west road from the station. He had understood what his brother meant when he betrayed the uneasiness of his troublesome passion in talk which pretended to be abstract. But Nina's little matter-of-fact story, her glimpses into the quiet conclusions of the servants, added a pang of reality to the visionary picture which Edmund had made to himself. As it was in Edmund's fancy, it might have gone on for months or years before coming to any crisis; but in a moment, by the illumination of all these sharp little commonplace lights, he saw how immediate and how urgent the danger was. There had been in Edmund's mind a lingering incredulity, the conviction of a man in his sound senses that love, in the gravest sense of the word, for the keeper's daughter was after all an impossibility; that it was a freak of fancy rather than a serious passion which had occupied his brother. How in Ford's cottage, within the ken of the father and mother, amid all the homely circumstances of their life, Roger should have been so fatally enthralled it seemed impossible to conceive; and by Lily Ford, the little half-educated, conventional enchantress, with all the sentimentalities of her boarding-school about her, her artificial superiority, her little romantic graces! If she had been an unconscious, dutiful, rustic maiden, helpful and sweet, Edmund thought he could have understood it better. But for a man who had known and liked, if not loved, Elizabeth Travers, who had owed something of his development to Pax, — that he should throw his life away for Lily Ford! The wonder of it took away Edmund's breath; yet he had no resource but to believe it now. And what was worst of all was that he

could think of no way of helping Roger. His father's threats, his inquiry in respect to that other matter so plainly impossible, the mere suggestion of which was an insult and injury to the lady, — so much too good, Edmund said to himself indignantly, for any one of them at their best, — would of course throw Roger more and more into his fatal entanglement, and make all deliverance hopeless. And there seemed nothing that any one could do. Remonstrance was futile; the time for it was past; and what advantage could there be in pointing out the frightful drawbacks, the miseries, involved in such a connection to the unfortunate who saw them all, and yet could not resist the infatuation which was stronger than reason? It was not thus, perhaps, that Edmund would have regarded a love which was superior to all obstacles, had it not approached himself so nearly. He realized in the present case with a heavy force of fact, more telling than imagination, what it would be to have Lily Ford the mistress of his father's house.

In the perplexity of his mind he found himself following instinctively a path which he had perhaps trod oftener than any other during the whole course of his life, the path that led to the Rectory. He knew that Pax at her window would see him coming, and would divine that he was in trouble, and that his errand to her was the selfish one of unburdening his soul. How often had he unburdened his soul to Pax, in every kind of embarrassment and distress! — even when the disturbing element was herself, when he had so loved her in her full maturity, so hotly wanted to marry her, so insisted that the obstacles were of no importance in comparison. He still loved Pax devotedly in a way, but the thought of his boyish projects in respect to her sometimes brought the hot color to his face, sometimes overwhelmed him with a desire to laugh. It had become ludicrous, impossible, as no doubt it had been always, had he had eyes to see. The recollection

of it came strongly back to him as he ran up the familiar stairs, and went in unannounced, with a little tap at the door. Perhaps she thought of it, too, as she turned half round to greet him, holding out her hand with a "Well, Edmund!" looking at him in the tall, narrow mirror which stood between the two side windows, and which was always the medium through which she contemplated her intimate visitors. Pax was of opinion that she understood people better when she first saw their faces and unconscious expression in this old-fashioned greenish glass.

"Well!" he said, throwing himself down upon a chair opposite to her. "I'm out of heart and out of humor, and as usual I've come to you to be consoled."

"That's quite natural," said Pax. "What is it about?"

"I can't tell you — everything," cried the young man. And then he took up a piece of work which lay on the table, and began to examine it gravely, as if he knew all about it. And so, indeed, he did; for Pax kept a piece of work by her, for state occasions, for the afternoon when people called, which made slow progress, and had no connection with the big work-basket, always overflowing, which stood on the other side of her chair. "You were at this leaf, or thereabouts, last time I was on the verge of suicide," he said, with a laugh.

"And I shall be at another leaf next time," Pax answered calmly. "There is just enough of the pattern to keep me going till I deliver you over into the hands of your wife."

"My wife! I shall never have one, Pax."

"Not till you are married," said Miss Lemesurier. "But I don't suppose that is what troubles you now."

He made no answer for some time, and then he burst forth suddenly, "I don't think it's good for Nina to be all alone as she is. That little thing is far sharper than any of us think."

"I am glad," said Pax, "that you have found that out."

"She ought not to be left to the servants, to pick up the gossip of the house."

"I am very glad," said Pax, "that you have found that out. I hope your father sees it, too."

"Oh, my father!" Edmund said impatiently, conscious all at once that not Roger, but the Squire, was the cause of all his anxieties, for surely he ought to have known better, if anybody should.

"And I don't see how it is to be remedied unless one of you were to marry."

"To marry!" Edmund exclaimed again, and then suddenly gleamed upon him another vision of Lily Ford in the chief place at home, training, restraining, his little sister. A flush of angry color came over his face. "You are very keen upon marriages," he cried, with an instinctive endeavor to give a prick in return. "You used not to be so, if I remember right."

Pax looked into the mirror, and saw herself seated there, mature and motherly, while the young man, flung into his chair in languor and discontent, sat gloomy before her. She uttered an involuntary thanksgiving within herself. If I had been such a fool! she thought, and thanked Heaven, then spoke sedately. "For right marriages always, — for wrong never," she said, with emphasis. "Come, I know that's what you are upset about."

"I have no right to be upset," he said. "I suppose I've nothing to do with it. Am I my brother's keeper? Probably he is better able to judge than I am, and I'm a meddling fool to think I could interfere."

Pax raised her eyes and looked at him seriously, but she did not help him out, and he sat pulling her work about, snipping at stray threads as if that had been the most important occupation in the world; then he suddenly tossed it from him, nearly overturning the light table.

"I should have thought," he cried an-

grily, "that you would have known all about it. Here is one of the storms that are periodical in our house, — my father raging, and Roger going to the devil."

"No, no," said Pax, "not so bad as that."

"What do you call not so bad? He might be bad and do less harm. Imagine Lily Ford at Melcombe, the lady of the house!"

"Has it gone so far?" said Pax, in a tone of alarm. "You ought not to speak so to me, Edmund, about less harm, but still I know what you mean. I can't think it's so bad as that."

"Can you think of my brother, then, as a scoundrel?" cried the young man, changing his view in a moment, as the caprice of his troubled mind suggested. Then he came to his senses in the relief of having thus disburdened himself. "I fear," he said, "it has gone as far as that. I don't see what else can come. Roger is not a fellow to — he is not a man that could — You know what I mean, Pax. He is too good, and too tender-hearted, and too honorable. He could neither deceive a woman nor desert her, even if he wanted to."

"Does he want to?" Pax paused a moment, not expecting any answer to her question; then she said slowly, "There is still one way out of it: there is the girl herself."

"The girl herself!" Edmund cried, with unmeasured astonishment and almost contempt.

"She is in a very artificial position; but she is a natural, silly little thing, with a will of her own; when that is the case there is never any telling," Pax in her wisdom said.

VII.

MOTHER AND DAUGHTER.

On the same morning a consultation of a very different kind was going on at the West Lodge. The scene was the

little parlor which to poor Roger had been a place of fatal enchantment. It bore, perhaps, a different aspect in the morning, but it is doubtful if any circumstances, even the chill daylight with all its revelations, even Mrs. Ford in the midst of her morning's work, with all the common accessories of household labor about her, could now have affected the mind of the lover. Perhaps if at the first he had seen the mother on her knees "doing" the grate, while Lily in her pretty dress, not fit even to be touched by those grimy fingers, stood by and looked on, the contrast might have affected his imagination; but who could tell? He might have found it only an accentuation of the wonder how out of so homely a soil such a flower could have grown. To the chief actors themselves there was nothing in the least remarkable in the situation. Mrs. Ford on her knees before the hearth, with a brush in her hands and the glow of exertion on her face, had paused, looking up from her work to speak, while Lily stood by in the brown velveteen which had been her winter dress, and which, to do her justice, she had made herself, with pretty white frills round the hands which were free from any trace of labor, a few early primroses pinned upon her breast, and her silky hair shining in the sun. The glass door was open, the sunshine streaming in, the garden ablaze with those crocuses of which the keeper's wife had boasted, the little room all glorified by the light, which, however, at the same time remorselessly showed all those poverties of over-decoration and vulgarity of ornament of which its inmates were unconscious. Mrs. Ford was making an appeal which was almost impassionate, and which suited very well with her attitude, if not with her occupation, while Lily listened somewhat impatient, very decided in her adverse opinion, pulling the threads unconsciously out of a scrap of linen which she held in her hands.

"My pet," said Mrs. Ford, "it's time to think serious, if ever you thought serious in your life. I'm dead frightened, and that's the truth. I've always looked, I don't deny it, for a 'usband for you as could give you a different 'ouse from this. We've done our best, your father and me, to make it a nice 'ouse. We've done a deal for you, Lily, though may be you don't see it. It's not a place now for the likes of you, brought up a lady, and naturally looking for things as was never wanted by him or me. But still we've done a deal more than most folks approved of our doing; we've done the most we could."

"Yes, yes," said Lily impatiently, "what is the use of going over all this again, mother? I never said you had n't been awfully good."

"Well, I don't mean to say *that*," resumed Mrs. Ford, drying her eyes with her apron. She was apt to be tearful when she insisted on Lily's excellences, or humbly put forth her own attempts to do justice to them. "But we've done what we could, and I've always hoped for a 'usband as could do more, and that I won't deny."

"Well, mother!" said Lily again.

"But, dear," cried the keeper's wife, "you must n't look too high! Oh, Lily, you must n't look too high! When Mr. Roger first came here I was a bit flattered; that I don't deny. I felt as if it was a great compliment. Him to come in quite friendly like, and take a chair, and talk to you and me. It was not as if it had been talking to your father about them things as men can go on about for hours. Senseless things, I think, but then that's their way. And that he should be taken up with you was natural, and asking questions, for you were his mother's pet, there's not a doubt of that. I was flattered like, I won't deny it. But since Christmas I've took fright, Lily. I've got more and more frightened every day. I've tried my best to say as you were busy,

as you were out, — any excuse I could think of."

"Thank you, mother."

"You would thank me, if you thought a bit. Lily, you don't know the world; if you were as old as me, you would know that nothing good ever comes of a gentleman visiting in a poor 'ouse. He may mean no harm, and she may mean no harm, but it comes to harm in spite of 'em both."

"Mother!" exclaimed Lily, with great indignation, "how dare you speak like that to me! Harm! Do you think I'm one of the poor creatures that forget themselves, that get into danger and trouble, — me! If you think that of me, I wonder you don't turn me out of your house."

"Oh, Lily!" cried the anxious mother. She gazed at the girl for a moment with hands uplifted, then turned round hastily and addressed herself to the grate with great fervor of exertion, making her brush ring into all the corners. After a minute or two of this active work Mrs. Ford turned round again. "You put me to silence and you put me to shame," she said, rising from her knees. "You've got learning enough and sense enough to get the better of a dozen like me, but you did n't ought to, Lily, however things are, for I'm your mother, and that's more than learning, or foreign languages, or playing the pianny, — ay, or even taking views."

"Mother, of course it is," assented the girl. "I never would have been nasty to you if you had n't been nasty to me, supposing for a moment that I was like one of the victims in a story-book, and that harm of that description could ever happen to me!"

Mrs. Ford accepted Lily's kiss with a tearful smile. "Hold off the brush," she said, "or it'll make a mark on you. Oh, Lily, my pet, you're never nasty to me, — only I'm silly about you, and I take everything to heart. And as for Mr. Roger — no, I ain't easy in my mind

about Mr. Roger. I can't say I am, for it would n't be true."

"Why, what could Roger do?" said the girl, with a triumphant smile. "Nothing but what I like, you may be sure."

"That may be, or that may n't be," replied Mrs. Ford, shaking her head; "but what I'm thinking of is his father, Lily. His father, he can do just what he pleases. He can turn us out of this house, which is the nicest I ever was in for its size, and where I'd like to end my days. He could turn your father out of his place. He can hunt us all out of the parish, away from everybody we know. Oh, you think nobody could do that? But you're mistaken, Lily. The Squire can do whatever he wants to do. It's awful power for one man, but he can. I have heard say he can leave all his money away from his sons, if they don't please him, and that's what frightens me. Oh, Lily, Mr. Roger, he's too grand; he's not the 'usband I'd choose for you."

"Too grand, — nobody's too grand," said the girl; and then she laughed. "For that matter, your favorite Mr. Witherspoon thinks a deal more of the difference between himself and the keeper than Mr. Roger does. A fine scientific gardener, — oh, that's a great deal more grand than the young Squire."

"Lily, Lily! there you are, always laughing at the steady young man that could give you a nice home, and furnish it nicely, and keep a servant, and everything. That's what would please me. Better than us, but not so much better that he would throw your father and mother in your face, with a good trade that he could carry anywhere. Oh, that is the kind of man for me. All the masters in the world could n't frighten that one, they could n't do him no harm. He's sure of a place somewhere else, if he has to leave here. Squire may fret as he likes, he can't do no harm to him. Oh, Lily, if it was me" —

"And how are ye the day, Miss

Lily? and did ye like the sparrygrass?" cried the girl, with an imitation of the gardener's Scotch. "Oh, mother, how you can like that man! He may be nice enough, and respectable enough, and all that, but he is not a gentleman," Lily said, with great dignity, drawing herself up.

"And that's what I like him for," replied her mother.

Lily gave Mrs. Ford a look of mingled indignation and superiority. "I shall never have anything to say to a man who is not a gentleman," she said.

"Oh, goodness gracious me!" the mother cried.

Neither to Mrs. Ford's exclamation nor to her attitude of despair did Lily pay any attention. She seated herself at the table, opened a little fancy box in which were her thimble and scissors, and drew towards her the needlework she was doing for Nina at Melcombe. It was a work which went on slowly, subject to many interruptions, but still it was the occupation to which she sat down morning after morning, when the grate was done and the fire lit. The fire was now blazing up brightly, and everything was cheerful within and out: the crocuses all expanding under the sunshine, the same brightness flooding in at the open door, the brisk little fire modifying what sharpness there still might linger in the March air. The only shadow in this brilliant little spot was Mrs. Ford, standing on the other side of the table, with her black brush in one hand and her broom in the other, disconsolately leaning upon that latter implement, and looking at her daughter with troubled eyes. Lily had taken her seat opposite the window. She had laid out a pretty mass of white muslin and lace upon the table; her graceful person, her shining head, the flowers on her bosom, all harmonious and delightful, made the picture perfect. If her features wanted regularity, who could pause upon that point, in the general radiance of beauty and health and

satisfaction that shone about her? In short, who could take that beauty to pieces, or question which part of it was more or less near perfection, who had ever fallen under the spell of her presence? Six months ago Lily had been conscious of that spell. She had been very willing to exercise it if it existed, and fully and fervently believed that the something which would certainly come would be something to her advancement and glory. But still it had all been vague. She had not known what kind of fly would stumble into her shining web. When Mr. Witherspoon, the gardener, appeared her heart had fluttered; she had for a little while supposed that he might be, if not the hero, at least the master, of her fate. But Lily's ideas had much enlarged since those days. She had learned what triumph was. Visions very different from that of the gardener's two-storied, blue-slatted house had passed before her eyes. That man of science who condescended to love her, and wished to improve her mind, was very different from the young Squire, who found all her little ignorances half divine. Roger, with his straight, well-dressed figure, standing up as she had seen him first, asking, was this Lily? stroking his mustache as he looked at her, had been, in comparison with the solid gardener, romance and beauty embodied to the ambitious girl, who, suddenly enlightened by this revelation, held to the certainty that no man who was not a gentleman could ever satisfy her. And since then — well, since then — As she mused a conscious smile lighted up her face; since then perhaps other and still more splendid revelations had come.

"What are you laughing to yourself at?" said Mrs. Ford, who sometimes felt a prick of exasperation even with her darling. "You're thinking of Mr. Roger, and that he'll make a lady of you; but suppose his father leaves everything away from him? Oh, Lily, you don't know what it is, trying to be a

lady, and nothing to do it with. It's worse, a deal worse, than living poor and thinking nothing different, like we do."

"Mr. Roger!" cried Lily, with a toss of her head. "One would think there was n't a gentleman in the world but Mr. Roger, to hear you speak."

"There's none as comes here, at least," Mrs. Ford said.

The conscious smile grew upon Lily's face. It seemed on the eve of bursting into a laugh of happy derision. But she made no reply in words; indeed, she bent down her face to hide the smile which she could not conceal, and did not intend to explain.

"Leastways, not as I know," her mother continued, with a vague suspicion passing like a cloud over her mind. She gave a moment to a hurried, frightened reflection on this subject, and then said to herself that it was impossible. Why, Lily was never out of her sight, never away from her, never wished to be away, or take her freedom, like other girls. Lily was quite satisfied to be always within her mother's shadow. Mrs. Ford felt a glow of happy pride as she remembered this, and it drove all her doubts and painful anticipations out of her mind. "My pet," she said, "there's a many things to be thought of afore you marry, and in particular if you marry out of your own kind. I don't call Mr. Witherspoon that, or even young Mr. Barnes, or Harry Gill, though he's as well off as can be."

"A gardener, a farmer, and a horse-dealer!" exclaimed Lily, letting out her suppressed laugh, but with an *éclat* of derision in it. "What fine gentlemen, to be sure!"

"Oh, Lily!" cried the troubled mother. "There's not one of them but would be a grand match for Ford the keeper's daughter. Now listen a bit to me. As far as that you can go, and none of them would say you nay when you had your father and your mother up of an evening, or to sit with you when

you were lonely, or have a bit of dinner at Christmas, or that. They might n't be fond to see us too often, but they'd never say a word so far as that goes."

"I should hope not," said Lily, growing red. "*My* father and mother! If they were not proud to see you, I should know the reason why."

"Oh, my sweet! I always knew as you'd be like that. But, Lily," continued Mrs. Ford, with bated breath, "what if it was the Hall? I've been through the rooms once with Mrs. Simmons, when she was in a good humor because of the game. "Oh, Lily! I felt as if I should take off my shoes. I'd no more have sat down in one of those golden chairs, or touched the sofas, except, may be, with a soft clean duster. than I'd have flown. I could n't have done it. Velvet beneath your feet, and velvet on the very footstools, and you could n't turn round but you'd see yourself on every side. I declare, I was high saying to Mrs. Simmons, 'Who's that vulgar, common person as you're showing round, and what's the likes of her got to do there?' and it was just me."

"Well, mother," said Lily, coldly. She held her head very high, and there was a crimson flush on her face. The view was, no doubt, new to her, and wounded her pride, perhaps also her heart, deeply. She spoke with a little difficulty, her throat dry with sudden passion.

"Oh, my darling child, supposing as you was to lead Mr. Roger on, and let him come and come, till he had n't no control of himself no more; and that's what it's coming to. And supposing as it come to that as you was married. And supposing the Squire did n't make no objection, but gave in to him because you was so pretty, — as has happened before now. Lily, what would you do with your father and your mother then?" asked the good woman, solemnly. "Would you have us up to one o' your

grand dinners, and set us down at your grand table, with Mr. Larkins, as has always been such a friend to your father, to wait? It makes me hot and cold all over just to think of it. Your father always says Mr. Larkins, he's such a good friend; and suppose he was standing up behind my chair to help me to the potatoes, or pour Ford out a glass of beer. Lord, I'd sink through the floor with shame, and so would your father."

Poor Lily had been foolish in many of her little ways, but she was miserable enough while she listened to this speech to make up for much. She saw the scene in her quick imagination, and she too shivered: the terrible Squire at the end of the table, and delicate little Miss Nina, and all the ladies and gentlemen; and in the midst of them her father and mother, and Larkins grinning over their shoulders! Lily's own heart sank at the thought of how she would herself come through if exposed to that ordeal; but father and mother! She sat bolt upright in the keen pang of her wounded pride, for it was all true; it was true, and more. She felt as her mother said, as if she too, in shame and mortification, would sink through the floor.

"If it should ever come to that," she said, with a gasp, "I should like to see — any one that would dare to look down upon father and you."

"Oh, my pet, I knew you would feel like that; but how could you stop it, Lily? You could n't stop it, my dear. You would have to get all new servants, for one thing, and they would turn out just as bad as the old ones. There's no way as you could work it, my pretty, — no way!"

"If it was like that, I should give up all company altogether, and you should come and see me in my own room, where nobody could interfere," declared Lily. But then the strain of her tone relaxed, the hot color faded, and she laughed with a tremulous mirth in which there

was an evident sense of escape. "It might have come to that once, mother," she said, "but not now. No, not now, — I know better now. If it was Windsor Castle he had to offer, instead of Melcombe Hall, I would n't have him. Don't you worry yourself about that."

Mrs. Ford gave a gasp of amazement. She had meant to make the drawback very clear, but she had not intended to be thus taken at her word. That Lily would weep and protest that no such indignities should ever be possible in *her* house, be it ever so splendid, was what she meant, but no more.

"Lily," she said, "Lord bless you, I did n't mean you were to give up what was for your happiness on account of me."

"Do you think I'd let people look down upon and slight my mother?" asked Lily. "Besides," she added quickly, "he's dull; he is not the least entertaining; he is no fun, mother. There are some that are far better fun, and just as good gentlemen, and never would behave like that."

Mrs. Ford was deeply disappointed, in spite of her evil prognostications. "Well, Lily," she said, "I'm glad you're so reasonable. I can't help feeling for Mr. Roger, poor dear, but if it's to be Witherspoon, after all" —

"Witherspoon!" ejaculated Lily, with an accent of scorn: but who it was, or where she had seen any gentleman who was not Roger, not all her mother's importunities could make her say.

VIII.

PRIMOGENITURE.

The atmosphere of a house in which there is a family quarrel is always affected, however limited may be the extent of the quarrel. In the present case there were but two of the family involved: but they were the principal per-

sons in the house. Not a word was said about it at the breakfast table, from which, indeed, the Squire had disappeared before Roger was visible, to the relief of everybody concerned, nor at lunch, where they met with more civility than usual, saying "Good-morning" to each other with averted eyes. But at both these meals the situation was very obvious, the air stifling the other members of the party, embarrassed to a degree which was absurd. Why could not they talk in their usual tone, or keep at least an appearance of ease? Why was it that a subject could not be kept up, but was dropped instantaneously as soon as, with two feeble remarks, it had been brought into spasmodic being? How was it that all the ordinary events which furnish table-talk seemed for this moment to have ceased to be? Edmund did his best, laboring against the passive resistance of the two silent figures who sat at the head and foot of the table, and made no contribution to the conversation. Every subject, however, that he could think of appeared to have some connection with forbidden matters. As Nina's support was of a very ineffectual kind, and she was too much in awe of her father to hazard many observations of her own, the result was very unsuccessful. It was so feeble, indeed, that the servants gave each other looks of intelligence, and Larkins stationed himself in a pose of defense behind his master's chair. If there were to be any split in the house, which was a thing the servants half had foreboded for some time past, Mr. Larkins felt very sure on which side policy and safety lay. The air was thus affected throughout the house. It diffused a kind of general irritation for which nobody could account. Even little Nina spoke very sharply to her maid, and Edmund kicked away the unoffending dog who got between his feet as he left the dining-room. They were angry, they did not know why. And Mrs. Simmons had all the maids in

the kitchen in tears before she had done with them that day. The belligerents themselves were the only persons unaffected by this general tendency. They were cool to an exasperating degree, polite, making remarks full of solemnity and high composure. These remarks were addressed to Edmund, who figured as the general public. "What do you think of the weather, Edmund? It was sharp frost last night, Larkins tells me, but I hope you'll be able to get a good run to-morrow." "Did you notice if the wind was veering to the west, Ned? I rather think we are going to have a deluge." These were the sorts of observations they made. Had the mind of Edmund been free to remark what was going on, he would no doubt have been struck by the comic aspect of the situation; but unfortunately in such circumstances, though there is always a great deal that is very funny, the persons about are too deeply concerned to get the good of the ludicrous side.

Edmund was much startled to find himself called into the library after that uncomfortable meal. His father made a sign to him to close the door, and pointed to a chair near his writing-table. "I don't often make such demands on your time," he said. "I suppose you can give me ten minutes, Ned?"

"As long as you like, sir," he said promptly, but with some surprise.

"Oh, as long as I like! It's not exactly for pleasure. Edmund, perhaps I was a little peremptory with your brother last night."

"I think so," said Edmund, "if you will let me say so. You've always been so good to us. That makes us feel it the more when you are a little" —

"Ill-tempered, unjust. I know that's what you meant to say."

"I meant only what you yourself said, father, — peremptory. Roger is not in a happy state of mind, to begin with."

"He has no great reason to be in a happy state of mind. I know he's af-

ter some villainy. I've heard it from several people."

"No villainy," said Edmund quickly. "Whoever says so does n't know Roger."

"That's the most lenient interpretation," his father remarked; "otherwise folly, madness, something too wild to name." The Squire paused, and looked his second son almost imploringly in the face. "Can't you do anything, Ned? You two are very good friends, and you've a great deal of sense. There are times when I've thought you rather a milksop, not much like the rest of us, but I never denied you had a great deal of sense."

"Thank you, sir. I'm afraid I am rather — a milksop, as you say. My kind of sense does n't seem to make much impression."

"It would, upon your brother, if you would speak plainly to him. A young fellow can do that better than an old one. They think we're preaching, they think we don't understand. That's a good joke," said Mr. Mitford, with a short laugh, turning his eyes as it were inwardly upon his own experience. "But the fact is you all of you think so. Persuade him that he's a fool, and get him to understand," continued the father, looking into Edmund's eyes with a steady stare, "that what I said was no vain threat. I mean it, every word."

"You mean it, sir?" said Edmund, with a look of surprised inquiry. So little impression had the threats of last night made upon him that he did not even remember what they were.

Mr. Mitford's face flushed into an angry redness. "I mean it, and I hope *you* don't intend to be insolent, too. I mean, sir, that there's no eldest son in our family. I can make whomever I please the eldest son: and by Jove, if Roger makes an infernal fool of himself as he seems to intend to do" —

"I suppose it's quite legitimate as an argument," Edmund said reflectively.

"Legitimate! What do you mean by legitimate? It is no argument; it's a plain statement of what I mean to do."

"If there was any hope that it would be effectual," Edmund went on, "but my opinion is it would have exactly the contrary effect; and to threaten what one does n't mean to carry out" —

"Do you want to drive me out of my senses?" cried the Squire. "I never threaten what I don't mean to perform. Take care you don't spoil your own prospects, too. As certainly as I sit here, if Roger takes his own way in this, I shall take mine, and wipe him out of the succession as I wipe off this fly, without hesitation or — compunction," he continued, drawing a long breath.

"No," said Edmund, with a deprecatory smile. His heart quaked, but he would not even appear to believe. "No, no, — you are angry, you take perhaps too grave a view; but wipe him out — Roger? No, father, no, no."

"None of your no, no's to me, sir," cried the Squire. He had a way of imitating his antagonist's tone mockingly when he was angry, but he had not the talent of a mimic. "I say what I mean, and not a word more than I mean. If you cannot do any more for your brother, make him understand that I am in earnest, and you may do some good."

"I should only do a great deal of harm. I should put him beside himself."

"Then there will be two of us," said the Squire, with a grim smile. "If that's all you're good for, I'm sorry I asked you, and you may as well go. But take care, my boy," he added, rising as Edmund rose. "Take care that you don't spoil your own prospects, too."

Edmund left his father's room with something of the feeling of a man who has been listening to some statement of important possibilities delivered in an imperfectly understood language. He made a great many efforts to elucidate these unfamiliar words, and make out what they meant. They were as strange

to him as if they had been in Hungarian or Russian. "Wipe Roger out of the succession;" "No eldest sons in our family;" "Take care you don't spoil your own prospects, too," — the most recondite of Slav dialects could not have been more difficult to understand. The constitution of the family was a matter entirely beyond argument to this young Englishman. In the abstract, he was ready enough to argue out any question. The law, as interpreted in different countries under different theories, bore no especial sacredness for him, that it might not be fully criticised, questioned, or condemned. He was quite willing to discuss the hereditary principle in general, both its drawbacks and its advantages. But to think of Roger disinherited, of himself, perhaps, preferred, gave him an intolerable sensation which it was impossible to endure. Roger wiped out of the succession! — his brother, whom nothing could keep from being the head of the house, no change in respect to the estates, no arbitrary settlement; his elder brother, *Roger*! There was an incredibility about it which brought an angry laugh to Edmund's lips, yet struck him like a sharp blow, like a sudden warning stroke, awakening him to dangers unthought of, to the unreality of everything about him. It was as if, walking along a solid, well-known road, he had suddenly come to an unexpected yawning precipice, as if he had all at once seen some volcanic crater open at his feet. Nothing less than such metaphors could explain the sudden shock, the tremendous danger. Roger wiped out of the succession, his own prospects — his *prospects*, good heavens! — of disinheriting his brother, of being preferred in Roger's place! This made the blood rush to his brain, singing and ringing in his ears. He to disinherit Roger! Just in that way the warmest champion of equal inheritances would probably pause. Abstract justice is one thing; it may be that children have a right to an equal division of their

father's possessions; it may be that they have no right at all to another man's property, even though he may be their father; but for one to displace the other, to take advantage of the father's weakness and grasp his inheritance, — this, to a generous spirit, looks like the worst kind of robbery. Edmund felt himself degraded, injured, by the very thought. He recalled his father's words. They could not mean this or that; there must be a different signification to them. If there were only a dictionary of human perversities by which he could find it out! He took a long walk upon it, which is so good a way of clearing the head, but light did not come to him. His father was an honorable man. He was a good father; he had never done anything unkind or cruel. What did he mean now by this insane suggestion, by speaking in a new language which the unassisted intelligence could not understand?

The sun had set by the time Edmund returned home. The little paraphernalia of the tea-table, which it had pleased Nina to set up in the hall, was there in its corner, deserted, and nobody was visible but Roger, who stood with his back to the entrance as Edmund came in, apparently examining the whips upon the rack, displacing and rearranging them. He turned half round when his brother entered, but for a minute or two took no notice, carrying on his half-occupation, one of the expedients of idleness to get through a little time. Edmund, for his part, took no notice, either, for his heart was still sick with bewilderment, and he was reluctant to say anything, afraid to begin a conversation, though he had so much to say. He went up to the wood fire, which blazed in the great open chimney, and stood leaning upon the carved stone mantelpiece, which bore the Mitford arms, and was one of the curiosities of the place. The hall was the only part of the house which had any pretensions to antiquity. It was full of dark

corners, with two deep-recessed windows throwing two broad lines of light from one side to the other. One of these was partially filled with painted glass, coats-of-arms blazoned in the brilliancy of that radiance; the other was white and pale, full of a silvery spring-coming sky.

"How is the wind?" said Roger, at last. "I hope that old croaker is not going to be justified in his forebodings. The sky looks uncomfortably clear."

"There is frost in the air," said Edmund. Then he turned round, with his back to the fire, in the favorite attitude of an Englishman. "But I thought," he said, "it could n't matter much to you. Are you not going away?"

"Going away! Not that I know of," Roger replied, curtly.

"I thought you said — it's just the time for town; a number of people there, but none of the whirl of the season. Why don't you go? The hunting is not worth staying for at the fag end of the year."

"Why don't you go yourself, if you like it so much?" Roger asked.

"I will, if you'll come with me, like a shot. To-night, if you please, by the last train."

"Why should I go with you? I am not a man for town," said Roger, with a gloomy face, as he approached the fire. "And just at this time of the year, when the country gets sweeter day by day! Hang the hunting! Is that all I care for, do you suppose?"

"A man should not shut himself up from the company of his kind," remarked Edmund, sententiously.

"His kind! And who are they, I wonder? Fellows at the club, who don't care a brass farthing if they ever see you again — or — or" —

"That's the question," said the younger brother. "Our friends like us well enough here, but they would not break their hearts if we absented ourselves for three months, or even for six. Come. Roger, let's go."

"You are perfectly welcome to go, whenever you please. You don't want your elder brother to take care of you, I hope?"

"My elder" — Edmund murmured under his breath. The word gave him new energy. "Roger, I wish you'd listen to me," he said. "Look here! Here is this sort of a quarrel got up in the house. It's nothing, — a fit of temper, a fit of obstinacy; for you are a bit obstinate, you know. It's nothing, but it puts everybody out of sorts; even Nina, poor little thing, who has nothing to do with it. The best way by far to cut it short would be to run off for a little. Don't you see, that clears you from all embarrassment. After all, perhaps you ought to have gone in and said a word to Elizabeth, now that she is just beginning to show again. No harm done, old fellow, but she might have taken it kind."

"What's Elizabeth to me," cried Roger, "or I to her? She is just as indifferent — If you had gone, it might have been more to the purpose; or Steve," he said, with a harsh little laugh, — "the all-conquering Steve. Ned, if we are not to quarrel, leave that alone, for on that subject I will not hear a word."

"On what subject, then, will you hear?" said Edmund, "for one way or another there is a good deal to say."

Roger began to pace up and down the hall, from one end to another. He had his hands thrust into his pockets, his shoulders up to his ears. The least sympathetic spectator might have observed the conflict which was going on within him. At last he burst forth, "Don't say anything at all, Ned. For goodness' sake, hold your tongue, and let me think for myself." He had another long march up and down, then resumed: "If I could think for myself! I can't think at all, I believe. I just bob up and down as the current catches me. I think I shall go to town, after all. You're right, Ned;

you are a cool, clear-headed fellow, with plenty of sense. I dare say I could n't do better than take your advice."

Edmund could not but smile within himself at this double ascription of sense to him as his special quality. He did not feel as though sense had much to do with it. "Do," he urged. "I don't think you'll ever regret it, Roger. I'll tell Wright to put your things together, for a month, say. Shall I say for a month?"

"I wonder, now," said Roger, fixing his gaze upon his brother, "why you should be so anxious about it. It might be pleasant or it might be convenient, but why the deuce *you* should make such a point of it I don't see."

"I — don't make any point," replied Edmund. "It seems to me that it would be a nice thing to do. I should be glad of your company. We might do a few things together. We have not been out together like this since we were boys, Roger."

"On the spree," said the elder brother, with a laugh; "that's the word. I wonder how Mr. Gravity will look when he's on the — what do you call it?" He paused a moment, and then he said, "That's not your reason, Ned."

"Not altogether, Roger. A family quarrel is a hideous thing; it upsets me more than I can tell you. The Squire and you are too like each other; you will not give in, one or the other; and a little absence would set it all right."

"Oh, a little absence would set it all right! But still, that's not what you mean, Ned," Roger said. He walked across the hall, across the gleams of prismatic heraldic tints from the nearest window, to where the other revealed far away, to the distant horizon, a whole pale hemisphere of sky. There he stood, his dark figure outlined against that almost shrill clearness, while Edmund stood anxious behind. What the conflict was which was going on within Edmund painfully guessed, but could not know as

he watched him, in that wonderful isolation of humanity that prevents the closest sympathizer, the most zealous helper, from understanding all. Dared he interfere more distinctly? Must he keep silence? Was he losing a precious opportunity? Edmund could not tell. He stood helpless, clearing his throat to speak, but in the terrible doubt saying not a word.

"A little absence would set it all right," Roger repeated, muttering between his teeth. "Would it so? Is one's will of no more consequence than that? A little absence — a little — Ned," he said, turning round, "you need n't speak to Wright. Perhaps I'll go, perhaps I sha'n't; no man can tell at six o'clock what he'll do at ten. We'll

see how the chance goes," he added, with a laugh, "if there's time after dinner — or if there's not." He paused as he passed, and laid his hand on his brother's shoulder. "This I will say, whatever happens, — you mean well, Ned."

"That's poor praise," said Edmund, "my sense and my good intentions. If you'd do it, Roger, for my sake — we've always been good friends, old fellow. Never mind the good meaning; do it for love."

"For love!" the other said. He went away, with a hasty wave of his hand. Was it possible that his brother, "that dearest heart and next his own," in the very melting of his fraternal anxiety, had touched the wrong chord at the last?

M. O. W. Oliphant.

T. B. Aldrich.

A DAY.

TALK not of sad November, when a day
Of warm, glad sunshine fills the sky of noon,
And a wind, borrowed from some morn of June,
Stirs the brown grasses and the leafless spray.

On the unfrosted pool the pillared pines
Lay their long shafts of shadow: the small rill,
Singing a pleasant song of summer still,
A line of silver, down the hill-slope shines.

Hushed the bird-voices and the hum of bees,
In the thin grass the crickets pipe no more;
But still the squirrel hoards his winter store,
And drops his nut-shells from the shag-bark trees.

Softly the dark green hemlocks whisper: high
Above, the spires of yellowing larches show,
Where the woodpecker and home-loving crow
And jay and nut-hatch winter's threat defy.

O gracious beauty, ever new and old!
O sights and sounds of nature, doubly dear
When the low sunshine warns the closing year
Of snow-blown fields and waves of Arctic cold!

Close to my heart I fold each lovely thing
 The sweet day yields; and, not disconsolate,
 With the calm patience of the woods I wait
 For leaf and blossom when God gives us Spring!

John Greenleaf Whittier.

Eleventh Month, 29th, 1886.

TWO SERIOUS BOOKS.

THE keen and restless intelligence of the author of *Eighteenth Century Studies*, *Belcaro*, *Euphorion*, and *Miss Brown* has been exercising itself of late on matters of more universal interest than the developments of art, and its real or fanciful relations with morality. Religion is the primary theme of *Baldwin*, a *Book of Dialogues*, and there is much of what is most essential and ennobling about the application to life and thought of any form of religion in the attitude of earnest inquiry, the respect for truth, and the charity of spirit which the book displays. Nevertheless, it is, in form, only one more obituary of religion; regardful of the deceased, and regretful, but presumably final. We have all of us, in our day, read a good many of these tributes to departed worth, and sometimes they have been found rather deeply penetrated by the sort of misgiving which may be supposed to trouble the mind of a funeral orator, when there lies at the bottom of his consciousness a suspicion that the subject of his eloquence may be only a mysterious disappearance, and not a *bona fide* demise, after all. It is not so with Vernon Lee. Her hero, *Baldwin*, is intended to illustrate in his own person, by the symmetry of his character, the excellent balance of his faculties, the cheerfulness of his temperament, and the general sanity of his soul, how comfortably the well-organized human being can get on without those outworn beliefs which he is not even unkind enough to call superstitions; by making the truly best of this life, in short, without any

reference whatever to an imaginary eternity.

Futile objections and sentimental *re-tours* are, for the most part, put into the mouths of this competent gentleman's interlocutors; the dialogue form in which *Baldwin* is cast being one which lends itself equally well to the dubitations of an honest inquirer, detained by an almost even balance of opinion, and to the craft of the well-fortified reasoner who seeks to enhance, by a series of more or less easy triumphs over fictitious disputants, the effect of his own settled conclusions. In rather inclining to the latter method, Vernon Lee is but following the lead of all the great masters of imaginary dialogue, beginning with Plato. What weakens the effect of it in her case is a certain vagueness in the outlines of her chief spokesman's personality. The very pains she is at, in her preface, to explain how *Baldwin* is herself, and yet not herself, foreshadows a something illusory in the character of his mental experiences. "If I be I, as I suppose I be," seems but a shaky foundation for a philosophy of life. Yet it is perhaps unfair to press this point, seeing that in her singularly graceful and touching dedication of this book to her brother, and her warm tribute of gratitude to him for his influence in forming her own "views and aspirations," the essayist may distinctly have intended to offer us a clue to the seemingly shifting and uncertain individuality of *Baldwin*. It is, at all events, in the case of so fresh, eager, and disinterested a thinker as

Vernon Lee, quite worth while to try and learn a little more precisely what these views and aspirations are.

The first dialogue, on the Responsibilities of Unbelief, purports to be a conversation between three rationalists who are passing their summer holiday on an English farm, and who have been, as a matter of curiosity, to hear an argumentative sermon by a plausible Roman Catholic divine, preached in the private chapel of an ultramontane earl, hard by their place of rustication. There is a mocking Voltairean rationalist, there is an emotional, yearning rationalist, and there is the far-advanced and eminently dispassionate Baldwin. That they make quick work among them of the Monsignore's discourse need hardly be said. Their talk soon drifts away from that ingenious performance, and circles about the question whether enlightened unbelievers, like themselves, ought not to take a lesson from the preacher's proselyting zeal, and endeavor, more systematically than they have ever yet done, to dispel in others the lingering illusions of faith. The sentimental rationalist, Vere, has an orthodox wife, and children who, for the present, are naturally under her influence, and he pleads to be allowed to leave them in the undisturbed enjoyment of their "early heaven, their happy views." He cites, rather wistfully, the fable of Pandora, and asks why the modern post-Christian paganism need be more ruthless than the old, which permitted mankind to retain hope, even when reft by his own recklessness of every other blessing. Baldwin is quite patient with this weakness of his friend, even admitting that he had once to struggle against something of the same sort in his own breast, but he is firm.

"I love my wife," says Vere, piteously, "and I respect her belief."

"You may abet her belief, Vere, but if, as you say, you consider it mere error and falsehood, you cannot respect it." "I am surprised," Baldwin adds, a

few pages later, "at your not being almost involuntarily forced into communicating what you know to be truth; surprised that there should not be in your mind an imperious sense that truth must out. Moreover, I think that the responsibility of holding back truth is always greater than any man can calculate, or any man, could he know the full consequences thereof, could support. . . . Do you seriously consider that a man is doing right in destroying, for the supposed happiness of his children, the spark of truth which happens to be in his power, and which belongs neither to him nor to his children, but to the whole world? Can you assert that it is honest on your part, in order to save your children the pain of knowing that they will not meet you, or their mother, or their dead friends again in heaven, to refuse to give them the truth for which your ancestors have paid with their blood and liberty?" etc.

It will be seen that Baldwin claims wholly to have surmounted the proverbial difficulty of proving a negative, and when Vere hints a little feebly that he considers the consciences of his children at stake, no less than their happiness, his mentor replies, with unalterable mildness, by a lucid exposition of the purely utilitarian doctrine of morals. Morality, he explains, so far from being a thing of supernatural sanctions, is only a sort of "rule of the road," established for the sake of common convenience, after man had finally been evolved out of the inferior orders which preceded him on our planet. He retraces the steps by which he himself has been brought out of the darkness of a *quasi*-pietism into the dry light of scientific truth, the full knowledge that "the distinction between right and wrong conduct had arisen in the course of the evolution of mankind, that right and wrong meant only that which was conducive or detrimental to the increasing happiness of humanity, that they were referable only to human beings in their various relations with

each other, that it was impossible to explain them except with reference to human society."

The Voltairean rationalist, Reinhardt, interferes very seldom at this stage of the discussion, save by an occasional amused cackle over the absurd and wasteful earnestness of the other two. He does not quite go the length of that delightful creature, the placid agnostic in Punch, who, under a heavy fire of argumentation from an agnostic of the active type, is driven to exclaim, "Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian!" but he does suggest, with some pertinence, when Vere is wailing over the worse than Olympian license and cruelty which seem to characterize Nature, when we fix our eyes exclusively upon her phenomena, that there appears to have been a difference between the two great human races in this regard, and that "with the Semitic the feeling of right and wrong, of what ought and ought not to be, entirely overshadows the mere direct, scientific perception of nature."

On the whole, however, there is no very striking difference in the points of view of the three rationalists, the effect of whose performance on the mind of the reader is curiously like the effect upon the ear of one of those old-fashioned musical exercises called a *round*, where the performers take up the same melody, one after another, at intervals of a phrase, the result being a tolerable harmony of notes accompanied by an inextricable confusion of language.

In dialogue number two, which is rather ironically entitled *The Consolations of Belief*, we have our Baldwin consistently and conscientiously doing his best to undermine the remnant of religious faith under which one Agatha, a high-minded and clear-headed Scotch girl, is endeavoring to shelter herself from the storms of life and the menace of death. She is only the merest deist. Agatha pleads with him. She has wrenched herself, painfully, indeed,

but resolutely, from her early belief in "Christ and the angels," but she does continue to confide in God and the goodness of his will. Baldwin is plainly sorry to have to hunt this good creature out of her last refuge; but since she has been rash enough to open the conversation by chiding him for his too militant skepticism, he feels that he has no choice. He asks her where, having rejected as mere human utterances the promises handed down by the church, she can expect to find any sanction for her belief in individual immortality and the compensations of unmerited suffering; and when she replies that these convictions are justified by the very fact of their existence, that "they are written by the hand of God, and by him mysteriously sealed up in the human heart," Baldwin, though "naturally an impatient man," takes time and temper to confute her as follows:—

"There is indeed in our consciousness a difficulty of conceiving annihilation, something analogous, I fancy, to our mechanical difficulty of seeing our own back; and there is also a strong instinctive desire for the preservation of our life and of our property, among which latter the life of those beloved of us is certainly the most valuable. This horror of annihilation and this difficulty of conceiving it, both of them peculiarities explicable by reference to our mere present condition, naturally combined and produced, in the absence of any scientific facts which rendered such a conception difficult, a hope, a belief in a future existence, which it is quite possible may have become almost hereditary in us. Your God-written promise is thus easily reduced to a mere wish for a prolongation of consciousness, grown to a certainty for sheer want of being contradicted."

The conversation, which had taken place on board a steamer lying ready for departure at some Continental port, was here interrupted for the night, only to be resumed the next morning, as they

drew near to London by the impressive way of the Thames. The girl, not unnaturally, confessed to having lain awake all night, thinking over the hard sayings of her tutor, and "the more I think," she added, with somewhat startling candor, "the more horrible and incredible it seems to me that a human soul should live in such a nightmare of wickedness, should endure the pollution of such a belief as yours." Whereupon the vain struggle recommences, and the everlasting arguments upon either side are reiterated; with what pungency of expression, what wealth of illustration, what a heroic endeavor after fairness, clearness, and logical consistency, those will readily conceive who admire, as they ought, the enormous literary endowment of Vernon Lee, and the absolute singleness of purpose which characterizes all her work. "Do you still think I am deserving of compassion?" is Baldwin's final inquiry, after bringing forth a score or two more of knock-down arguments, designed to prove that God, if there be a God, is neither good nor bad, but, morally, a totally indifferent being. "Can you wonder if I consider that I am a happier man for believing that morality has no meaning, no *raison d'être*, no use, except where human beings are brought into relation with each other; that it cannot therefore be expected of any save human beings; and for having thus been liberated myself from the frightful incubus of a Creator who establishes morality, and violates, and forces to its violation? Do you think I am to be commiserated, or rather to be envied?' . . . A strange melancholy, almost like a physical ache, came over Agatha. 'I think you are deserving of envy,' she answered, coldly, . . . 'but I prefer to believe in the goodness of God.'"

Freely and forcibly as the girl has been encouraged to speak for herself, it is plain that we are to consider her quite vanquished. It is of Baldwin's mercy alone that she is allowed the last word;

or, rather, it seems to be something like an odd sense of delicacy, arising from the author's instinctive identification of herself with that doughty *doctrinaire*, which prevents her from pressing her grievous advantage yet further, and compelling a formal surrender.

These first two dialogues must be regarded as giving the key-note of the book. The others deal with questions less fundamental, and are plainly to be held as merely accessory to these, and as incidentally strengthening their conclusions. The third bears the slightly confusing title of Honor and Evolution. Here we have an amiable young devotee of science confessing to Baldwin the disgust which has overtaken him with his once favorite pursuits, and telling with somewhat painful minuteness the story of what he has suffered through the vain attempt to reconcile himself, in the interests of science, to the horrors of vivisection. It was not likely that the omniscient Baldwin should have let alone a subject which has agitated the minds of thinking men in England so recently and so deeply as this; and accordingly he can quite appreciate the position of the horrified complainant, and has at his tongue's end the testimony of forty or more learned authorities in the case, English, French, and German, whose experiments are carefully cited in the footnotes.

Baldwin is, in fact, almost equal to Mr. Brooke, in *Middlemarch*, in always anticipating the mental exercises of his companion, having "gone into that a good deal, at one time, myself, — but not too far, not too far, you know!" In the present instance he surprises us a little. Consistent and unflinching positivist though he claims to be, and confident of the ultimate salvation of the world by science, he quite takes the part of the recalcitrant young student Michael. He will not admit that the ends of human advancement are to be subserved by the torture of helpless creatures of so

inferior an order that they can have no possible share in the benefits which might accrue to mankind from such ruthless experimentation. He maintains that a point of honor is involved; and when Michael objects that honor is an antiquated motive, a part of an effete romanticism, and that the code thereof is now, "scientifically, merely a museum curiosity," Baldwin admits that this is so, but maintains that the place of barren honor is now fully supplied by a new motive, which is "in reality only another phase of the same thing," and which he calls *evolutional morality*. "As the sudden word of command by which things were created is now understood as the mere inevitable adjustment and development of physical things, so also this old principle of honor is now comprehensible as the instinct, the ingrained habit, due to ages of deliberate choice, of preferring certain sets of motives to certain other ones. For, as our physical nature has been evolved by the selection and survival of those physical forms which are in harmony with the greatest number of physical circumstances, so also has our moral nature been evolved by the more and more conscious choice of the motives, including consideration for the greatest number of results from our actions; of the motives which, instead of merely enlarging the shapeless and functionless moral polyp-jelly of *Ego*, work out, diversify, unify, and lick into shape the complicated moral organism of society, with all its innumerable and wondrously coördinated limbs and functions."

"He who readeth, let him understand." Baldwin is clearer, if not more cogent, when he goes on to urge that there is something distinctly unmanly in the frantic impatience of physical pain which would lead us to shift the burden of it upon the nerves of any defenseless victim; and that certain high moral qualities are cultivated in men, by the brave endurance of mere corporeal anguish,

which might perhaps disappear entirely were science likely to fulfill her promise of wholly eliminating it from the code of human discipline. It is, at all events, with this rather uncertain sound on the part of the teacher that the discussion on vivisection closes.

Baldwin fully recovers his *ex cathedra* tone, and holds the balance of opinion with much dignity in the succeeding dialogue, which turns upon the delicate question which is preferable, the outspoken obscenity of the French novel, or the bland prudery of the English; and whether the unpleasant, or, as our author frankly says, nasty class of subjects most in favor with the modern French school ought to be treated in fiction at all. Baldwin is for a *via media* between the two extremes, which are severally sustained by Marcel, "the subtle young French critic and novelist," and Mrs. Blake, an elderly lady, eminent in English fiction. The text of this talk is *Wuthering Heights*, — for Marcel has come to Yorkshire to "study the Brontës," — and they are all out upon the open moors above Haworth. Mrs. Blake dislikes poor Emily Brontë's feverish book, for its extravagance and shapelessness, and for the flagrant ignorance it displays of life and men as they really are. The Frenchman, on the contrary, admires it above all the productions of the other sisters, for its revelation of an intense personality, and classes it, effectively, to say the least, with the *Vita Nuova* and the *Confessions* of J. J. Rousseau. And there is with them a fine, frank young English girl, of a recent type, named Dorothy; a sort of universal genius, "painter, sculptor, philanthropist, and mystic," "immature, full of enthusiasm, unconscious of passion," "boldly conversant with evil in the abstract, pathetically ignorant of evil in the concrete," — a sufficiently life-like and pleasing figure; and she too adores *Wuthering Heights*, and thanks Marcel impulsively for classing it with the *Vita Nuova*, but does not like

to have it ranked with the Confessions. Marcel says, in substance, that Dorothy ought never to have read such a book as the Confessions, and Baldwin replies, proudly and very justly, that if any manner of person can read that sort of book without harm, it is such an one as she; and so the talk turns, as aforesaid, upon the whole performance of Jean Jacques's literary progeny, the Baudelaires, Flauberts, Maupassants, and Zolas, which Baldwin neither wholly approves, nor unreservedly condemns.

So, too, in the next dialogue, on the Value of the Ideal, the universal umpire rather disappoints a certain ardent young artist, of the modern realistic school, named Carlo, by refusing thoroughly to take his part against old Sir Anthony, who had been knighted for his achievements a generation earlier, as the painter of "strange, gorgeous, symbolic creatures." These two artists, father and son, are among the nicest people with whom Baldwin has to deal in the course of the book, and we do not in the least wonder that he should sympathize with them both. His decision is that the painter who confines himself to the representation of what he actually sees misses his function. He must depict reality, indeed, but the best possible reality, — reality selected, extracted, and enhanced by his own aspirations after perfection; external reality, in short, as modified by the individuality of the artist, this being, as Baldwin shrewdly suspects, what Mr. Pater meant when he said that *all spontaneous art tends always to the condition of music*, where the personal element goes for so much, where the artist's conception is necessarily subjective, and he produces "not with reference to a preëxisting reality, but to the desires of his own soul."

Finally, in the misty, moon-illuminated last dialogue of all, the scene of which is fitly laid in a Venetian garden, late on a summer night, we have Baldwin opposing such resistance as lies in his pow-

er to the blank pessimism, on the one hand, of the young French critic who had studied the Brontës, and, on the other, to the metaphysical distresses of a beautiful, shadowy creature named Olivia, who wants "to be rid of her own personality." It ought not to be difficult, one would say, to get clear of so very slight and nebulous an entanglement; and in general, it may be remarked of the partners in this concluding talk on Doubts and Pessimism that they resemble St. Paul in this one respect, at least, that "the weapons of their warfare are not carnal." The truth is that the thoughts evoked are not fleshless merely, but formless; fluctuating, interchangeable, rising and subsiding like the waves in the moonlit water, each burnished for a moment with some dazzling reflection, beautiful to behold, but incapable, either singly or collectively, of gathering and storing light. Baldwin's last word — for of course he has, as he ought, the very last word — is an implied praise of *energy*; but why energy, and to what end, he does not condescend to explain.

I have purposely abbreviated my abstract of the later dialogues, from a growing conviction of the impossibility of doing justice in this way to what is really most excellent and striking in the book which takes its name from the dual Baldwin. The tone of it is so argumentative as long to delude the reader into the belief that it must be a main argument; whereas the truth is that, beyond the solemn profession of so-called agnosticism with which it opens, none such can be discerned. The author owns that Baldwin is two people; she might as well have confessed him twenty, for any real consistency or continuity there is in his opinions. He claims to be an "evolutionist," but in three hundred and seventy-five more or less brilliant pages he helps us very little toward a satisfactory conception of what that sonorous term implies, — at least in the moral order. The charm of the book consists in its univer-

sal and, so to speak, irrepressible cleverness; in incidental subtleties of thought and felicities of expression; above all, in the prevailing sweetness and openness of its temper, and the intrinsic humility of inquiry underlying its apparent arrogance of assertion. There is something engaging in the very ease with which the questioning intelligence veers from point to point, and the rapidity with which it will occasionally sweep the whole spiritual horizon, in its eager search after some steadfast spark of truth.

Most of all, however, is Baldwin the book, in distinction from Baldwin the man, interesting and even important, as a sample of the fruits, ethical and literary, of the unadulterated modern spirit. That great writer Thomas Hardy somewhere speaks of a man the glance of whose eye was still so youthful that it seemed to "permeate rather than penetrate a subject." Vernon Lee's elastic juvenility of mind has the same quality and effect. Thanks to her singular precocity, she has been able early to master and consistently to apply the so-called inductive method; to accumulate a rich store of facts, on a vast variety of subjects, without serious prejudice from any preëstablished tendency, and also without the slightest decline of vigor or symptom of satiety. She has not dreamed as yet of counting her mental steps, and has, apparently, no conception of mental fatigue. Consequently, it is still a pure delight to her to be excursive. She has much to say on a great many subjects, and many times the number of words at command that are needful to say it in. Her thought, to adopt a metaphor from the language of her school, seems not yet to have outgrown the stage of development which is denoted in physics by the multiplication of cells. It repeats itself a thousand times for every slightest differentiation. This is one reason why it is so difficult to quote her fairly, in a finite article; and she labors under another very curious liter-

ary disadvantage, arising from a kindred source. The occupation of her abundant powers in the mere observance of phenomena, the absence of determinism, the scorn of all synthesis, have a direct reaction upon her style; one result being that she can never produce upon the reader's mind a distinct impression of what she herself sees. She can only enumerate items; she cannot portray a whole. That finest — must we indeed no longer say divinest? — of the human faculties, the imagination, which fuses and unifies, if not originally absent, seems well-nigh paralyzed through disuse. Vernon Lee is intensely conscious, and no doubt intensely fond, in her way, of external nature. She is always interrupting the conversation of her people by abrupt and rather irrelevant notes of the landscape which encompasses them and the atmospheric conditions of the hour. Her observations are exceedingly minute, including the most evanescent aspects and trivial phenomena. But they are as technical as a painter's written notes might be, and of as little use in conveying a distinct idea, or making a clear image in the mind of the reader. Let me give a single instance out of scores:

"They rowed on for some while in silence, absorbed once more in the strange beauty of the islands and sandbanks which their gondola skirted, in its northward way toward Venice. Broken only by orchards was a long line of little villages, their rows of houses reflected in the sea, — houses whose red, scoriated bricks and worn white and rose-colored plaster, illumined with intensity by the reflected light from the water, had, against the lilac-blue, hot, opaque sky, printed with slender pink belfries and white, funnel-shaped chimneys, a strange, powdery brilliancy of color, full of thick white and rose, as of pastel; unreal, exquisite in tone, like some canvas by Veronese, or fresco by Tiepolo. Indeed, only the sea seemed real, consistent, made of something less illusory than delicate

tinted chalks on reddish prepared paper; the sea, with white and orange sails flecking it like butterflies, which was of a thick, marble smoothness, gray with blue and lilac veinings, and opalescences, in the low light, as of glass spun with gold-dust."

Now we can no doubt infer, from these data, a beautiful evening in Venice, but we have absolutely no *vision* of the scene. Despite the author's earnest and evidently loving attention to the details of it, the result is a mere chaos of material, a soulless phantasmagoria. Can it be because the soul of external nature, that which the *heavens declared* to the Hebrew poet, the *spiritus intus*, the *mens infusa*, of the Latin poet, is precisely what positivism has eliminated, and what a positivist as young in years, as single-minded, and as thorough-going as our author must needs have come too late to apprehend?

But to be merely an evolutionist does not necessarily imply, we are told, the elimination of a First Cause, or the absence of an "interfused soul" in the brute mass of physical phenomena and a controlling thought in the chaos of human affairs. Another new book lies beside Baldwin on my table, the author of which formally proclaims himself an evolutionist. It is W. S. Lilly's *Chapters in European History*, wherein that able writer proceeds to the further development and more ample illustration of certain ideas which he had previously advanced in a book entitled *Ancient Religion and Modern Thought*. In the present work, at least, there is nothing vague nor provisional: there are no moral titillations or coquettings between contradictory hypotheses; there is no neglect of synthesis or absence of determinism. The opening chapter is indeed thrown, like the whole of Baldwin, into the dialogue form; but two out of three of the interlocutors are, in this case, merely the traditional men of straw, who stand up for the express purpose of

being bowled over by the principal speaker. The very name of the latter, Luxmore, may be intended as an allegory to signify that he has received more light than they. At all events, the proposed question being what history can teach us, Luxmore's contention is that it teaches, and that clearly, the divine government of the world and the constant progress of mankind to higher and better things. He regards Christianity as the central fact of human history; the opening of the Christian era, the point at which the race registers its greatest advance and most substantial gain; and the Roman Catholic Church as the divinely appointed and imperishable depository of Christian truth.

A la bonne heure! It would seem, at first sight, that there is at least nothing new in such a position as this. But let no reader of advanced views and modern sympathies be repelled from Mr. Lilly's performance by the notion that the latter is a mere reactionist, and that all is known beforehand which a Christian, and especially a Roman Catholic apologist, can have to say. Never was a book so full of surprises. The thesis may be old, but the arguments by which it is sustained are of a novelty and ingenuity, an almost whimsical originality, fit to beguile the most obstinately dissentient reader, and maintain him in a state of agreeable excitement. Never, in short, was a grave and closely reasoned treatise so readable, — I had almost said sensational. If the essence of wit, as prigs maintain, lies in the unexpected association of incongruous ideas, then the *Chapters of European History* is, by all odds, the wittiest book of the decade, whether or no it is the weightiest. Here are some of Mr. Lilly's main points: —

The asserted progress of modern European society "may be described as the evolution of the individual." But the individual can be evolved and advance to higher phases of development only under conditions both of spiritual and

political freedom. The Catholic Church, as the natural guardian of man's spiritual freedom, is the natural foe of his political oppressors. Therefore the periods when the church is depressed and dishonored are periods of political reaction and degradation; while those in which she triumphantly maintains her proper ascendancy over all earthly or merely civil potentates are those of the true dignity and rapid advancement of the individual and of the race. The close of the first Christian millennium was notoriously a time of deep abasement and corruption in the church; and the mind of man was proportionably stagnant and besotted. Gregory the Great, who achieved the double work of reforming the manners of the clergy while he humbled to the dust the worldly sovereigns who had defied the ecclesiastical authority, was a great apostle of human freedom, and a promoter of human enlightenment. The period of history which this mighty pontiff inaugurated — the mediæval period, properly so called — is one of the most glorious and truly gainful in the annals of mankind; that is to say, of the European branch, to which Mr. Lilly confines his attention. The several sovereigns of Europe were then all members of one great theocratic confederacy, correctly styled Christendom; and they owned their common allegiance to a paramount ruler, who was the direct representative of divinity upon earth. The subjects of these various princes were thus placed beyond the possibility of enslavement, because they had always an appeal to the sacred central authority from the tyranny of their immediate masters. The result of these happy conditions was an enormous expansion of the human mind, and an unexampled growth in its powers of invention and production, signalized by such names as those of Roger Bacon in physics, Dante in poetry, Giotto, and Niccolo Pisano, and the great Gothic builders in art. This was the true Renaissance, or rean-

imation and rejuvenation of man's highest faculties; not that wild *retour* toward paganism which marked the latter half of the fifteenth century, and which usually receives the name. The immediate results of this false Renaissance were the dépravation of manners and the decline of art. Its remote results — to use Mr. Lilly's own emphatic and many times repeated formula — have been "absolutism in the political, and materialism in the philosophic, order." The infection of the church by pagan learning and the relapse into more than pagan vice of some of her highest clergy provoked the sharp calamity of the Protestant schism; and when the Society of Jesus arose to rescue and nobly vindicate for a time the perishing cause of man's spiritual freedom, it was Louis XIV., the type and supreme exemplar of the absolute monarch of modern times, who achieved its suppression, and, so far as possible, trampled out the life of it. The assertion of the so-called "Gallican liberties" — which, by the way, Mr. Lilly considers quite as flagrant and melancholy a misnomer as the term Renaissance — was the natural preamble to the blasphemies of the *philosophes*, the atheistic atrocities of the great Revolution, and the rampant materialism of the nineteenth century, in France and all the lands that take their cue from France. The unchecked tyranny of the *Grand Monarque* paved the way for that more fatal tyranny of the irresponsible majority, — the largest, and so inevitably the lowest, class of mankind, which our author delights to call by the jaw-breaking name of "ochlocracy," and whose imminent ascendancy is undoubtedly regarded with deep concern by most sane and sensible men.

Mr. Lilly's learning is wide, his thinking powers are beautifully disciplined, his style is remarkable for clearness and point. But his most wonderful quality, taken in connection with the almost romantic ultramontaniam of his views, is,

as has been before hinted, his intense *modernness* of tone and even of phraseology. He abounds in quotation, both direct and indirect, but the authorities whom he cites are the exponents of the "Zeitgeist," not the Fathers of the church. The names with which his broad page bristles are Tennyson, Taine, Lecky, George Eliot, Mark Pattison, and Renan; while St. Thomas Aquinas and Suarez retire modestly into the footnotes. His aim, as we are forced to conclude, is to rout with their own captured cannon the foremost representatives of recent speculation. Now there is something brilliant and alluring in the very boldness of such an enterprise, and I, for one, should not have been sorry to witness his complete success. It would not have been the first time, by many, in the history of human thought, that a seeming paradox has been victoriously demonstrated, and it is always a good lesson for conceited doctrinaires when this occurs. Were such a squaring of the circle possible as Mr. Lilly proposes, — such a fusion of the august and consecrated old with the enlarging and exhilarating new, — how would not the weight of the unintelligible world be lightened once for all, our saddest apprehensions dispelled, our largest hope realized! True, we should apparently have to own not merely that the evolution of the soul of man, the magnificent progress of the race toward its divine goal, is capable of being temporarily arrested, but that the would-be pioneers of modern thought are actually caught in a sort of eddy or back-water, by no means affecting the general "stream of tendency" along which we are all eventually bound to move. And so much we might well do without serious disheartenment, — nay, rather with a buoyant faith.

But has Mr. Lilly fairly made his points? Unfortunately, I cannot see that he has done so. In spite of his winning address and his air of high lit-

erary respectability and even fashion, I am afraid we must own that he is a sturdy beggar of questions. Turning to those of his chapters which refer exclusively to the mediæval period, we find that he has retold with fresh touches of power and pathos — even after Renan — the tale of the triumph of primitive Christianity over Roman Imperialism, and of Roman Christianity over barbarian Imperialism. His account of the mission of the great Hildebrand I believe to be, substantially, the true one. In the chapter on Mediæval Spiritualism, as illustrated by the great Latin hymns of the church, I could wish, indeed, that he had refrained from all attempts at translation. It is true, no doubt, that Dr. Neale, the author of the most widely popular versions of these hymns, is guilty, if not exactly of false glosses, at least of the occasional suppression of distasteful doctrine. Nevertheless, there is, to my mind, more of the genuine spirit of mediæval Christianity in the single stanza beginning, "For thee, O dear, dear country, mine eyes their vigils keep!" than in all of Mr. Lilly's bald and laborious renderings put together. But this may be merely because the latter is not in the least a poet, while Dr. Neale undoubtedly was one.

When he comes to the Renaissance, however, Mr. Lilly seems to me to offer, not so much a re-reading of the facts as a re-arrangement which amounts almost to a transformation. Take, for example, the exceedingly interesting chapter on Michael Angelo and his work. *Because* that supreme artist lived and died a sincere Catholic believer, Mr. Lilly claims that his whole career was a protest against the revived paganism of his time, and that "he was the prophet of the humanistic Renaissance only in the sense in which Jonah was the prophet of Nineveh and Lot was the prophet of Sodom." Now I have often wondered that writers of Mr. Lilly's persuasion have

not habitually laid more stress on the staunch theoretic orthodoxy, over and above the deep piety of sentiment, evinced both by Michael Angelo and by Vittoria Colonna during the late and solemn season of their immortal friendship. Two of the highest intelligences of the time — the greatest man, take him for all in all, and probably also the greatest woman — remained deliberately loyal to the old dogma, though each had been brought into intimate contact with influences exceedingly hostile to it: Michael Angelo, who had passed the most impressionable years of his "mighty youth" in the house of Lorenzo de' Medici, and the very porch, so to speak, of the Platonic Academy; Vittoria, through her association with the Court of Ferrara when it was ruled by that earnest and openly Protestantizing Duchess Renée, daughter of Louis XII. of France and wife of Ercole d'Este, who made Olympia Morata her *protégée* and Calvin her honored guest. The allegiance of these ascendant and speculative spirits to the old faith remained unshaken; and the circumstance is all the more remarkable, and none the worse, I should think, for Mr. Lilly's special purpose, in that the visible works of Michael Angelo's hands, the imperishable monuments which offer to all time their mute witness to the temper of his mind, were so palpably inspired by his studies of the pagan antique, and imbued with the very essence of humanism. Even those fading shapes, doubly awful in their decay, which loom above and seem ready to descend and crush us in the Sistine Chapel, are Titans of the pagan prime. The heaven there visioned is Olympian and the hell Tartarean; and, for the rest, the figures which Michael Angelo wrought for us were those of the men of this world, — struggling, suffering, pondering, commanding, despondent, or defiant *men*; mere men, however mighty, and women of a manly mould. Even the sublime Madonna of the great Pietà in

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St. Peter's, the most spiritual of all his women, is a being yet more intellectual than spiritual, more majestic than angelic, who faces her unutterable woe with a conscious gathering of all her natural forces, and far more in the spirit of Dürer's Melancholia than with the celestial sadness and visionary resignation of the Mater Dolorosa of an earlier day.

In short, it is very peculiarly and precisely the *human* condition, and the fatality of it, which Michael Angelo represents; humanity in its fleshly limitations and tragical isolation, not humanity in its supposed relations with the eternal and divine. And so, when we consider him as an ecclesiastical architect: it is conceivable that St. Peter's might have been yet grander than it is, had his designs been fully carried out, but nothing could have changed the *order* of its grandeur. It is, and must ever have been, in its unparalleled stateliness, its contempt of mystery, its broad and bright magnificence, a symbol rather of human pride than of human aspiration; the spacious and effulgent court of the first in the hierarchy of human sovereignties, rather than a temple which suggests infinity and compels to prayer, like the cathedrals of Siena and Pisa, and the dim, stupendous fanes of northern lands. None the less, because it outranked them so superbly, did St. Peter's inaugurate the succession of those pompous but thoroughly mundane constructions which passed everywhere for churches in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. It is a curious fact, also, that in the case of the most perfectly beautiful church which Michael Angelo ever made, that of Sta. Maria degli Angeli in Rome, he had a pagan foundation to start from and a pagan framework to fill; and it may fairly be questioned whether this is not the very reason why, from a merely æsthetic point of view, the effect is so singularly symmetrical and satisfying.

No; it was assuredly *not* Michael An-

gelo's mission to denounce judgment on his era, but rather to illustrate it. Like Shakespeare, so nearly his contemporary, and his only peer in modern times, he celebrated the *majority* of the human race, the end of its period of tutelage, the beginning of that of heavy warfare and full responsibility. Yet will it be believed that, incidentally, in one of the essays, Mr. Lilly claims Shakespeare also as a mediævalist rather than a modern, as opposing by the whole tenor of his work the drift of the "humanistic Renaissance"? And then, *is it true* that Port Royal was a forgery of fresh chains for the human spirit, that the keen shafts of the Lettres Provinciales were directed against the leaders of true progress, that Alva in the Netherlands was the champion of man's highest and dearest rights? How happens it, after all, if spiritual and political health and freedom do really go hand in hand, that England, the arch-rebel against the one authentic spiritual authority, should have held intact that treasure of civil dignity and independence in which Mr. Lilly so patriotically exults, while the same was swamped in the rising tide of Renaissance absolutism, and missed for good and all by the loyal and obedient members of that once happy but now distraught and divided family, the great lost entity of Christendom?

The truth is that Mr. Lilly's ingenuity goes far to defeat his own end. The average British mind, and also the British

descended, cherishes a dogged and perhaps rather stupid preference for straightforward methods in thought no less than in action. The moment a reasoner shows himself exceptionally adroit, we begin, very unjustly in some cases, no doubt, to suspect his candor. The more we may have been charmed, at the outset, by the neatness of his dialectic, the more surely the suspicion occurs that he is perhaps merely practicing for our amusement, and the instinct is aroused of resistance to his inferences. We quarrel with Vernon Lee for coming to no conclusion whatever on matters which we feel to be of vital import; but no more do we want, especially in matters so vital, a conclusion sprung upon us by Mr. Lilly. If we weary of the diffused and dazzling lights of the foggy ocean, where the former lies becalmed, and even sicken a little at that incessant rocking of her craft which implies no inch of progress, we are ready to resent being quietly attached by the latter, and towed by a tortuous channel into we know not exactly what land-locked port. We thoroughly respect, in the bottom of our hearts, the intellectual integrity implied in Vernon Lee's suspense of opinion; but while we sympathize to some extent with Mr. Lilly's aims, and own that he has saintly example for becoming a Greek to the Greeks, a dull doubt remains with us of his perfect intellectual honesty. Truly, we are an uneasy and captious generation!

Harriet Waters Preston.

A BIRD OF AFFAIRS.

ONE of the most interesting birds I have studied was a blue-jay; I may say is, for he stands at this moment not six feet from me, his whole mind intent upon the business of driving small corks through a hole which they snugly fit.

He takes the cork, as he does everything, lengthwise, and turns it about till he gets the smaller end outside; then pushes it into the hole and pounds it, delivering straight and rapid strokes with his iron beak, till it is not only driven up to the

head, but, since he has found out that he can do so, till it drops out on the other side, when, after an interested glance to see where it has fallen, he instantly goes to the floor for another, and repeats the performance. Hammering, indeed, is one of his chief pleasures, and no woodpecker, whose special mission it is supposed to be, can excel him; in excitement, in anger, when suffering from *ennui* or from embarrassment, he always resorts to that exercise to relieve his feelings. I have thought sometimes he did it to hear the noise and to amuse himself, in which case it might be called drumming.

Not only does my bird occupy himself with corks, but with perches and the woodwork of his cage, with so great success that the former have to be frequently renewed, and the latter looks as though rats had nibbled it. The deliberate way in which he goes to work to destroy his cage is amusing; lifting the end of a perch and quietly throwing it to the floor, pounding and splitting off a big splinter of the soft pine and carefully hiding it. To give him liberty, as I have, is simply to enlarge the field of his labors, and furnish him congenial employment from morning to night, the happiest and busiest member of the household. He tries everything: the corners of card-board boxes, always choosing the spot that is weakest at the corner, and pounding till it is ruined; the cane seats of chairs, which he selects with equal judgment, and never leaves till he has effected a breach; a delicate work-basket, at which he labors with enthusiasm, driving his pickaxe bill into it and cutting a big hole. It is most curious to see him set himself to pick a hole, for instance, in a close-woven rattan chair, or a firm piece of matting stretched upon the floor. Selecting, by some esoteric wisdom, the most vulnerable spot, he pushes and pounds and pokes till he gets the tip of his beak under a strand, and then pulls and jerks and twists till

he draws it out of its place. After this the task is easy, and he spends hours over it, ending with a hole in the matting three or four inches in diameter; for he is never discouraged, and his persistence of purpose is marvelous. Books are a special object of his attentions; not only does he peck the backs as they stand on the shelves, till he can insert his beak and tear off a bit, but if he finds one lying down he thrusts the same useful instrument into the edge, slightly open so as to inclose two or three leaves, and then, with a dexterous twist of the head, jerks out a neat little three-cornered piece. Thus he goes on, and after a short absence from the room I have found a great litter of white bits, and my big dictionary curiously scalloped on the edges. He is able to pound up as well as down, crouching, turning his head back, and delivering tremendous blows on the very spot he wishes, and so accurately that he easily cuts a thread, holding its strands under one toe.

But hammering, though a great pleasure, is not his dearest delight. The thing for which, apparently, he came into the world is to put small objects out of sight, — bury them, in fact. No doubt the business for which Nature fitted him, and which in freedom he would follow with enthusiasm, is the planting of trees; to his industry we probably owe many an oak and nut tree springing up in odd places. In captivity, poor soul, he does the best he can to fulfill his destiny. When he has more of any special dainty than he can eat at the moment, as meat, or bread and milk, he hides it at the back of his tray, or in the hole already spoken of in connection with the corks; and when outside, nothing can be droller than the air of concern with which he goes around the floor, picking up any small thing he finds, left purposely for him, a burnt match, a small key, stray pins, or a marble, and seeks the very best and most secluded spot in the room in which to hide it.

A pin he takes lengthwise in his mouth, which he closes as though he had swallowed it, as at first I feared he had. He has no doubt about the best place for that; he long ago decided that between the leaves of a book is safest. So he proceeds at once to find a convenient volume, and thrusts the pin far in out of sight. A match gives him the most trouble. He tries the cracks under the grooves in the moulding of the doors, the base board, between the matting and the wall, or under a rocker; in each place he puts it carefully, and pounds it in, then hops off, giving me one of the

“sidelong glances wise

Wherewith the jay hints tragedies,”

attempting to look unconcerned, as if he had not been doing anything. But if he sees that he is observed, or the match is too plainly in sight, he removes it and begins again, running and hopping around on the floor with the most solemn, business-like air, as though he had the affairs of nations on his shoulders, the match thrust nearly its whole length into his mouth. The place usually decided upon is an opening between the breadths of matting. It is amusing when he chances to get hold of a box of matches, accidentally left open, for he feels the necessity and importance of disposing of each one, and is busy and industrious in proportion to the task before him. It is not so pleasing, however, when, in his hammering, he sets one off, as he often does; for they are “parlor matches,” and light with a small explosion, which frightens him half out of his wits, and me as well, lest he set the house afire. The business of safely and securely secreting one match will frequently occupy him half an hour. He finds the oddest hiding-places, as in a caster between the wheel and its frame; up inside the seat of a stuffed chair, to reach which he flies up on to the webbing and goes in among the springs; in the side of my slipper while on my foot; in the loop of a bow; in the plaits of

a ruffle; under a pillow. Often when I get up a shower of the jay’s treasures falls from various hiding-places about my dress, — nails, matches, shoe buttons, and others; and I am never sure that I shall not find soft, milk-soaked bread in my slipper. But the latest discovered and most annoying of his receptacles is in my hair. He delights in standing on the high back of my rocking-chair, or on my shoulder, and he soon discovered several desirable hiding-places conveniently near, such as my ear, and under the loosely dressed hair. I did not object to his using these, but when he attempted to tuck away some choice thing between my lips I rebelled. I never expect to find a key-hole that he can reach, free from bread crumbs, and the openings of my waste-basket are usually decorated with objects half driven in.

The jay shows unbounded interest in everything. Every sound and every fresh sight arouses him instantly: his crest comes up, his feathers fluff out, and he is on tiptoe to see what will come next. He is remarkably discriminating among people, and takes violent likes and dislikes on the instant. Some persons, without any reason that I can discover, he salutes on their first appearance with an indescribable cry, like “obble! obble! obble!” At others he squawks madly. On one occasion he took an intense dislike to a lady of whom birds generally are very fond, and he made a peculiar display of rage, squawking and screaming at her, raising his crest, stamping, snapping his beak, giving vicious digs at the side of the cage, as though he would eat her if he could reach her. And although he often saw her, and she tried her best to win him, he always showed the same spirit, going so far, when out of his cage, as to show fight, fly up at her, peck her savagely, and chase her to the door when she left. Again, a lady came in with her baby, and he at once singled out the infant as his enemy, fixing a very wicked

glance on it, but in perfect silence. He jumped back and forth as if mad to get out, and sat with open mouth, panting as if exhausted, with eyes immovably turned to the baby. He would not pay the slightest attention to any one else, nor answer me when I spoke, which was very unusual, till they left the room, when, the moment the door closed behind them, he began rapidly, as though to make up for lost time. Some visitors whom he fancies, he receives in silence, but with slightly quivering wings ; only the very few he loves best are greeted with a low, sweet, and very peculiar chatter, which he keeps up as long as he is talked to.

Investigating everything in the room is one of my bird's greatest pleasures, and most attractive of all he finds the drawer of my desk, on the edge of which he stands delighted and bewildered by the variety before him. Great would be the havoc if I were not there ; and the curious thing about it is that he will pull things over carelessly, with one eye on me, to see if I object. If, on touching some particular thing, he sees that I do not approve, — and he recognizes my sentiment as quickly as a bright child would, — that thing, and that only, he will have. At once he snatches it and flies away across the room, and I may chase him in vain. He regards it as a frolic got up for his amusement, and no child ever equaled him in dodging ; he cannot be driven, and if cornered he uses his wings. I simply put my wits against his, follow him about till he has to drop his load to breathe, when a sudden start sends him off, and I secure it. If I cover up anything, he knows at once it is some forbidden treasure, and devotes all his energy and cunning, which are great, to uncovering and possessing himself of it. He opens any box by delivering sharp blows under the edge of the cover, and hides my postage-stamps in books and magazines. He hops around the floor in a heavy way, as often side-

ways as straight, and holds his toes as close together as though he had worn tight boots all his life. If startled, he bounds up into the air in the oddest way, a foot or two, or even more, generally turning half around, and coming down with his head the other way. If much alarmed, he will bounce up in this way half a dozen times in quick succession, and should he happen to be on a table at the time he usually ends by landing on the floor. His alighting after any flight is most singular : he comes to the floor in a crouching position, legs sprawled, body horizontal and nearly touching the matting, looking like a bird gone mad ; then instantly springs up six or eight inches, half turns, and stands upright, crest erect, and looking excited, almost frightened. If much disturbed, he comes down with wings half open, tail held up, and every feather awry, as if he were out in a gale, uttering at the same time a loud squawk. He is a most expert catcher, not only seizing without fail a canary seed thrown to him, but even fluttering bits of falling paper, the hardest of all things to catch.

The blue-jay is a bird of opinions about most things, and able to express himself quite clearly : as, for example, when he found himself under a chair without rounds, on which he likes to perch, he stood and looked around on every side, and made a low, complaining cry, plainly a protest against so unnatural a chair ; and again when he scolded at the rain that came in sudden gusts against the window, or charged furiously at the crack under a door when he heard sweeping outside. In general he is very quiet when one is in the room, but the moment the door closes behind the last person his voice is heard, — whistling exactly like a boy, calling, squawking, and occasionally uttering a sweet though not loud song, which is varied by a sound like rubbing a cork against glass. The most quiet approach silences him. When under strong emo-

tion he may squawk or scream before spectators, but he never whistles or sings when he knows any one is in the room. When out of his sight, and so long silent that he has forgotten me, I have now and then heard the song.

The funniest thing this knowing fellow does is to stamp his feet, and it is a genuine expression of impatience or displeasure. When I take something away from him, or he thinks I mean to do so, or refuse him something he wants, he stands still, and jerks his feet in such a way that they stamp with a loud sound, as if they were of iron. It is very droll. In serious anger, he adds to this, bowing and curtsying by bending the legs, snapping the bill, pecking, and jumping up with the body without lifting the feet.

It may be that the jay in freedom disturbs other birds, as has been affirmed, but among a number smaller than himself my bird has never once showed the least hostility. He is interested in their doings, but the only unpleasant thing he has done is to shriek and scream to stop their singing. In spite of his natural boldness, always facing the enemy, always ready to fight, and never running from danger nor allowing himself to be driven anywhere, when he is not quite well he is a timid bird. In moulting, this spring, my jay lost his entire tail, and was extremely awkward in getting about, almost helpless, in fact; and at that time he was afraid to hop to the floor, and refused to come out of the cage. (I should have said, by the way, that he feared hurting himself; he was quite as spirited as ever, as ready to show fight.) To get him out of the door I offered him the greatest inducements, with the cage on the floor, so that he could not fall far. He would stand on the lowest perch, three inches from the floor, look at the meat or whatever treasure I placed in the open door-way, and cry, a faint, low, jay-baby cry, yet not dare descend, though plainly aching with desire to get the object so nearly within

his reach. Even since he is entirely recovered and the possessor of a beautiful long tail, he dreads the one little step, and has to be coaxed out and in his cage every day, as we coax a startled child.

Nothing ever interested the jay more than a piano, though he is fond of any music. The first time he heard one he quickly hopped across to the player, pulled at the hem of her dress, flew up to her lap, then her arm, and mounted to her shoulder, where he stood some time, looking and listening, turning his head this way and that, raising his crest, jerking his body, and in every way showing intense excitement. Finally he took his last step, to the top of her head, where he was more pleased to be than the player was to have him. She put him down, and the next time he tried a different way: mounted to the keys, and thence to the cover, crouching and peering under the lid to see where the sounds came from. Satisfied about this, he returned to her head, which he evidently considered the best post of observation. Every time she played she received the devoted attentions of the bird, and he could not be kept away.

My blue-jay is now a beautiful creature, in perfect plumage, with breast and back plumes so long that often in repose, just after he has dressed them, the violet blue of the back meets the light drab of his breast, on the side, covering his wings completely, and making a lovely picture. All through the spring excitement, when the other birds, one after another, grew uneasy, belligerent, or unhappy, and one after another were returned to freedom, he never showed a moment's uneasiness, an instant's desire to be free, but scrupulously attended to his own regular business, which is to pound and pull and peck to pieces my furniture, and especially to destroy my books.

As these last words are written, just at dusk, the dear, troublesome rogue comes

down to the corner of his cage nearest to me, and as if he understood that I had said something about him begins to talk and remonstrate in a low, loving tone. I do feel reproached, and I must unsay it. His business, his manifest destiny, is to hammer and peck the shells

of nuts, and to hide them away where they will grow; and if cruel man confines him in a house, he must exercise his untiring energy, his demon of work, in what he finds there, — and who can blame him, or find fault? Not I, certainly.

Olive Thorne Miller.

THE LADY FROM MAINE.

IN TWO PARTS.

I.

I HAVE spent four or five summers of my life at a place called Castle Rock, not far from the sea. It is neither a rock nor a castle, by the way, but a large, rambling hotel, whose likeness to a private residence is attributable to its having been originally built for one.

The owner — a man of more taste than prudence — died poor, as rich men have a way of doing, and his beautiful villa fell into the hands of an enterprising body of gentlemen, who, without playing the vandal, altered it to suit its new purposes, and threw it open to the traveling public.

I was one of the first to visit the spot. Its winding paths and arbors, the little balconies and jutting windows of the house, lent it an air of rustic privacy which charmed my soul. I soon discovered this to be a very deceptive air, but other and more enduring impressions took its place. The table was excellent, the service assiduous; I was allowed to have my cockatoo with me, and found only a trifling difficulty in securing a room with four closets. It also became a pleasure to meet, year after year, familiar faces there, and to feel, as time went on, that I was becoming an object of friendly regard to many frequenters of the resort.

But it was not my intention to speak so much of myself, as I am not the heroine of this tale.

I was lying in a hammock on the piazza, one afternoon, irritated by the heat, displeased with my new novel, feeling for the moment at odds with everything, when half a dozen of the younger boarders, who had been simmering away at tennis ever since lunch, came up the steps and seated themselves near me.

They were talking of their game, and Miss Bixbee was saying, in her child-like treble (she is not a child, however), "I do wish we had a match for Mr. Balfour. He plays so aggravatingly well. Oh, I wonder if the lady from Maine plays tennis!"

"She has never even heard of it," replied a mocking voice which I recognized as Balfour's. "In her infancy she played mumble-peg on the shores of the Molly-chunkemunk. Possibly, in after-life, faint rumors from the outer world of a wild and demoralizing amusement known as croquet may have reached her. But tennis? Never! She is as innocent as the immortal Lucy.

'She dwelt among the untrodden ways
Beside the springs of Dove;
A maid whom there were none to praise
And very few to love.'"

"For mercy's sake!" said I, rising

up in my hammock, "whom are you speaking of?"

"The lady from Maine."

"And who is *she*, pray?"

"A mystery as yet," said Miss Bixbee, laughing. "I believe we are to know to-night. Our host informs us that the blue parlor has been engaged by such a person, and is consequently no longer available for a green-room when we have charades. They are hanging new curtains, and furbishing up generally, — all for a lady from Maine. Now what does that phrase convey to your mind? You have seen the image it has conjured up in Mr. Balfour's imagination. Mr. Mercer's fancy has painted her an elderly person, with the lumbago. Colonel Waller — sentimental man! — inclines toward a blonde widow (blonde, was it not, Colonel?), with a large bank account."

"Ah, now, Miss Bixbee! I said nothing about a bank account," put in the poor Colonel, smiling fatly upon his fair tormentor.

"She is probably some commonplace little matron, who has come away for a rest from home cares," I hazarded.

"Her name is Cornelia," said Balfour lazily, from the depths of a huge wicker chair. "She has six jewels, all of whom will accompany her."

"Mr. Balfour! You spoil everything," interrupted Miss Bixbee. "Have you no ideality?"

"In my youth it enveloped me as a garment, but, like all garments, in time it wore out. It was too flimsy for everyday wear. I go about now in the chain-armor of realism."

"Oh! chain-armor, is it?" said Miss Bixbee, laughing in rather a high key. "I always thought you had a dreadfully triple-plated air."

It was not the first time I had noticed her flash out at him like this. Her eyes would sparkle for an instant, and then pale, as though all their light had gone in one look. I could never see that he

provoked her to sarcasm. It is true, he sometimes had an aggravating way of saying nothing when one expected him to say a great deal. He did not reply now to Miss Bixbee, and shortly after we broke up.

The half hour preceding dinner always found the piazzas dotted with sitting and strolling figures. Feminine muslin floated airily against masculine broadcloth. There was a waving of fans, a trailing of draperies; often the notes of a piano, accompanying some stringed instrument, sounded pleasantly through the open windows; everywhere one caught snatches of laughter and conversation.

I came down rather late that night, and Balfour, who descended at the same time, walked with me through the hall. Just as we reached the door, the Castle landau, which had gone as usual to meet the evening train, rolled up, and halted at the front steps. This was an uncommon proceeding on the part of that respectable conveyance, time-honored custom having ordained that it should stop at the side entrance, where a *porte cochère* shielded the new arrivals from public scrutiny.

To-night the carriage had but one occupant.

"The lady from Maine!" said Balfour in a swift undertone.

I looked, and saw that every one else was looking, at a slight, trim figure sitting erect on the back seat. It was that of a young and very pretty girl. Her attitude was distinctly conscious; her eyes were bent down to the handle of the door, and the expression on her face conveyed the idea that she thought herself kept waiting an unpardonably long time for the door to be opened.

Opposite her, as bolt upright as his mistress, was a pug dog in a brass collar which sparkled bravely.

But where was this young person's mother, her father, her aunt, or even her uncle? Did she travel with no protection save that afforded by a pug dog?

While I busied myself with this thought, the coachman was opening the carriage door.

I shall never forget my emotions on seeing the child alight before that hotel piazza. If she had been my own I could hardly have felt more shame. I think a sort of tender feeling for her began to grow in my heart at that moment. It seemed to me she could not be aware of the enormity of what she was doing. Instinctively I took up arms for her against all those curious, staring people.

The coachman lowered the step, and she descended lightly. A more composed and at the same time a more ridiculous little creature I never saw. She was dressed after an ultra-fashionable style not usually affected by well-bred young ladies. Her bearing would have done for an Amazonian queen, but was rather out of character in a dot of a girl, stepping down from a landau with a pug dog in her arms.

I noticed an amused light in Balfour's eyes, and perhaps the small personage noticed it, too, for as she swept by us her mien was especially lofty. Many astonished eyes followed her, and she had hardly disappeared when a subdued murmur of criticism ran through the company.

"Dear me! I wonder if she dispenses with a chaperone," tittered Mrs. De Land's youngest hopeful, who had been brought away from home because it was discovered that she had been meditating a matrimonial alliance with the butler.

"What audacity! Do you suppose she told him to stop at the front entrance?" said another.

"A most singular proceeding!" observed Mrs. Bixbee, in a frigid tone. But Mrs. Bixbee's daughter, who took an ironical rather than a moral view of most things, said sweetly to Balfour, tapping him with her fan, —

"Where is your Mollychunkemunk theory now, Mr. Balfour?"

"It is stronger than ever," he said.

"Who but a Lady of the Lake would go about in that artless way?"

"And the blonde widow, and the bank account, and the lumbago," Miss Bixbee went on, laughing, — "where are they all? Cornelia with a pug dog! Oh, Mr. Balfour, you must acknowledge you were wrong!"

Miss Bixbee made quite merry over the matter, and I left her laughing in her highest key, and wandered aimlessly back through the hotel corridors. I could not rid myself of an uncomfortable feeling about the little lady from Maine.

What would she do about coming down to dinner? My venerable locks fairly stood on end at the thought of her entering that crowded dining-hall alone. In imagination I saw the whole scene: the scarcely veiled looks of curiosity and disapproval, the cold stare of those at whose table she should seat herself; her own conscious, impertinent little air giving way to shame and confusion.

While I was solemnly pondering in this wise, Mrs. Briggs, the housekeeper, came along the hall. I asked her if she had seen the new arrival.

Yes. She was much surprised, she said, to see her alone; it was quite an unexpected turn of affairs. They had inferred that the rooms were for a married lady; single ladies did not usually order rooms for themselves in that way.

Mrs. Briggs and I were on very good terms, and she did not try to conceal from me that she was annoyed.

"Has she no friends here?" I asked.

"I don't understand that she has. When I ventured to ask her that question, she replied cheerfully, 'Oh, I shall soon make friends.' It appears she has a grandfather, who knows she is here. I must say, I think if he were not in his dotage he would have come with her. She seems an innocent sort of person. I've no doubt it's all right. Of course you will not mention this. Perhaps I

ought not to speak so freely." The good soul looked quite worried.

"Never mind," said I. "Arrange it so that she sits at my table. I will try and smooth a path for her."

Mrs. Briggs thanked me profusely, and I went down to dinner feeling much relieved.

The object of our solicitude did not make her appearance as early as I had hoped. She came in just late enough to attract the attention of every one in the room. Her costume of itself was sufficiently striking. The details have escaped my memory, but I know there was a great deal of it, and all in the worst possible taste. Despite this grave disadvantage, however, she looked extremely pretty, and I divined that many worthy matrons there were thinking her reprehensibly so.

I was wondering what was the most graceful and gracious remark that one could launch at a young lady who did not look at all inclined toward conversation, when she quite took my breath away by breaking into a smile, and asking if she might speak to me.

"Certainly, I should be delighted to have you," I said. "I was about to speak to you."

"Well, perhaps it would have been more proper if I had allowed you to take the initiative," she rejoined.

I should not have credited her with any reflections whatsoever on the subject of propriety, but it was evident she had her own little code.

The ice being broken, we were soon talking easily. I learned that her name was Amy Roberts; that her home was in Maine; that she had come to New York with her grandfather, and, finding it dull and hot in August, had decided to leave him there, and spend a few weeks at the seaside. I did not, of course, venture to inquire why it was that she had not brought her venerable relative with her.

The mingled innocence and worldli-

ness of her manner puzzled me. I was at one moment surprised by her ignorance, at the next by her knowledge; she was now naive, now impertinent; now vapid, now as spicy in her talk as a society woman of thirty-five. A sort of intellectual vertigo seized me. I have always been deeply interested in the study of character, and have credited myself with a good deal of discernment, but she confused me at the outset, and reduced my reasoning faculties to chaos.

As we rose to leave the table I thought I saw a shade of anxiety on her face. She looked about the brilliantly lighted apartment, at the people passing into the hall, on their way to the parlor, billiard-room, or piazza, the gliding servants, and those languid diners who still lingered, chatting over their coffee.

"What do they do here in the evening?" she asked, trailing along beside me.

"We sit in the moonlight a great deal; that is, when we have a moon. If you like, we will go out on the piazza now."

"Oh, thank you!" she said quickly, the anxious look fading. "I should like that very much. Shall I trouble you?"

"Not in the least. It will be a pleasure," I said, quite taken with her appealing air and the perfect good-breeding of her reply.

We were much observed as we went along the hall. I was glad that Miss Roberts did not betray any consciousness of this fact, but walked demurely at my elbow, quite as though I were her acknowledged chaperone.

Without vanity I may say that my tutelage on this occasion was of more benefit to the little lady from Maine than she, perhaps, ever dreamed of. I am afraid she would have fared badly without it in the select and not too charitable clique which made up society at Castle Rock. Even as it was, her reception may be said to have lacked warmth. I did not take it upon myself to present

my friends to her; that would have been assuming a responsibility which I had the shrewdness to fear might afterward prove an unpleasant one. I felt a twinge of reproach when I met the girl's clear eyes, and my prudence seemed very selfish to me.

"Wretched creature, smothered in egotism and conventionality!" — thus I apostrophized myself, — "here are you, with an assured position, your reputation established, afraid to hold out a helping hand to a poor little girl from Maine, who has known no better than to come to a watering-place alone."

The poor little girl, however, did not seem to feel the need of a helping hand. She looked about her with great freedom, manifested the frankest possible interest in her surroundings, and commented thereon unreservedly.

We had been sitting some time in the twilight, when I saw Morris Balfour strolling along one of the graveled paths which led from the shrubbery. Seeing me, he threw away his cigar, and came up to where we sat in a corner of the piazza. The low balustrade was between us.

As he lifted his hat, the thought occurred to me (was it a presentiment?) that here was a man whom my *protégée* might as well not know. But when we had spoken a few words, it was impossible that I should not introduce him to her. You will think, from my speaking of him in this wise, that he was not in my good graces. In reality we were the best of friends.

Miss Roberts seemed amiably disposed toward her new acquaintance, and chattered volubly. She asked him a great many questions, to very few of which she paused for a reply.

"When I was in New York it was so warm! I did nothing but order up iced lemonade for grandfather. I don't think it is prudent for old people to drink ice, do you? I don't know what grandfather would do without me. I take

care of him. But he won't listen to me."

"He must be a very perverse person," said Balfour, smiling.

"Well, yes, he is. But he is all I have. I wish he had come with me."

"Does n't he like the sea?"

"Oh, no! He does n't like anything that I like. He did n't like Rome, and I thought it was lovely. Only I had the fever there; that is the reason I have short hair. Did you notice I had short hair? Were you ever in Rome?" (So the lady from Maine had been abroad. More confusion in my ideas of her.)

"Yes, several years ago. You must have been there recently, as your hair is still short."

"I am just home, two or three months; it seems an age. But sometimes I wear a wig, you know. I think this is a pretty place. Do you like it?"

"As well as most places of the sort. I dare say I shall become one of its ardent admirers in time, like Miss Lecky," glancing over at me.

"Do you become attached to things simply because you have seen a great deal of them?" Miss Roberts inquired. "I did n't think men ever cared for anything."

"You have a rather gloomy opinion of us, I'm afraid. I don't know what to say to such a grave impeachment."

"Oh, you need n't say anything. I shall find out if you have any capabilities of affection."

"Undoubtedly," said Balfour, illuminating, as it were, his brief response with a smile of sinister gallantry.

Miss Roberts' speech was certainly unfortunate. I did not characterize it by a harsher name, but found myself wondering if, after all, innocence and foolishness were not synonymous terms.

Balfour's pregnant reply seemed to have fallen on inattentive ears. The girl's eyes wandered about the garden, now bathed in a silvery flood of light, and rested at length, with an expression

of pleased surprise, on a little white temple or pagoda glimmering among the trees. It was one of the late owner's costly toys, built to drowse away a summer's day in, with a novel and a palm-leaf fan, but since his exit given over to nurse-maids, babies, and French dolls.

Miss Roberts thought it very pretty, very picturesque. Could she not see it?

"In the morning," said I, conscious of looking grim. "The grass must be damp."

"If thou wouldst view fair Melrose aright,

Go visit it by the pale moonlight,"

said Balfour, casting a wicked glance at me.

"Yes, indeed," said Miss Roberts, with a bright laugh. "I prefer everything and everybody by moonlight. If I can't see that pavilion now, I shall not care to see it at all."

"Sooner than reduce her to that despairing state, had we not better take her there immediately?" Balfour inquired of me.

I don't know what I might not have done, in my anxiety to guard this perverse young lady, had I not at that moment been spoken to by my friend Mrs. Brown, who was sitting near me. I turned to reply to her, and we had several minutes' conversation together. When I turned back again, my attention drawn by a slight rustle beside me, it was to see my charge walking calmly down the steps to join Balfour. They crossed the lawn, in full view of every one on the piazza, and disappeared among the trees.

"Is she a friend of yours?" asked Mrs. Brown, breaking an awkward pause with her gentle voice.

"No, hardly. She sat at my table to-night. She seems an unsophisticated little thing. It is a great pity her grandfather did not come with her."

I tried to speak kindly, but my heart was full of wrath and doubt.

Miss Bixbee came sauntering along with the Colonel, and stopped to speak

to me, but she did not mention the new arrival. Miss Bixbee's mamma, with less tact, queried of Mrs. De Land in an audible voice, "Who is that person who has gone off with Mr. Balfour?"

No one seemed able to tell her, and she retired behind a huge black fan, as though withdrawing from the world.

Miss Roberts tarried some time at the pavilion. I was trying to make up my mind to leave her to her fate and go to my room, when she reappeared on the scene, all smiles, with the delight of a child in her eyes. She was so full of pretty enthusiasm, and appeared so unconscious of having done anything wrong, that my resentment weakened. Balfour was not as easily forgiven. He could not err through ignorance, and I had thought him above encouraging the imprudences of a silly young girl. This was the latest phase of my mind in regard to Miss Roberts: she was young and silly. Time would certainly make away with her youth; and it might reasonably be supposed that her follies would be mown by the same sickle. I have not, however, always found this to be the case.

After seating Miss Roberts, and wrapping her mantle about her, Balfour withdrew. The child had evidently expected him to linger at her side all the evening. There was a flicker in the eyes which she lifted to his as he said good-night, something strained and confused in her smile, which told of surprise and disappointment, and of inability to conceal these unworldly emotions. I was provoked with her for the simplicity with which she gazed at his retreating figure till it was lost to view, directly thereafter lapsing into a state of limp silence, with her cheek on her hand, and her vision apparently turned inward. We spent the remainder of the evening in the music-room. Miss Bixbee played in her usual excellent manner, and sang a duet with the Colonel, all about hearts, and anguish, and eternal separation.

Amy Roberts continued *distract*, and received very coolly the amiable advances of several married ladies of my acquaintance. When, at ten o'clock, I rose to retire, she asked to go with me, and we left the room together. As we approached the staircase, Balfour, in close attendance on a dark and very distinguished-looking lady, was coming down. He smiled as we met; the dark lady, who was not unknown to me, bowed affably, with a great sparkle of diamonds. Then they passed on toward the billiard-room. Miss Roberts did not once speak during our ascent. Had the idea not been preposterous, I should really have thought that our meeting with Balfour had given her reflections a gloomy bias. There was a tradition that many of his lady friends were given to reveries of a cheerless nature, but I was not disposed to believe it in his power to exert so lighting an influence in so short a time. After leaving the stairs we walked along the hall to our rooms, which were not far apart, and now Miss Roberts said, in an ingenuous tone, "Who was that lady with Mr. Balfour? She is very stylish."

"Yes. Her name is Vincent."

"Mrs. Vincent?"

"Yes." I did not add that the divorce court had relieved Mrs. Vincent of the uncongenial society of her lord. I do not know what prompted my reticence, unless it was a natural dislike to intermeddle with other people's affairs.

"Do you think her handsome?" went Amy Roberts.

"Hardly; but she is effective, and her teeth and complexion are perfect."

"So are her diamonds. I have a horrible suspicion that they are finer than mine;" an inimitable little drawl succeeding the ingenuous tone.

"You are young to wear diamonds."

"I am eighteen, nearly nineteen. Don't you think that that is quite old for a girl? Good-night. You have been very kind to me to-night, and I don't know how to thank you."

We were at her room now. She stood a moment with her hand on the door-knob; her eyes met mine with a gentle, serious look, and I thought I had never beheld a sweeter face.

I did not see her again till toward noon of the following day. It was the bathing hour, and men, women, and children were flocking to the tanks. We did not bathe in the sea at Castle Rock; it was not considered quite safe, though occasionally some very skillful swimmer would venture out, watched with bated breath by those on shore. The authorities, fearful of accidents, discouraged such exhibitions of daring. I was sitting on the beach, under my largest umbrella, drinking in the salty breeze, when I saw, coming toward me, a trim little figure in a bathing suit. It was only after a moment that I recognized this figure as Amy Roberts, so great was the change wrought by the jaunty costume she wore. The most captious critic could not have denied that it was becoming. A pair of lovely rounded arms were visible to the shoulder, and below the short trousers and skirt her sailor-blue silk hose and little sandals twinkled as she walked. The short hair curling about her face lent her an air of cherubic roguery which was irresistible. We exchanged morning greetings, and I asked if she had been to the tanks.

"Yes," she said, briskly. "Isn't it stuffy? And they say the water is warmed. I am going in here."

"Oh, you can't!" I cried. "No one goes in here; it is very dangerous."

"Is it?" eying the great breakers coolly. "I don't mind that. I swim very well."

"But even people who swim very well don't go in here."

"They are very foolish, then. The idea of swimming around in warm water! Just watch me take that breaker!"

"But I don't wish to see you take it," I said, with some asperity. "If Mr. Walker" (our host of the Castle)

"should see you going in here, he would be horrified. He advises no one to swim except in the tanks."

"Does he? I'm sure it's very kind of him to take such an interest in us, but I don't believe he knows how nicely I swim."

As she spoke she made a little rush toward the water.

"Miss Roberts! Indeed, you must not!" I protested, in distress, catching her hand; and at that moment Mr. Balfour came up.

He, also, was in bathing dress, a strictly correct costume, whose severe outlines displayed to great advantage a handsome and powerful figure.

"May I ask the reason of this charming tableau?" he inquired.

I was sure he knew quite well what it meant, and had come to aid me. I stated my case very earnestly, Miss Roberts, meanwhile, watching his face with half-mischievous, half-obstinate eyes.

"Now don't take part with Miss Lecky," she said. "Just sit here with her under that umbrella, and see how beautifully I shall do it."

"Sit quietly beneath an umbrella and see you swallowed up in the under-tow?"

"Is there one? Oh, how nice! I love a spice of adventure. Good-by! I'm off!"

"Really, Miss Roberts, it is n't safe. You must n't think of venturing it," he said, more seriously.

"If you only knew how well I swim! But you don't. I will show you."

"Please show me in the tank. You can't think it will be a pleasure to me to see you risking your life out there."

"Then you may go away," she answered, laughing, and moving nearer the water. "Only I must say you will lose a great deal."

"I should certainly lose the opportunity of seeing you drown," remarked Balfour. "Don't go. I am very much in earnest."

"So am I."

"But you are in the wrong."

"Yes? Well, I don't know as you have a mission to right me."

This impudent little speech was made as she moved still farther seaward. I stood in mute despair. The perversity of the child was enough to make one shake her.

"So you are going?" asked Balfour.

"Yes."

"Then I shall go with you."

A moment of silence succeeded this announcement. I was struck by the expression of Amy Roberts's face. It was fairly tremulous with anger; her eyes were flashing, and two little spots of color burned like flame in her cheeks.

"I don't wish you to go with me," she said, with a grand air, drawing herself up.

"I am very sorry."

"And — and you will oblige me by *not* going," she went on.

"It is impossible that I should allow you to go out there alone. You would never come back."

"That is a matter which does not concern you. I prefer to go alone."

Balfour made no reply, and I was too much amazed to speak.

With a stony air she turned again to the water. He followed.

"Mr. Balfour, you are very ungentlemanly."

"Miss Roberts, you are very unreasonable."

"If you were an old friend, this would be more pardonable."

"How can I ever hope to become an old friend, if you will persist in drowning yourself on the second day of our acquaintance?"

"The inducement to live is not very great."

"I must acknowledge that. But you in your turn will understand that the inducement for me to make you live is tremendous."

"Spare me your irony and your kind regard for my welfare."

There they stood, face to face: one with anger and disdain in her eyes; the other smiling a little, but with a rather bored expression. I could only gaze at them helplessly, and dig the point of my umbrella in the sand. Would either yield?

"Mr. Balfour," said Miss Roberts again, and now with an altered voice, 'I shall go back to the hotel, and you may congratulate yourself that you have spoiled my morning's pleasure. I prefer not swimming at all to swimming with you. But some day I shall come here *alone*, and go out in the breakers.'

Her tone frightened me. One can never be quite sure what such a girl may not do. Balfour, however, did not look in the least impressed.

"Very well," he remarked. "I can't say I am sorry for having spoiled your pleasure, because it was such a very foolish kind of pleasure. But I will make this good wish: that when you go out alone you may return."

Miss Roberts said no more, and in a moment Balfour and I were left together on the sands.

"She is very angry," said I. "Do you suppose she will really carry out that threat?"

"Oh, I dare say," he rejoined carelessly. Then, with a laugh, as he moved away, "I pity her grandfather."

I never knew how her anger came to be appeased. I presume it died out naturally, or her pride smothered it, she feeling how indifferent he was as to what her mood might be. She seemed to avoid me, and I noticed that she had attached herself to some people by the name of Banks, with whom she went giving a great deal. I supposed she had included me in her displeasure, and was no part of my plan to sue for a reconciliation.

On the third day I saw her playing tennis with Balfour; later he taught heriards, and that night he dined at our table. But in the evening he was off

for a moonlight ride with the Bixbees and Mrs. Vincent. We were sitting on the piazza when the horses were brought round, fine creatures, impatient of restraint. Both Mrs. Vincent and Miss Bixbee looked exceedingly well in their trim English habits. There were others of the party, and they were all laughing and chatting as they came down the steps. Amy Roberts had the forced air of cheerfulness which people wear who feel hurt and forlorn, and do not wish to betray their weakness. I was sorry for her. It was the left-out feeling, which I myself had experienced in my youth, in common with all young, sensitive souls. Something in her face that night made me long to speak to her of Balfour and his ways, but was it any affair of mine? And what were his ways to a girl who had known him not quite a week? One dreads being ridiculous, and then there is one's horror of being thought meddling as well.

The next morning Miss Roberts and I met him in the hall.

"Did you have a pleasant time last night?" she asked.

"Very pleasant. One can't ask for better roads. Do you ride?"

"Oh, yes," she answered, smiling and brightening.

Balfour's gaze sought the smoking-room. "That is what every lady should do," he said approvingly, and walked away.

An hour or two before dinner I met her on the stairs, dressed for the saddle; she held a gold-handled whip, with which she softly thrashed the folds of her skirt.

"Yes, I am off for a ride," she observed, in what I thought was a hard tone.

"With Mr. Balfour?" I asked, never dreaming it could be with any one else.

"Oh, no!" she returned, with an admirable flute note of surprise. "With Mr. Banks. We shall have just time for a nice gallop before dinner."

I went down with her, and who should cross the lawn from the croquet-ground, just as she was starting, but Mr. Balfour and Mrs. Vincent.

"Your horse is very fresh," said Balfour, drawing his companion out of reach of the lively beast's hoofs.

"I like a fresh horse," said Miss Roberts, and, without another word, she rode off with her escort.

Gerald Banks, Jr., was a florid, stout gentleman, considerably past the heyday of youth. He was said to play billiards skillfully, and to have an excellent judgment in the matter of buying and selling wheat. Such talents might have won him an enviable place in society, had it not been for certain unhappy peculiarities of speech, manner, and morals which even that lax power could not tolerate. His morals it might condone; his grammar never!

Before Amy Roberts's return, that night, I overheard a conversation which gave me great uneasiness for her. With all her strange ways, I liked the child, and wished that no evil should befall her.

"She says she has a grandfather," said one voice, "but I must confess I think he's a mythical personage. A real grandfather would be likely to come down here and put a stop to her flirtation with Gerald Banks."

"Miss Lecky knows her," remarked a second voice.

"Oh no, she does n't. She thinks she does," contradicted the first. "She's such a dear old visionary soul, always taking paste for diamonds."

I felt myself blush. Was it true, what this caustic tongue was saying? A third voice began:—

"The Banks women have picked her up just to please Gerald. Mamma Banks stands in mortal awe of him just because, long ago, he bought something when it was low and sold it when it was high, and made enough money to send them all to Europe. I've no doubt that

if he wished to marry this girl his mother would n't offer any objections."

"Oh, he does n't wish to marry her any more than Mr. Balfour does," replied the second voice. "They say she is very amusing, because she says everything that most girls leave unsaid. That's what Jack De Land told his sister. The other day, in croqueting a ball she hit her foot instead, and said, '*Oh, damn!*' Jack thought it was funny, but Mrs. De Land said that if he could n't tell prettier stories than that before Nettie he might return to the bar-room, where they were more appropriate."

"I'm sure I don't think Jack's stories can hurt Nettie," said the first voice; and then they fell upon Miss Annette, and I left them in full enjoyment of the topic.

The equestrians were late in coming home. They dismounted at a private entrance, and it was whispered about that an accident had occurred; some one ran for brandy; it was all done very quietly, but in half an hour every one knew that Amy Roberts had been thrown from her horse. I happened to be at hand, and did everything in my power. She was really not much hurt, but her nerves were thoroughly unstrung, and through her sobs she wildly upbraided poor Gerald Banks, who hung over her in an agony of apprehension.

"You did it! You made me ride that dreadful horse!" she cried.

"Made you!" cried Gerald in distraction. "You said you liked him, and he's gentle as a kitten. I'm sorry. I can never forgive myself." Then he fairly tore his hair, and out of pure pity for him I sent him to bring Dr. Travers, who was in the house. The doctor soon had Miss Roberts quieted; he said she was not in the least injured, only very much shaken up.

After dinner I sat with her a long time. She was lying on the bed, wide-eyed and flushed, when I went in; her hair, on which the distracted Banks had

poured a liberal quantity of cologne, still curled in damp rings about her face.

"My dear," said I, "I'm afraid you are not following the doctor's direction to keep quiet."

"I can't be quiet," she answered, with a long breath; then suddenly she began to laugh in such an infectious way that I had to laugh too, without knowing why. "It was so funny!" she said at last. "My habit is all torn, is n't it? I can't wear it again; but perhaps it's just as well. I never *could* ride."

"Then why did you go, child?" I asked in surprise.

"Oh, don't ask me!" she said, half pettishly, half drearily. "I never know why I do anything." A moment later she crept toward the edge of the bed, and put her head on my arm. "You are so good!" she said. "When you are thrown from your horse I will come and nurse you."

"Poor whimsical, motherless thing!" I said to myself, an hour after, as I leaned over the bed to take a farewell look at her before I went away.

She did not appear at breakfast the following day. We had our coffee together in my room, and in the afternoon I took her for a drive. As we came out on the avenue, Balfour rode up beside the phaeton. He made polite but not effusive inquiries after Amy's welfare, and remarked to me affably, if not originally, that we had the queen's weather for our drive. I told him we had thought of driving up Stoke Hill, but some one had said it was private property, and that there were a great many gates. He offered to see to the gates, if we would allow him the pleasure of being our out-rider.

Only the most formal courtesy was expressed in his words, but Amy Roberts was soon all animation, and showed quite plainly in her transparent way that she considered his escort a direct tribute to her own charms.

Balfour did not keep the phaeton at

very close range; he rode slowly in the rear, or abreast of us, over the smooth green turf, at an unsocial distance. His horse, a fine creature, had a powerful, even gait, and was admirably ridden.

"Does Mr. Balfour do everything well?" queried Amy, breaking a long pause. She spoke dreamily, as though following out a train of thought.

"He does a great many things well," I replied, with due caution.

Despite the girl's transparency she was keen enough, for now she said, laughing, "I know what you are thinking: that he does a great many things too well."

As we approached the summit of Stoke Hill, the woods grew denser and the road narrower. Overhanging branches brushed the top of the phaeton, and struck against our faces. "This is the old road," said Balfour, riding up. "If you have an eye left when we reach the summit, you will see all Stoke Valley below you. I propose that we tie our horses here, and walk the rest of the way; it is only a step."

We were glad to comply with his suggestion. He gave me his arm, while Amy, looking spirit-like in her white dress, ran on before us up the steep path, with a thousand exclamations and gestures of delight. A carpet of pine needles mixed with damp and rotting leaves sent up a woody fragrance. There was a deep silence in the place, except for our voices and the strident, sociable call of a blue-jay from some high limb.

"See here, wood-nymph!" cried Balfour to the flitting white figure above. "That is the wrong path. You are misleading us."

"Well, then, don't follow me."

"Do you always mislead those who follow you?"

"Yes, your honor."

Witchery was in her eye, as she looked at him. She had paused, and now, as we came up with her, Balfour said, "That is very unfortunate, for you will never be without followers."

"And if I follow you, won't *you* mislead?" she asked simply, coming a step toward him. There was the innocent gravity of a child in her face. The swift, inexplicable ways of the girl fascinated even me, an unemotional woman who had left youth behind her; how then must they strike Balfour? Not that he was over-young, or at all given to sentiment, but I have noticed that an appreciative eye often carries a man further than a tender heart. He looked at her now with his darkest glance.

"No," he said, answering her question with a faint smile. "Give me your hand."

She gave it to him wonderingly, and he led her with mock seriousness up the narrow lane at our right. I followed, and there, a vision of beauty, lay the whole Stoke Valley, like a new world, at our feet. Amy Roberts gazed in silence; she seemed unconscious that her hand was still being held, and it was not until I spoke, breaking the spell, as it were, that she drew it away, quickly, quietly, and with a heightened color.

"This is Stoke idealized," observed Balfour. "When we get down we shall feel that we have suffered a disenchantment. There is old Aunt 'Johnsing's' cabin, poetry itself from here; the row of wash-tubs and the ash-barrel are on the other side."

"Oh, that the wash-tubs and ash-barrels of life could always be on the other side!" said Amy pensively. "I know what you think," she added, with real or affected irritation. "You think I have n't any thoughts about life; that I just live like a — like a lamb, or something."

Both Balfour and I burst out laughing. "Bless her heart!" he exclaimed. "It has never occurred to me that she was like a lamb. Miss Lecky, have you noticed the resemblance?"

"Well, I think you are very unkind," said the girl, pouting; and she withdrew a little and sat down on the grass, throw-

ing aside her hat, and rumpling up her short blonde hair.

"I will tell you what I do think," Balfour went on. "That no better gift could be given you than just that thoughtless, vacant happiness which you despise in the lamb."

"And why a vacant happiness? Why not an intelligent, reasoning enjoyment of everything good?"

"Because you will never either enjoy or suffer with reason."

"But" — began Amy, in expostulation.

"No 'buts,'" he interrupted. "No more introspection, or we shall come to blows. Miss Lecky, shall we go on and see King Cole? Not the 'merry old soul' himself, but a large black rock named in honor of him. Miss Roberts, your hand, please. There! Now your hat; and take my other arm. We shall have to climb for it."

The dusk was deepening in Stoke Wood as we drove home. Balfour rode close at our wheel now. I could see that our little expedition had given an impetus to his acquaintance with Amy Roberts, and a circumstance which occurred on our arrival at the hotel strengthened it still more. Alas! a dire calamity had befallen her most precious possession, in her absence. One of a party of little boys, riding their bicycles along the driveway, had encountered the pug, Gyp, out for an airing, and boy, bicycle, and dog had gone down together. The boy and the bicycle escaped without injury, but poor Gyp lay quite still on the gravel, with blood trickling from his shoulder. This tragic sight met our view as we drove up the avenue and halted at the door. With one bound Amy was out of the phaeton and at the side of her unfortunate pet. I never beheld such a display of rage and grief. She upbraided the wretched little boys; she clasped Gyp in her arms, and sobbed and rocked herself in despair.

Balfour reached her first. "My dear

child," he said, "this is too bad!" (I happened to know that if he had a hatred in the world it was of pug dogs.) "Give him to me, won't you? Perhaps he is not dead. If you hug him so tight, you will certainly kill him."

"Oh, he *is* dead! he *is* dead!" screamed Amy. "You will hurt him!"

"If he is dead I can't hurt him," observed Balfour, with gentle logic, "and if he is alive I may be able to do something for him. There, that is right," as with an agonized sob she resigned the limp little body. "Now we will take him over to the fountain, and try the effect of cold water. It may be only a faint."

I grieve to say that he accompanied these solicitous phrases with a wicked side glance at me. Amy, however, was too much in earnest herself to doubt his sincerity.

A mournful procession wended its way to the stone basin; even the guilty little boys came, too, herding together, after the manner of criminals, and eying their unholy work with awe.

The cold water did indeed prove beneficial. After a few minutes Gyp winked, sighed, and turned a languid gaze on Balfour's face, bent tenderly above him. There was a shriek of rapture from Amy.

"Don't touch him yet, please," said Balfour, keeping her back with one arm. "The slightest indiscretion at such a critical moment — There! I will bind up his leg," whipping out a spotless handkerchief. "It is n't broken, only a little cut. He was stunned, that's all. Now don't cry. He will be as good as new in the morning. There is no internal injury that I can discover."

Here the wretch rose, showing a serious, sympathetic countenance, and laid Gyp, miraculously restored as one from the grave, in his mistress's arms.

"I never, never can thank you enough!" she sobbed.

"Tut, tut," he replied; and quite as

though I had been as inanimate an observer as the old stone griffin in the basin, he patted her tear-stained cheek.

In the trivial and ridiculous events of that afternoon lay the beginning of the marked influence which Balfour exerted on the fortunes of Amy Roberts. With all the girl's flashes of arrogance, her airs, her haughty graces and assumption of superiority, she was a veritable child at heart. The daily distractions and incidents of her little life filled all her mind. She hardly looked beyond to-day. She played as carelessly with her toys (those trifling schemes and intrigues which are the playthings of grown-up children) as the two-year-old in the nursery might play with his, and as loudly lamented when they were broken. At once selfish, generous, unsympathetic, tyrannical, disobedient, and docile, she compelled one's affection while she tried one's patience, and was by turns intolerable and charming. A nature such as this, in itself weak, instinctively seeks support; like the child just learning to walk, it refuses guidance with a little independent air, but is quick to grasp and cling when its fancied powers give out.

With some such childish reaching for direction and protection the girl turned to Balfour. She paid as little heed to the conventional aspect of the case as do drowning people who feel strange arms about them. While it was in her disposition to cling, it was hardly in his to refuse to be clung to. I could never quite make out in what spirit he responded to the appeal, — whether it was mere friendly regard, gratified vanity, or a still warmer feeling. Knowing him as I did, the latter hypothesis seemed rather feeble. He would listen with a sympathetic face to the recital of her little grievances: how grandfather had not written, or had written, but not as she wished; how the hotel clerk had said Gyp was a nuisance; how Mrs. De Land had not spoken at breakfast, or Mrs. Van

Poulter had worn a particularly aggravating smile at lunch.

To everything — joys and griefs, complaints and praises — he gave the readiest attention. Was it cold? — he wrapped a shawl about her. Was it warm? — he brought a fan. Trifles, these, but significant. Such, at least, was the opinion of the critics, who did not stick at uncharitable constructions. Evil rumors, like pestiferous insects, have a fearful power of increase. Amy Roberts had not been a fortnight at Castle Rock when the place hummed with gossip of her. She was first pronounced foolish, then artful, then designing. Numerous were the stories of her indiscretions; many and severe were the comments thereon. It was part of the poor young thing's deception about herself that whatever she did gained a peculiar grace and propriety from her happy manner of doing it, — a dangerous conceit for a pretty and reckless girl, whose only guardian was an invisible grandfather.

"Mr. Balfour has three claims on my gratitude," she announced one morning at breakfast.

"Only three?" asked Balfour, with mock reproach.

"He saved Gyp's life," went on Amy, ignoring the interruption, "and taught me billiards, and now he is going to take me to drive in a four-in-hand, — with a party, you know," addressing Mrs. De Land, who simply glared in reply.

The prospect seemed to afford Miss Roberts the liveliest satisfaction; all through breakfast she chattered of it, asking a great many questions, and whenever she did for a moment lapse into silence showing quite plainly that it was of this delightful subject she was thinking.

"And I shall be ever so high up? I shall sit in front with you, shall I not?" she asked Balfour.

"Very high up, and with me, of course. Did you think I would banish to a back

seat the great first cause of the occasion?"

The departure of the four-in-hand occasioned quite a stir. It was a style of equipage seldom seen at Castle Rock, and the beauty of the turn-out would have attracted attention anywhere. Everything was perfect, from the high-bred horses, glittering harness, and lustrous vehicle to the coachman-like skill with which Balfour handled his long English whip, and started the four gallant beasts all together down the avenue, with a movement as smooth as clockwork. Amy, on the box, looking very cool and sweet in blue, was one smile of ecstasy; the company on the back seats had been through it all before, and rolled away with a delight tempered by repetition.

"So our lady from Maine has the post of honor," said Dick Brown, watching the carriage out of sight with a lazy smile. Dicky was a thorough gossip. From him one might hear all the current scandals. Among his most intimate enemies he was known as "the Daily News, with double-page supplement." "By Jove!" he went on, warming to his subject, "is n't she a little rattler?"

"She is very lively," I affirmed, in my most frigid tone.

"Well, I should say so! Rather too lively for the conventional standard they have set up here. Paris is the place for her; only she's too crude. It's a pity she's taken such a header in this slow hole. Every one's down on her."

"I'm sure I hope not."

"Oh, 'pon my honor, it's true. All the ladies, I mean. Of course the men like her dash. Banks was saying last night in the bar-room" —

"Excuse me," said I, rising, "did not some one call me?" I went indoors, and left the odious little wretch sitting there, with what Banks had said trembling on his lips. I did not care to know what it was. My heart was sick with thinking of it all.

Lawrence Saxe.

PERDITA.

I WATCHED your ship as, strong and bright,
She sailed into the gathering night
 And sped away ;
I saw the sunset colors die,
And gray gloom wrap the evening sky
 And veil the day.

I heard the cold waves on the shore
Their pensive sorrow o'er and o'er
 In murmurs tell,
While, as the glimmering sea grew dim,
The wind sang low its vesper hymn, —
 Farewell ! Farewell !

What thoughts of blessing and of prayer
I wafted on the twilight air,
 What fancies drear
Possessed my soul, no words could say ;
Yet holy angels, listening, may
 Its homage hear.

I thought upon your parting word, —
The low, sad whisper, scarcely heard, —
 Your angel face ;
And — fadeless flowers in memory's track —
The happy days, that come not back,
 Of Fortune's grace :

Days when we roved on Avon's side,
Or lingered by the rushing tide
 Of bickering Stour ;
Or in the great cathedral strayed,
Where to be worthy still I prayed
 Of one so pure.

The sunset mist, the golden town,
When we strolled home from Harbledown ;
 The merry bands
Of rustic girls, who bore for sign
Of prospered toil the fragrant vine
 In tawny hands ;

The silent streets, as evening fell,
The minster's gloom, the solemn bell,
 The scented air,
The rooks that thronged the giant trees,

The churchyard stones, and over these
The moonlight fair, —

I felt them all, as though that they
Had been the things of yesterday,
And chill regret
Preyed on my lonely heart, to think
How soon the stars of pleasure sink
And we forget.

The Thames is flowing, broad and free,
Neath that old bridge of Battersea
Where, veiled in gloom,
Great St. John sleeps, — too sound to wake,
For all the vows that lovers make
Beside his tomb.

The emerald throstle's silver call
Is heard by Leicester's haunted hall,
And down the vale
Of Kenilworth the hawthorns wreath
And roses tremble underneath
The starlight pale.

The winds of night sigh softly through
The needles of St. Martin's yew,
And round the shrines
Of gray St. Nicholas the lone
And melancholy breezes moan,
And ivy twines.

From those proud cliffs that smile on France
You still might see the moonbeams dance
O'er midnight waves:
Are all the reveries sublime
And holy thoughts of that sweet time
Lost, in their graves?

Is the light faded, has the ray
Of heaven become the common day,
And from your breast
The careless warder Time let slip
The sense of fond companionship
That was its guest?

I will not think it, though for me,
By day or night, by land or sea,
Ah, nevermore
Can those exalted moments seem
Like aught but some bewildered dream
Of fairy lore.

I do not think it! Those dear eyes
 The light that burns in Paradise
 Is shining through,
 And all that radiant Woman brought
 Of holy faith from God's high thought
 Is shrined in you.

Farewell! Farewell! The sands of gold
 Have run their course, the tale is told,
 And dark and fast
 Night closes round my wandering way;
 Yet one most sacred thought will stay
 Till life be past.

I know that while we walk this earth,
 In shade or shine, in grief or mirth,
 While truth endures,
 One hope our hearts must still entwine,
 And naught can take your place in mine,
 Nor mine in yours.

William Winter.

A GLANCE BACKWARD.

THE earlier works of every national literature must always possess an interest peculiar to themselves, and naturally connected with the period to which they belong. This interest may fairly be claimed for *The Spy*, the first brilliantly successful romance published in America. It appeared at the very period when English reviews were asking the question, now entirely obsolete, "Who reads an American book?" It was written under peculiar circumstances by a young naval officer, whose tastes and habits had, until then, been entirely connected with active pursuits, first as a sailor, and later as a farmer. No one who knew him intimately at five and twenty could have believed it possible that he would, only a few years later, become an author. He would have laughed at the idea himself. "Much as I dislike writing," was a sentence in a letter of his, belonging to that date.

Full of talent, with far more than common power and activity of body and mind, he gave his attention at that period chiefly to practical subjects connected with politics, with farming, and with naval questions. He was a warm politician, an adherent and personal friend of Governor De Witt Clinton, who made him an aid-de-camp, and thus raised him to the dignity of a colonel. Some of his friends were much entertained with this enlistment in the land forces, and his former messmates often enjoyed a joke at his expense on this subject. An amateur farmer, possibly more enterprising than skillful, he was one of the first to introduce merino sheep into the interior of the State, and had given to a hillside on his farm in Otsego County the name of Mt. Ovis. His interest in the navy never ceased. He knew intimately many of the principal officers, and the vessels they commanded. Many years later,

while traveling in Europe, he met a French *émigré*, who during the revolutions in his own country had come to America, and been a frequent guest at Heathcote Hill, the home of Mrs. Cooper's family at Mamaroneck; this gentleman, on renewing their acquaintance, said to him, "You were the only man, Mr. Cooper, whom I heard predict the result of the naval war with England in 1812. I confess your prediction then seemed to me entirely incredible. But you were right." "I knew the ships, and I knew the men who commanded them," was the reply. In the year 1820 Mr. Cooper was living in a cottage he had recently built on a height in Scarsdale, only four miles from Mamaroneck. He was partial to West Chester; the society of the county was very pleasant at that time, forming a sort of neighborhood of educated families, well known to each other, and very social in their habits. It was entirely country life at that date, the communication with New York being carried on by coach and sloop. To-day the same county has become an annex of the great city, with little remains of its entirely rural character of sixty years since. To the cottage he had built Mr. Cooper had given the name of Angevine. There was a highly respectable and interesting Huguenot element included in the population of West Chester, to which families of all classes belonged, from the village blacksmith to the wealthy landed proprietor. These worthy people had all been driven from France by the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, the work of the Jesuits, and their tool Louis XIV. A number of them settled on the Sound, and founded the village of New Rochelle. In the early years of their emigration these good people used to rise before dawn on Sunday, and all who were equal to the exertion walked to New York to take part in the religious services in their own language, at the Church of the Saint Esprit. It is said that at the same time the aged people and

little children, who could not walk twenty miles to their parish church in New York, were in the habit of gathering on the shore of the Sound, where they knelt with their faces turned toward France, and devoutly offered their prayers and sang their hymns in their native speech. In the course of time they built a small stone church, a square building, with a pointed roof, in which the author of *The Spy*, and his family, at a later day, often attended the services. The Huguenots as a rule became connected with the Church of England. These emigrants from France were scattered about the villages and farms of West Chester; the names of Cornel, Bonnet, Flandereau, Arnould, and others of the same origin might be seen on many signs. The family of Angevine had become tenants on the Manor of Scarsdale, of which Colonel Heathcote was the owner in 1704. Their small farm-house and their humble graves occupied a height to the southward of the highway in 1818. The view from that point was very fine. When Mr. Cooper was about to build his cottage he was offered the choice of two sites: that occupied by the Angevines, and one on the opposite side of the road, where the view, though fine, was less striking. While riding over the field south of the road, he was anxiously watched by the Angevine family, who were reluctant to give up the farm they had occupied for more than a century, — without a line of writing, in this case, it was said, between landlord and tenant. The graves of four or five generations of these Huguenot farmers lined one of the fences on the height, each marked head and foot with a common gray stone. The anxiety of the good people regarding his choice decided the question. Those humble graves were respected. The field on the northern side of the road was chosen, though the view was inferior. The cottage was soon built, and received the name of Angevine, from his Huguenot neighbors. Here the long

literary career, so wholly unforeseen, and which was to last until the latest weeks of his life, opened most unexpectedly before him. Wearied with the dullness of an English novel which he was reading aloud, he declared he could write a better book himself. The idea appeared the height of absurdity to his friends. Nevertheless, an elaborate imitation in plot and character of the rejected English tale was the consequence, and *Precaution* was not only written, but published. Few indeed had been the previous literary efforts of the pen now engaged on *Precaution*. When a boy he had taken delight in certain old-fashioned heroic romances. When about eleven years old he pored over several strange novels of this class, with a playfellow of his own age; among others was one bearing the title of *Don Belianis of Greece*, now utterly forgotten. These produced a great impression, and he had barely finished them when he gravely informed his comrade that he should write a book himself! He should begin at once. It was to be a grand heroic romance, with knights, and squires, and horses, and ladies, and castles, and banners. *Don Belianis* was of course to be the model. There was, however, one very formidable difficulty in the way: the penmanship was a part of the task for which he had not the least inclination. After due deliberation, an idea occurred which removed this obstacle entirely. It was agreed that the new romance should be printed without the preliminary labor of writing it. There was, at that time, a newspaper published at Cooperstown by the father of his comrade, who was the editor; it was called the *Otsego Herald*, and for some time was the only paper published west of Albany. It was agreed that while the press was resting from its weekly labors the projected romance should be dictated, and printed in the office by the two boys. This new Beaumont and Fletcher production was accordingly commenced, and several chap-

ters — short, no doubt — were printed, when, as might have been foreseen, the young author became weary of his task, and threw it aside. Such was the first composition of which any record has been preserved, and for years it remained an isolated production.

On another occasion, however, after reaching manhood, Mr. Cooper actually committed himself publicly in print, and that, too, in verse. In his youth he at times wrote verses, such as most young men are in the habit of producing, — sometimes sentimental, sometimes of a comic character. These are said to have been generally cleverly imagined, and not without merit, though he himself attached no value whatever to them. On one occasion, when he was in the printing-office of the *Herald*, at Cooperstown, a poor fellow subject to epileptic fits came in, to ask charity from a group of gentlemen who had gathered there. The man's certificates were particularly good, and his story excited much interest. He proved to be a strolling ballad-singer, a vocation now quite obsolete in the country. A purse was made up for him, when, looking about the circle, he remarked that if some gentleman would write him a few verses, something new, it would be worth far more to him than the silver he had just received. Mr. Cooper offered to try his hand at verse-making, and inquired what subject would be preferred. "There's nothing sells like ballads!" was the answer. A ballad was promised. The last war with England was then drawing to a close, and Buffalo, at that time a small frontier village, had been recently burnt by the troops under Colonel Murray. Some thirty stanzas of doggerel were immediately written, bearing the imposing title of *Buffalo Burnt*, or the *Dreadful Conflagration*. The catastrophe was, of course, described in the most pathetic manner. A number of copies were printed, and the poor stroller went off with his wallet full. Some months later

he appeared again in the village; he came to beg another ballad. Buffalo Burnt, or the Dreadful Conflagration, had been wonderfully successful in the farm-houses of the adjoining counties. A second ballad was written, whose title has been forgotten; but as the poor stroller never applied again to his poet, it was probably less successful than the first effort. Several years later, the writer of the ballad, being in a neighboring village, was invited to a tea-party. Music was proposed. A young lady was handed to the piano, and, to the amazement and horror of Mr. Cooper, very gravely began singing Buffalo Burnt, or the Dreadful Conflagration!

While Precaution was being written, the author was engaged in work decidedly more to his taste, the improvement of the grounds about the cottage at Angevine. Landscape gardening was a new art in America at that date; a smooth lawn and straight avenues lining the roads and fences were the chief aim of the owners of country houses; choice shrubbery and groups of trees were little thought of. Cherry-trees and peach-trees near the house, with weeping-wilows, elms, locusts, and tulip-trees at no great distance, and rose-bushes, lilacs, and syringas for shrubbery, made up the general plan. But the cottage at Angevine was built at the precise moment when new ideas on these subjects were opening before the minds of the country gentry. Mr. Cooper became deeply interested in the subject of planning a lawn, building a ha-ha fence, and setting out trees. He was very daring in transplanting; the size of some of the elms he moved from the adjoining meadows to the new lawn caused his neighbors to shake their heads. Always active in his habits, he was generally in the field while this ditching, and fencing, and transplanting was going on, often taking part in the work himself. And he almost invariably fell into talk with the workmen, agricultural, political, or

historical, as the case might be. Full of conversation, he was always listened to with interest, and in his turn he now heard many anecdotes connected with that part of the country which had become to him a temporary home. It was not yet forty years since the flag of England had waved over the city of New York. Several of the older workmen employed on the improvements at Angevine had in their youth shouldered muskets in the war of the Revolution, and of course each had his story to tell. Many lesser incidents of the Revolution, now wholly forgotten, were at that day still living facts in the minds of the people, scarcely yet remote enough for the shadowy perspective of history. Many of those who had taken an active part throughout the great struggle were still coming in and going out of their children's doors, — aged men, telling tales of the different events of the conflict with all the glow of personal interest. Many a gray-haired housewife, as she sat at her wheel, spinning her thread of flax or wool, could talk of the troops she had seen, in her girlhood, passing her father's door, marching to and fro, on their way to this or that victory, or retreating, perchance, from this or that defeat. West Chester was full of such recollections. There was no portion of the country whose soil, during the eight eventful years of the war, was so often trodden by friend and foe, alike in arms. The city of New York was held, from the very first to the latest weeks of the war, by garrisons of one party or the other. Abandoned by General Washington after the retreat from Long Island, it became from that date the permanent headquarters of the British commander-in-chief; while American troops, now standing aloof in conscious weakness of numbers, now advancing nearer with returning strength of reinforcement, kept constant watch, their eyes fixed on that important point. Small bodies of troops of both parties were in unceasing movement

over the adjacent country, foraging, reconnoitring, skirmishing, as the occasion required. Scarce a narrow lane of the many winding roads of the country, fenced with rude stone-walls, hedged with brier and vine, shaded with cedar, tulip-tree, and locust, along which trim British troops and ragged American soldiers had not marched and counter-marched by the light of sun or star. Scarce a farm-house door which had not been darkened by cow-boy, Hessian, or skinner on errand of pillage or violence. Here and there still darker work had been done: homes had been destroyed by fire; good yeoman blood had been shed; husband, father, or son had fallen in some unrecorded skirmish, the hero of a rustic neighborhood. The entire country between the American outposts on the skirts of the Highlands and the British works on the Island of Manhattan—the Neutral Ground, as it was called by both parties—probably suffered more in this way than the same extent of country in any part of the Union. Scarsdale and Mamaroneck lay within this belt. The battle-field of White Plains was close at hand; Dobbs Ferry, so long a point of interest for the American forces, lay only a few miles beyond. On the daily drive from Angevine to the nearest post-office at Mamaroneck, a spot was passed connected with one of the many local traditions of the neighborhood: in a pretty thicket, covering a piece of swampy land, a cave was shown in which one of the partisans of the day had lain concealed for some time, fed secretly by friendly hands with food brought stealthily at night, until escape was effected. And again, on the way to the little Huguenot church at New Rochelle, the road wound at the foot of a hill, shaded by a pretty grove, which, in spite of its quiet, smiling aspect at the present hour, enjoyed the gloomy honors of a haunted wood. A sharp skirmish had taken place there in the years of the Revolution, and ever and

anon, at solemn midnight hours, ghosts were dimly seen gliding to and fro; ay, it was even whispered that the clashing of swords had been faintly heard, more than once, on some stormy night. In vain might proud incredulity shake its head: the inmates of certain old gray cottages, with moss-grown shingled walls and projecting ovens, knew better; they believed the assertion most firmly.

Several of the yeoman farmers near Angevine became very good neighbors to Mr. Cooper, and, on his invitation, came frequently in the winter evenings to tell their tales of “Godfrey’s Cave” and the “haunted wood;” fighting the county battles over with fresh interest, aroused by the spirited questions, the intelligent sympathy, of their host. All, as they drank their glass of cider, picked over their hickory-nuts, or pared their Newtown pippins, had many deeds of violence, more or less flagrant, to relate of cow-boys or skinners. There was one very remarkable tale-teller of the region,—long since deceased, and his family have also passed away,—far surpassing most narrators since the days of the celebrated Munchausen; his reputation in this way was well established in the county. His anecdotes, however, were chiefly confined to the prowess of a near relative, Major Brom D——, a hero of the great war. This champion commanded, according to the narrator, a family troop, small in number, but most redoubtable in their feats; all related by blood to Major Brom, all in uniform of silver-gray, and numbering twenty-seven martial spirits in one company. The Major was, moreover, the happy master of a negro, “Bonny,” almost as famous as himself, while his gun, “the Buccaneer,” had not its fellow on the continent. The various adventures of Major Brom D——, the twenty-seven silver-grays, Bonny the negro, and Buccaneer the gun were an unfailing source of entertainment at many firesides in West Chester at that day.

A book, whose scene should be laid in the Neutral Ground, was planned, and was gradually taking shape as the future writer was listening to these details of the local incidents of the Revolution. The leading idea, however, was suggested by a conversation with Governor Jay, which had taken place at an earlier day, on the broad piazza of the old homestead at Bedford. Frequent visits were paid to Bedford in those years, Mr. Cooper having been intimate from boyhood with Judge William Jay. In the course of the conversation alluded to, Governor Jay observed that the spirit of true patriotism shown by all classes of people during the great struggle of the Revolution was very striking. There were, for instance, he remarked, men whose services at critical moments, in obtaining information for the use of the commander-in-chief had been of the greatest importance, and that repeatedly such services had been undertaken at great personal risk, from the most disinterested love of country. He then related a remarkable incident of this nature, with which he had been himself connected. He was at that time chairman of a secret committee, appointed by Congress to counteract the efforts of the English leaders to raise various corps of provincial troops among the people of the country. Among other agents employed by Mr. Jay in connection with these duties was a man, poor, ignorant so far as instruction went, but cool, shrewd, and fearless. It was his office to learn in what part of the country the agents of the crown were making their secret efforts to embody men, to repair to the place, to enlist, to appear zealous in the royal cause, and to obtain as much information of the enemy's plans as possible. In short, he was a spy. This man was repeatedly arrested by his countrymen. On one occasion he was condemned to the gallows, and only saved by speedy and secret orders to his jailer. He was permitted to escape. This apparent peril was, in fact,

of great assistance in keeping up his assumed character among the English. When Mr. Jay received the appointment of Minister to Spain, before leaving his seat in Congress he reported to the government the outline of the work and character of his agent, whose name remained a secret, and asked for an appropriation in behalf of a man who had been of so much use, and at so great a risk. A suitable sum was voted. Mr. Jay summoned his agent to a secret interview. They met at night in a wood. Mr. Jay praised his companion for his adroitness and fidelity, explained the necessity of all intercourse between them being now closed, and finally offered the money. The man drew back, *and declined receiving it.* "The country has need of it; I can work and gain my livelihood." Persuasion was useless. Mr. Jay left the wood bearing the gold with him, and with a deep respect for the man who had so often hazarded his life, unrequited, for their common country. It was this narrative of Governor Jay which, several years later, suggested the character of Harvey Birch. The name of the agent of Mr. Jay was never revealed; and the facts stated above were the sole foundation for the character of the Spy. Mr. Cooper never held any conversation with a single individual claiming to have been a spy for the American government. Every incident in the book, beyond what is stated above, was invented by himself. A number of persons have, since the publication of the novel, claimed identity with the character of Harvey Birch. These may have been patriotic men, serving their country as unrequited spies. But no one of them was the original of Harvey Birch. Mr. Cooper often smiled at these different claims as recorded in the papers, and he frequently declared in the family circle that, so far as he was himself concerned, the conversation with Governor Jay was the sole foundation for the character of Harvey Birch. He also

mentioned that he had written the first volume rapidly, and that it had been printed before the manuscript was fairly dry; but a misgiving had then seized him, and, as he fancied it might not be more successful than *Precaution*, he threw it aside for some months. When he resumed his task, he again wrote rapidly, and Mr. Wiley, his publisher, became alarmed lest the book should be too long. To set his mind at rest, the last chapter was written, printed, and paged several weeks before the intervening chapters were even planned.

On the 7th of September, 1821, *The Spy*, a Tale of the Neutral Ground, was published in New York by Wiley and Halsted. The book immediately attracted the reading public. The strikingly original character of Harvey Birch, so clearly conceived, so thoroughly carried out, riveted attention, while the glow pervading the whole narrative gave interest to every chapter. Ere long in society the book met with brilliant success, though the critics awaited English opinion before committing themselves. An amusing incident occurred soon after its publication. Mr. Cooper was walking in Broadway one morning, when he saw a gentleman, well known to him, cross the street, and advance to meet him; it was a prominent merchant, well known in Wall Street. He came on a friendly errand, to congratulate his acquaintance on the new book and its success. He was loud in its praises.

"An admirable book! Never read anything more full of spirit and interest in my life!"

"I am glad you like it."

"Like it? To be sure I do. From the moment I opened the first volume I could not leave my chair until I had gone through the last chapter. I sat up all night to read it through."

"My friend Harvey is much obliged to you."

"I have one criticism to make, however. I like the book as a whole ex-

ceedingly; it is full of interest, every page of it. The character of Harvey is excellent, too, in most particulars; but there lies the difficulty. You have made one capital mistake in drawing Harvey's character!"

"Indeed, and what may that be?"

"Why, my dear sir, you have given the man no motive! The character is well drawn in other particulars; but so much the greater pity that you failed on that point. Just look at the facts: here is a man getting into all kinds of scrapes, running his neck into the noose of his own accord; and where, pray, was his motive? Of course I thought, until the last page, that he would be well paid for his services; but just as I expected to see it all settled he refuses the gold. There was your great mistake; you should have given Harvey some motive."

The book became very popular throughout the country. Before long the good people of the Neutral Ground began to talk of it as so much history. The writer of these notes, when visiting relatives at Fishkill, was, on one occasion, taken to see a pleasant farm-house, which people in the neighborhood declared to be the identical house from which Henry Wharton and Birch escaped. The farmer's wife very kindly showed the room in which Frances Wharton and Dunwodie were married, ending by pointing out an old-fashioned clock in the corner, adding emphatically, "And that is the clock that Frances Wharton watched for the stroke of nine."

In Europe *The Spy* was read with something of surprise, the interest inherent in the book being naturally increased by its coming from a country whence so little was then expected in the way of original literature. In England it was well received, and the author was much gratified by a compliment from Miss Edgeworth, who declared that Betty Flanagan could not have been better sketched by an Irish pen. Translation into the principal languages of Europe

soon followed. Some very ludicrous mistakes were made by the first French translator; he evidently belonged to the class of "*traduttori, traditori*." In a note to the passage where Colonel Wellmere is represented as drawing figures on the dining-table with the wine spilled from his glass, after the cloth had been removed, as usual at that day, the sage translator calls the reader's attention to a fact showing so clearly the rude style of living in America, where table linen was unknown even in the house of a man in Mr. Wharton's position. But still more absurd was his translation of the word Locusts, the name of Mr. Wharton's country house, into the Grasshoppers, *Les Sauterelles*. As a finishing touch, he even implied in one passage that the horses of the two dragoons watching Henry Wharton had been secured to these *sauterelles*! Some years later, Mr. Cooper received from Prince Dolgorouki, the Russian Minister at Teheran, a Persian translation of *The Spy*. Of the accuracy of that particular translation few can judge. He kept the book as a curiosity for several years, and then gave it to a friend. He was, through life, very careless with his own books, seldom keeping copies of them, and rarely opening one after publication. His family never owned a complete series of his works until after his death.

There are, according to the fashion of the day, several songs in *The Spy*. It

has already been said that Mr. Cooper occasionally wrote verses in his youth. A few years after the publication of *The Spy*, in 1828, while traveling in Europe, he visited the foreign cemetery at Leghorn, for the purpose of seeing the grave of a naval comrade and mess-mate, to whom he had been much attached, as he was to many of his sailor friends. The grave was that of Captain Gamble, who had been on duty with him at Oswego. While standing by the tomb he wrote impromptu, with a pencil, on the monument of Captain Gamble, the following lines:—

"Sleep on in peace, within thy foreign grave,
Companion of my young and laughing
hour!

Thought bears me hence to wild Ontario's
wave,
To other scenes, to days when hope had
power.

"Life then, to us, was like yon glittering main,
Viewed in its calm, bright in its sunny skies;
Then impulse bound the mind with pleasure's
chain,
And colors rose in gold before the eyes.

"We based our rock of fame on moving seas,
To us their trackless paths were beaten ways;
The spirit-stirring storm, the gentler breeze,
The strife of battle, teemed with grateful
praise.

"But twice ten wiser years have drawn a ray
Of austere truth across this treach'rous
sphere;

To me life stands exposed, yet I obey
Its luring calls, and lo! thou sleepest here!"

Susan Fenimore Cooper.

PAUL PATOFF.

III.

At ten o'clock on that morning, Paul and the kaváss went on board the steam launch at Beshik Tash, the landing most convenient for persons coming from the upper part of Pera. They had done

everything possible, and it was manifestly Paul's duty to inform his chief of the occurrences of the night. The authorities had been put in possession of the details of Alexander's disappearance, and the scanty machinery of the Stamboul police had been set in motion; notice

had been given at every hotel and circulated to every place of resort, and it was impossible that if Alexander showed himself in Pera he should escape observation, even if he desired to do so. But Stamboul was not Pera, and as Paul gave the order to steam to Buyukdere he resolutely turned his back on the eastern shore of the Golden Horn, unable to bear the sight of the buildings so intimately associated with his night's search. He was convinced that his brother was in Stamboul, and he knew that the search in Pera was a mere formality. He knew, also, that to find any one in Stamboul was only possible provided the person were free, or at least able to give some sign of his presence; and he began to believe that Alexander had fallen a victim to some rash prank. He had, perhaps, repeated his folly of the previous afternoon, — had wandered into the streets, had foolishly ventured to look too closely at a pair of black eyes, and had been spirited away by the prompt vengeance of the lady's attendants.

But Paul's speculations concerning the fate of his brother were just now interrupted by the consideration of the difficulties which lay before him. Cold and resolute by nature, he found himself in a position in which any man's calmness would have been shaken. He knew that he must tell his tale to his chief, and he knew that he was to blame for not having watched Alexander more closely. It was improbable that any one who had not been present could understand how, in the intense interest caused by the ceremony, Paul could have overlooked his brother's departure from the gallery. But not only had Paul failed to notice his going; the kavass had not observed the lost man's movements any more than Paul himself. It was inconceivable to any one except Paul that Alexander should have been capable of creeping past him and the soldier, on tip-toe, purposely eluding observation; nevertheless, such an action would not be un-

natural to his character. He had perhaps conceived a sudden desire to go down into the church and view the ceremony more closely. He must have known that both his companions would forcibly prevent him from such a course, and it was like him to escape them, laughing to himself at their carelessness. The passion for adventure was in his blood, and his training had not tended to cool it; fate had thrown an attractive possibility into his way, and he had seized the opportunity of doing something unusual, and annoying his more prudent brother at the same time.

But though Paul understood this clearly enough, he felt that it would be anything but easy to make it clear to his chief; and yet, if he did not succeed in doing so, it would be hard for him to account for his carelessness, and he might spend a very unpleasant season of waiting until the missing man was found. In such a case as this, Paul was too good a diplomatist not to tell the truth very exactly. Indeed, he was always a truthful man, according to his lights; but had it been necessary to shield his brother's reputation in any way, he would have so arranged his story as not to tell any more of the truth than was necessary. What had occurred was probably more to his own discredit than to Alexander's, and Paul reflected that, on the other hand, there was no need to inform the ambassador of the quarrel on the previous afternoon, since the chief had overheard it, and had himself interposed to produce quiet, if not peace. He resolved, therefore, to tell every particular, from the moment of his arrival with Alexander at the Vinegar Sellers' Landing to the time of his leaving Pera, that morning, on his way back to Buyukdere.

There was some relief in having thus decided upon the course he should follow; but the momentary satisfaction did not in the least lighten the burden that weighed upon his heart. His anxiety was intense, and he could not escape it.

nor find any argument whereby to alleviate it. He did not love his brother, or at least had never loved him before ; but we often find in life that a sudden fear for the safety of an individual, for whom we believe we care nothing, brings out a latent affection which we had not expected to feel. The bond of blood is a very strong one, and asserts itself in extreme moments with an unsuspected tenacity which works wonders, and which astonishes ourselves. The silken cord is slender, but the hands must be strong that can break it. In spite of all the misery his brother had caused him in boyhood, in spite of the coolness which had existed between them in later years, in spite of the humiliation he had so often suffered in seeing Alexander preferred before him, yet at this moment, when, for a time, the only man who bore his name had suddenly disappeared from the scene of life, Paul discovered deep down in his heart a strange sympathy for the lost man. He blamed himself bitterly for his carelessness, and, going back in his memory, he recalled with sorrow the hard words which had passed between them. He would have given much to be able to revoke the past and to weave more affection into his remembrance of his brother ; and at the idea that he might perhaps never see him again, he turned pale, and twisted his fingers uneasily in his agitation.

Meanwhile, the launch steamed bravely against the current, deftly avoiding the swift eddies under the skillful hand of the pilot, slackening her pace to let a big ferry-boat cross before her from Europe to Asia, facing the fierce stream at Bala Hissar, — the devil's stream, as the Turks call it, — and finally ploughing through the rushing waters of Yeni K j round the point where the Therapia pier juts out into the placid bay of Buyukdere. Paul could see far down the pier the white gates of the Russian embassy, and when, some ten minutes later, the launch ran alongside the landing, he

gathered his courage with all his might, and stepped boldly ashore, and entered the grounds, the kav ss following him with bent head and dejected looks.

His excellency the Russian ambassador was seated in his private study, alternately sipping a cup of tea and puffing at a cigarette. The green blinds were closed, and the air of the luxurious little apartment was cool and refreshing. The diplomatist had very little to do, as no business could be transacted until after the Bairam feast, which begins with the new moon succeeding the month Ramaz n ; he sat late over his tea, smoking and turning over a few letters, while he enjoyed the gentle breeze which found its way into his room with the softened light. He was a gray-headed man, but not old. His keen gray eyes seemed exceedingly alive to every sight presented to them, and the lines on his face were the expression of thought and power rather than of age. He was tall, thin and soldier-like, extremely courteous in manner and speech, but grave and not inclined to mirth ; he belonged to the class of active men in whom the constant exercise of vitality and intelligence appears to prolong life instead of exhausting its force, who possess a constitution in which the body is governed by the mind and who, being generally little capable of enjoying the pleasure of the moment find it easy to devote their energies to the attainment of an object in the future. Count Ananoff was the ideal diplomatist cautious, far-sighted, impenetrable, and exact, outwardly ceremonious and dignified, not too skeptical of other men's qualities nor too confident of his own. His convictions might be summed up according to the old Russian joke, in the one word Nabuchadnezzar, — *Nu Bog, ad ne Czar*, — "There is no God but the Czar."

As Paul entered the ambassador's study, he was glad that he had always been on good terms with his chief. Indeed, there was much sympathy between

them, and it might well have been predicted at that time that Paul would some day become just such a man as he under whom he now served. Convinced as he was that in his present career quite as much of success depended upon the manner of carrying out a scheme as on the scheme itself, Paul had long come to the conclusion that no manner could possibly be so effective as that of Count Ananoff, and that in order to cultivate it the utmost attention must be bestowed upon the study of his chief's motives. Himself grave and cautious, he possessed the two main elements noticeable in the character of his model, and to acquire the rest could only be a matter of time. The ambassador noticed the ease with which Paul comprehended his point of view, and fancied that he saw in his secretary a desire to imitate himself, which of course was flattering. The result was that a sincere good feeling existed between the two, made up of a genuine admiration on the one side, and of considerable self-satisfaction on the other. Patoff felt that the moment had come when he must test the extent of the regard his chief felt for him, and, considering the difficulty of his position and the personal anxiety he felt for his brother, it is not surprising that he was nervous and ill at ease.

"I have a painful story to tell, excellency," he said, standing before the broad writing-desk at which the count was sitting. The latter looked up from his tea.

"Be seated," he said gravely, but fixing a keen look on Paul's haggard face.

"I will tell you everything, with all the details," said Patoff, sitting down; and he forthwith began his story. The narrative was clear and connected, and embraced the history of the night from the time when Paul had left Buyukdere with his brother to the time of his return. Nothing was omitted which he could remember, but when he had done

he was conscious that he had only told the tale of his long search for the missing man. He had thrown no light upon the cause of the disappearance. The ambassador looked very grave, and his thoughtful brows knit themselves together, while he never took his eyes from Paul's face.

"It is very serious," he said at last. "Will you kindly explain to me, if you can do so without indiscretion, the causes of the violent quarrel which took place between you yesterday afternoon?"

Paul had foreseen the question, and proceeded to detail the occurrences in the Valley of Roses, explaining the part he had played, and how he had remonstrated with Alexander. The latter, he said, had lost his temper, after they had got home.

"I would not tell that story to any one else," said Paul, in conclusion. "It shows the disposition of my brother, and does him no credit. It was a foolish escapade, but I should be sorry to have it known. I expected that a complaint would have been lodged already."

"None has been made. Is the kavass who went with you come back?"

"Yes."

"Do you think," said the count, looking quietly at Paul, "that he can tell us anything you have forgotten?"

There was a peculiar emphasis upon the last words which did not escape the secretary, though in that first moment he did not understand what was meant.

"No," he answered, quite simply, returning his chief's look with perfect calmness. "I do not believe he can tell anything more. I will call him."

"By all means. There is the bell," said the ambassador. Paul rang, and sent the servant to call the kavass, who had been waiting, and appeared immediately, looking very ill and exhausted with the fatigue of the night. He trembled visibly, as he stood before the table and made his military salute, bringing his right hand quickly to his mouth, then

to his forehead, and letting it drop again to his side. Count Ananoff cross-examined him with short, sharp questions. The man was very pale, and stammered his replies, but the extraordinary accuracy with which he recounted the details already given by Patoff did not escape the diplomatist.

"Have you anything more to tell?" asked the ambassador, at last.

"It was not my fault, Effendim," said the kaváss, in great agitation. "Paul Effendi and I were looking at the people, and when we turned Alexander Effendi was gone, and we could not find him. I had warned him beforehand not to separate himself from us" —

"Do you think he can be found?" inquired Ananoff, cutting short the man's repetitions.

"Surely, the Effendi can be found," returned the kaváss. "But it may take time."

"Why should it take time? Unless he is injured or imprisoned somewhere, he ought to find his way to Pera to-day."

"Effendim, he may have strayed into the dark streets. If the *bekji* found him without a lantern, he would be arrested, according to the law."

"He had our lantern," said Paul. "We could not find it."

"That is true," answered the kaváss, in dejected tones. "There is the Persian ambassador, Effendim," he said, with a sudden revival of hope.

"What can he do?" asked the count.

"He is lord over all the donkey-drivers in Stamboul, Effendim. The Sultan allows him to exact tribute of them, which is the most part of his fortune.¹ Perhaps if he gave orders that they should all be beaten unless they found Alexander Effendi, they would find him. They go everywhere and see everybody."

"That is an idea," said the ambassador, hardly able to repress a grim smile. "I will send word to his excellency at

once. I have no doubt but that he will do it."

"But it was not my fault" — began the kaváss again.

"I am not sure of that," answered the diplomatist. "If you find him, you will be excused."

"I think the man is not to be blamed," remarked Paul, who had not forgotten the anxiety the kaváss had shown in trying to find Alexander. "It is my belief that my brother's disappearance did not occur in any ordinary way."

"I think so, too," replied the count. "You may go," he said to the soldier, who at once left the room. A short silence followed his departure.

"Monsieur Patoff," resumed the elder man presently, "you are in a very dangerous and distressing position."

"Distressing," said Paul. "Not dangerous, so far as I can see."

"Let us be frank," answered the other. "Alexander Patoff is your elder brother. You feel that he had too large a share of your father's fortune. You have never liked him. He came here without an invitation, and made himself very disagreeable to you. You had a violent quarrel yesterday afternoon, and you were justly provoked, — quite justly, I have no doubt. You go to Stamboul at night with only one man to attend you. You come back without your rich, overbearing, intolerable brother. What will the world say to all that?"

In spite of his pallor, the blood rushed violently to Paul's face, and he sprang from his chair in the wildest excitement.

"You have no right — you do not mean to say it — Great God! How can you think of such a" —

"I do not think it," said the ambassador, seizing him by the arm and trying to calm him. "I do not think anything of the kind. Command yourself, and be a man. Sit down, — there, be reasonable. I only mean to put you in your right position."

¹ Fact.

"You will drive me mad," answered Paul in low tones, sinking into the chair again.

"Now listen to me," continued the count, "and understand that you are listening to your best friend. The world will not fail to say that you have spirited away your brother, — got rid of him, in short, for your own ends. There is no one but a Turkish soldier to prove the contrary. No, do not excite yourself again. I am telling you the truth. I know perfectly well that Alexander has lost himself by his own folly, but I must foresee what other people will say, in case he is not found" —

"But he must be found!" interrupted Paul. "I say he shall be found!"

"Yes, so do I. But there is just a possibility that he may not be found. Meanwhile, the alarm is given. The story will be in every one's mouth to-night, and to-morrow you will be assailed with all manner of questions. My dear Patoff, if Alexander does not turn up in a few days, you had better go away, until the whole matter has blown over. You can safely leave your reputation in my hands, as well as the care of finding your brother, if he can be found at all, and you will be spared much that is painful and embarrassing. I will arrange that you may be transferred for a year to some distant post, and when the mystery is cleared up you can come back and brave your accusers."

"But," said Paul, who had grown pale again, "it seems to me impossible that I could be accused of murdering my brother on such slender grounds, even if the worst were to happen and he were never found. It is an awful imputation to put upon a man. I do not see how any one would dare to suggest such a thing."

"In the first place," answered the ambassador, arguing the point as he would have discussed the framing of a dispatch, "the Turks are very cunning, and they hate us. They will begin by

saying that you had an interest in disposing of Alexander. They will search out the whole story, and will assert the fact because they will be safe in saying that there is no evidence to the contrary. They will take care that the suggestion shall reach our ears, and that it shall spread throughout our little society. What can you answer to the question, 'Where is your brother?' If people do not ask it, they will let you know that it is in their hearts."

"I do not know," said Paul, stunned by the possible truth of his chief's argument.

"Exactly. You do not know, nor I either. But if you stay here, you will have to fight for your own reputation. If you are absent, I can put down such scandal by my authority, and it will soon be forgotten. I do not believe that this disappearance can remain a secret forever. At present, and for some time to come, it is only a disappearance, and it will be expected that your brother may yet come back. But when months are past, — should such a catastrophe occur, — people will find another word, and the murder of Alexander Patoff will be the common topic of conversation."

"It is awful to think of," murmured Paul. "But why do you suppose that he will not come back? He may have got into some scrape, and he may appear this evening. There is hope yet and for days to come."

"I am sorry to say I do not believe it," answered the count. "There have been several disappearances of insignificant individuals since I have been here. No pains were spared to find them, but no one ever obtained the smallest trace of their fate. They were probably murdered for the small sums of money they carried. Of course there is possibility, but I think there is very little hope."

"But I cannot bear to think that poor Alexander should have come to such an end," cried Paul. "I could not go away feeling that I had left anything

untried in searching for him. I never loved him, God forgive me ! But he was my brother, and my mother's favorite son. He was with me, and by my carelessness he lost himself. Who is to tell her that ? No, I cannot go until I know what has become of him."

"My friend," said old Ananoff gently, "you have all my sympathy, and you shall have all my help. I will myself write to your mother, if Alexander does not return in a week. But if in a month he is not heard of, there will be no hope at all. Then you must go away, and I will shut the mouths of the gossips. Now go and rest, for you are exhausted. Be quite sure that between the measures you have taken yourself and those which I shall take, everything possible will be done."

Paul rose unsteadily to his feet, and took the count's hand. Then, without a word, he went to his pavilion, and gave himself up to his own agonizing thoughts.

The ambassador lost no time, for he felt how serious the case was. In spite of the heat, he proceeded to Stamboul at once, visited Santa Sophia, and explored every foot of the gallery whence Alexander had disappeared, but without discovering any trace. He asked questions of the warden of the church, the scowling Turk who had admitted the brothers on the previous night ; but the man only answered that Allah was great, and that he knew nothing of the circumstances, having left the two gentlemen in charge of their kaváss. Then the count went to the house of the Persian ambassador, and obtained his promise to aid in the search by means of his army of donkey-drivers. He went in person to the Ottoman Bank, to the chief of police, to every office through which he could hope for any information. Returning to Buyukdere, he sent notes to all his colleagues, informing them of what had occurred, and requesting their assistance in searching for the

lost man. At last he felt that he had done everything in his power, and he desisted from his labors. But, as he had said, he had small expectation of ever hearing again from Lieutenant Alexander Patoff, and he meditated upon the letter he had promised to write to the missing man's mother. He was shocked at the accident, and he felt a real sympathy for Paul, besides the responsibility for the safety of Russian subjects in Turkey, which in some measure rested with him.

As for Paul, he paced his room for an hour after he had left his chief, and then at last he fell upon the divan, faint with bodily fatigue and exhausted by mental anxiety. He slept a troubled sleep for some hours, and did not leave his apartments again that day.

The view of the situation presented to him by Count Ananoff had stunned him almost beyond the power of thought, and when he tried to think his reflections only confirmed his fears. He saw himself branded as a murderer, though the deed could not be proved, and he knew how such an accusation, once put upon a man, will cling to him in spite of the lack of evidence. He realized with awful force the meaning of the question, "Where is your brother?" and he understood how easily such a question would suggest itself to the minds of those who knew his position. That question which was put to the first murderer, and which will be put to the last, has been asked many times of innocent men, and the mere fact that they could find no ready answer has sufficed to send them to their death. Why should it not be the same with him? Until he could show them his brother, they would have a right to ask, and they would ask, rejoicing in the pain inflicted. Paul cursed the day when Alexander had come to visit him, and he had received him with a show of satisfaction. Had he been more honest in showing his dislike, the poor fellow would perhaps have gone angrily

away, but he would not have been lost in the night in the labyrinths of Stamboul. And then again Paul repented bitterly of the hard words he had spoken, and, working himself into a fever of unreasonable remorse, walked the floor of his room as a wild beast tramps in its cage.

The night was interminable, though there were only six hours of darkness; but when the morning rose the light was more intolerable still, and Paul felt as though he must go mad from inaction. He dressed hastily, and went out into the cool dawn to wait for the first boat to Pera. Even the early shadows on the water reminded him of yesterday, when he had crossed Galata bridge on foot, still feeling some hope. He closed his eyes as he leaned upon the rail of the landing, wishing that the sun would rise and dispel at least some portion of his sorrow.

He reached Pera, and spent the whole day in fruitless inquiries. In the evening he returned, and the next morning he went back again; sleeping little, hardly eating at all, speaking to no one he knew, and growing hourly more thin and haggard, till the Cossacks at the gate hardly recognized him. But day after day he searched, and all the countless messengers, officials, guides, porters, and people of every class searched, too, attracted by the large reward which the ambassador offered for any information concerning Alexander Patoff. But not the slightest clue could be obtained. Alexander Patoff had disappeared hopelessly and completely, and had left no more trace than if he had been thrown into the Bosphorus, with a couple of round shot at his neck. The days lengthened into weeks, and the weeks became a month, and still Paul hoped against all possibility of hope, and wearied the officials of every class with his perpetual inquiries.

Count Ananoff had long since communicated the news of Alexander's disap-

pearance to the authorities in St. Petersburg, thinking it barely possible that he might have gone home secretly, out of anger against his brother. But the only answer was an instruction to leave nothing untried in attempting to find the lost man, provided that no harm should be done to the progress of certain diplomatic negotiations then proceeding. As the count had foreseen, the Turkish authorities, while exhibiting considerable alacrity in the prosecution of the search, vaguely hinted that Paul Patoff himself was the only person able to give a satisfactory explanation of the case; and in due time these hints found their way into the gossip of the Bosphorus tea-parties. Paul was not unpopular, but in spite of his studied ease in conversation there was a reserve in his manner which many persons foolishly resented; and they were not slow to find out that his brother's disappearance was very odd, — so strange, they said, that it seemed impossible that Paul should know nothing of it. The ambassador thought it was time to speak to him on the subject. Moreover, in his present state of excitement Paul was utterly useless in the embassy, and the work which had accumulated during the month of Ramazán was now unusually heavy. Count Ananoff had arranged this matter, without speaking of it to any one, a fortnight after Alexander's disappearance, and now a secretary who had been in Athens had arrived, ostensibly on a visit to the ambassador. But Ananoff had Paul's appointment to Teheran in his pocket, with the permission to take a month's leave for procuring his outfit for Persia.

The explanation was inevitable. It was impossible that things should go on any longer as they had proceeded during the last fortnight; and now that there was really no hope whatever, and people were beginning to talk as they had not talked before, the best thing to be done was to send Paul away. Count Ananoff came to his rooms one morning, and found him

staring at the wall, his untasted breakfast on the table beside him, his face very thin and drawn, looking altogether like a man in a severe illness. The ambassador explained the reason of his visit, reminded him of what had been said at their first interview, and entreated him to spend his month's leave in regaining some of his former calmness.

"Go to the Crimea, or to Tiflis," he said. "You will not be far from your way. I will write to Madame Patoff."

"You are kind, — too kind," answered Paul. "Thank you, but I will go to my mother myself. I will be back in time," he added bitterly. "She will not care to keep me, now that poor Alexander is gone. Yes, I know; you need not tell me. There is no hope left. We shall not even find his body now. But I must tell my mother. I have already written, for I thought it better. I told her the story, just as it all happened. She has never answered my letter. I fancy she must have had news from some one else, or perhaps she is ill."

"Do not go," said his chief, looking sorrowfully at Paul's white face and wasted, nervous hands. "You are not able to bear the strain of such a meeting. I will write to her, and explain."

"No," answered Paul firmly, "I must go myself. There is no help for it. May I leave to-day? I think there is a boat to Varna. As for my strength, I am as strong as ever, though I am a little thinner than I was."

The old diplomatist shook his head gravely, but he knew that it was of no use to try and prevent Paul from undertaking the journey. After all, if he could bear it, it was the most manly course. He had done his best, had labored in the search as no one else could have labored, and if he were strong enough he was entitled to tell his own tale.

The two men parted affectionately that day, and when Paul was fairly on

board the Varna boat Count Ananoff owned to himself that he had lost one of the best secretaries he had ever known.

IV.

Three days later Paul descended from the train which runs twice a day from Pforzheim to Constance, at a station in the heart of the Swabian Black Forest. The name painted in black Gothic letters over the neat, cottage-like building before which the train stopped was *Teinach*. Paul had never heard of the place until his mother had telegraphed that she was there, and he looked about him with curiosity, while a dark youth, in leather breeches, rough stockings, and a blouse, possessed himself of the traveler's slender luggage, and began to lead the way to the hotel.

It was late in the afternoon, and the sinking sun had almost touched the top of the hill. On all sides but one the heavy pines and firs presented a black, absorbing surface to the light, while at the upper end of the valley the ancient and ruined castle of Zavelstein caught the sun's rays, and stood clearly out against the dark background. It is impossible to imagine anything more monotonous in color than this boundless forest of greenish-black trees, and it is perhaps for this reason that the ruins of the many old fortresses, which once commanded every eminence from Weissenstein to the Boden-See, are seen to such singular advantage. The sober gray or brown masonry, which anywhere else would offer but a neutral tint in the landscape, here constitutes high lights as compared with the impenetrable shadows of the woods; and even the sky above, generally seen through the thick masses of evergreen, seems to be of a more sombre blue. In the deep gorges the black water of the Nagold foams and tumbles among the hollow rocks, or glides smoothly over the long and shallow races by

which the jointed timber rafts are shot down to the Neckar, and thence to the Rhine and the ocean, many hundreds of miles away. For the chief wealth of Swabia and of the kingdom of Würtemberg lies in the splendid timber of the forest, which is carefully preserved, and in which no tree is felled without the order of the royal foresters. Indeed, Nature herself does most of the felling, for in winter fierce wind-storms gather and spend themselves in the winding valleys, tearing down acres of trees upon the hill-sides in broad, straight bands, and leaving them there, uprooted and fallen over each other in every direction, like a box of wooden matches carelessly emptied upon a dark green table. Then come the wood-cutters in the spring, and lop off the branches, and roll the great logs down to the torrent below, and float them away in long flexible rafts, which spin down the smooth water-ways at a giddy speed, or float silently along the broad, still reaches of the widening river, or dash over the dangerous rapids, skillfully guided by the wild raftsmen, bare-legged and armed with long poles, whose practiced feet support them as safely on the slippery, rolling timber as ours would carry us on the smoothest pavement.

At Teinach the valley is wider than in other places, and a huge establishment, built over the wonderful iron springs, rears above the tops of the trees its walls of mingled stone, wood and stucco, gayly painted and ornamented with balconies and pavilions, in startling and unpleasant contrast with the sober darkness of the surroundings. The broad post-road runs past the hotels and bath-houses, and a great garden, or rather an esplanade with a few scattered beds of flowers, has been cleared and smoothed for the benefit of the visitors, who take their gentle exercise in the wide walks, or sip their weak German coffee, to the accompaniment of a small band, at the wooden tables set up under the few remaining trees. The place is little known, either

to tourists or invalids, beyond the limits of the kingdom of Würtemberg, but its waters are full of healing properties, and the seclusion of the little village amidst the wild scenery of the Black Forest is refreshing to soul and body.

Paul followed his guide along the winding path which leads from the railway station to the hotel, smelling with delight the aromatic odor of the pines, and enjoying the coolness of the evening air. The fatigues of the last month and of the rapid journey from Varna had told upon his strength, as the fearful anxiety he had endured had wearied his brain. He felt, as he walked, how delicious it would be to forget all the past, to shoulder a broad axe, and to plunge forever into the silent forest; to lead the life of one of those rude woodmen, without a thought at night save of the trees to be felled to-morrow; to rise in the morning with no care save to accomplish the daily task before night; to sleep in summer on the carpet of sweet pine needles, and to watch the stars peep through the lofty branches of the ancient trees; in winter to lie by the warm fire of some mountain hut, with no disturbing dreams or nervous wakings, master of himself, his axe, and his freedom.

But the thought of such peace only made the present moment more painful, and Paul bent his head as though to shut out all pleasant thoughts, till presently he reached the wide porch of the hotel, and, summoning his courage, asked for Madame Patoff.

"Number seventeen," said the Swiss clerk, laconically, to the waiter who stood at hand, by way of intimating that he should conduct the gentleman to the number he had mentioned. As Paul turned to follow the functionary in the white tie and the shabby dress-coat, he was stopped by a thick-set, broad-shouldered man, with gold-rimmed spectacles and a bushy beard, who addressed him in English:—

"I beg your pardon, I heard you ask

for Madame Patoff. Have I the honor of addressing her son?"

"Yes," said Paul, bowing stiffly, for the man was evidently a gentleman. "May I ask to whom?" —

"I am Dr. Cutter," replied the other, interrupting him. "Madame Patoff is ill, and I am taking care of her."

The average doctor would have said, "I am attending her," and Paul, whose English mother had brought him up to speak English as fluently and correctly as Russian, noticed the shade in the expression. But he was startled by the news of his mother's illness, and did not stop to think of such a trifle.

"What is the matter with her?" he asked briefly, turning from the desk of the hotel office, and walking across the vestibule by Dr. Cutter's side.

"I don't know," replied the doctor, quietly.

"You are a strange physician, sir," said Paul sternly. "You tell me that you are attending my mother, and yet you do not know what is the matter with her."

The doctor was not in the least offended by Paul's sharp answer. He smiled a little, but instantly became grave again, as he answered, —

"I am not a practicing physician. I am a specialist, and I devote my life to the study of mental complaints. Your mother is ill in mind, not in body."

"Mad!" exclaimed Paul, turning very pale. His life seemed to be nothing but a series of misfortunes.

"Certainly not hopelessly insane," replied Dr. Cutter, in a musing tone. "She has suffered a terrible shock, as you may imagine."

"Yes," said Paul, "of course. That is the reason why I have come all the way from Constantinople to see her. I could not go to my new post without telling her the whole story myself."

"Her manner is very strange," returned the other. "That is the reason why I waited for you here. I could not

have allowed you to see her without being warned. She has a strange hallucination, and you ought to know it."

"What is it?" asked Paul, in a thick voice.

"It is a very delicate matter. Come out into the garden, and I will tell you what I know."

The two men went out together, and walked slowly along the open path towards the woods. In the distance a few invalids moved painfully about the garden, or rested on the benches beneath the trees. Far off a party of children were playing and laughing merrily at their games.

"It is a delicate matter," repeated Dr. Cutter. "In the first place, I must explain my own position here. I am an Englishman, devoted to scientific pursuits. Originally a physician, subsequently professor in one of our universities, I have given up both practice and professorship in order to be at liberty to follow my studies. I am often abroad, and I generally spend the summer in Switzerland or somewhere in South Germany. I was at Rugby with Madame Patoff's brother-in-law, John Carvel, whom I dare say you know, and I met Madame Patoff two years ago at Wiesbaden. I met her there again last year, and this summer, as I was coming to the South, I found her in the same place, — little more than a month ago. In both the former years your brother Alexander came to visit her, on leave from St. Petersburg. I knew him, therefore, and was aware of her deep affection for him. This time I found her very much depressed in spirits because he had resolved to join you in Constantinople. Excuse me if I pain you by referring to him. It is unavoidable. One morning she told me that she had made up her mind to go to Turkey, traveling by easy stages through Switzerland to Italy, and thence by steamer to the East. She dreaded the long railway journey through Austria, and preferred the sea.

She was in bad health, and seemed very melancholy, and I proposed to accompany her as far as the Italian frontier. We went to Lucerne, and thence to Como, where I intended to leave her. She chose to wait there a few days, in order to have her letters sent on to her before going to the East. Among those which came was a long letter from you, in which you told in detail the story of your brother's disappearance. Your mother was alone in her sitting-room when she received it, but the effect of the news was such that her maid found her lying insensible in her chair some time afterwards, and thought it best to call me. I easily revived her from the fit of fainting, and when she came to herself she thrust your letter into my hand, and insisted that I should read it. She was very hysterical, and I judged that I should comply with her request. The scene which followed was very painful."

"Well?" asked Paul, who was visibly agitated. "What then?" he inquired rather sharply, seeing that Dr. Cutter was silent.

"To be short about it," said the professor, "it has been evident to me from that moment that her mind is deranged. No argument can affect the distorted view she takes."

"But what is the view? What does she think?" inquired Paul, trembling with excitement.

"She thinks that you were the cause of your brother's death," answered Cutter shortly.

"That I murdered him?" cried Paul, feeling that his worst fears were realized.

"Poor lady!" exclaimed the professor, fixing his gray eyes on Paul's face. "It is of no use to go over the story. That is what she thinks."

Paul turned from his companion, and leaned against a tree for support. He was utterly overcome, and unmanned for the moment. Cutter stood beside him, fearing lest he might fall, for he could see that he was wasted with anxiety and

weak with fatigue. But he possessed great strength of will and that command of himself which is acquired by living much among strangers. After a few seconds he stood erect, and, making a great effort, continued to walk upon the road, steadying himself with his stick.

"Go on, please," he said. "How did you come here?"

"You will understand that I could not leave Madame Patoff at such a time," continued the professor, inwardly admiring the strength of his new acquaintance. "She insisted upon returning northwards, saying that she would go to her relations in England. Fearing lest her mind should become more deranged, I suggested traveling slowly by an unfrequented route. I intended to take her to England by short stages, endeavoring to avoid all places where she might, at this season, have met any of her numerous acquaintances. I chose to cross the Splügen Pass to the Lake of Constance. Thence we came here by the Nagold railway. I propose to take her to the Rhine, where we will take the Rhine boat to Rotterdam. Nobody travels by the Rhine nowadays. You got my telegram at Vienna? Yes. Yours went to Wiesbaden, was telegraphed to Como, and thence here. I had just time to send an answer directed to you at Vienna, as a passenger by the Oriental Express, giving you the name of this place. I signed it with your mother's name."

"She does not know I have left Constantinople, then?"

"No. I feared that the news would have a bad effect. She receives her letters, of course, but telegrams often do harm to people in her state, — so I naturally opened yours."

"Is she perfectly sane in all other respects?" asked Paul, speaking with an effort.

"Perfectly."

"Then she is not insane at all," said Paul, in a tone of conviction.

"I do not understand you," answered the professor, staring at him in some surprise.

"If you knew how she loved my poor brother, and how little she loves me, you would understand better. Without being insane, she might well believe that I had let him lose himself in Stamboul, or even that I had killed him. You read my letter, — you can remember how strange a story it was. There is nothing but the evidence of a Turkish soldier to show that I did not contribute to Alexander's disappearance."

"It was certainly a very queer story," said the professor gravely. "Nevertheless, I am of opinion that Madame Patoff is under the influence of an hallucination. I cannot think that if she were in her right mind she would insist as she does, and with such violence, that you are guilty of making away with your brother."

"I must see her," said Paul firmly, "I have come from Constantinople to see her, and I cannot go back disappointed."

"I think it would be a great mistake for you to seek an interview," answered the professor, no less decidedly. "It might bring on a fit of anger."

"Which might be fatal?" inquired Paul.

"No, but which might affect her brain."

"I do not think so. Pardon my contradicting you, professor, but I have a very strong impression that my mother is not in the least insane, and that I may succeed in bringing her to look at this dreadful business in its true light."

"I fear not," answered Dr. Cutter sadly.

"But you do not know," insisted Paul. "Unless you are perfectly sure that my mother is really mad, you can have no right to prevent my seeing her. I may possibly persuade her. I am the only one left," he added bitterly, "and I must be a son to her in fact as well as in relation. I cannot, for my own sake,

let her go to our English relatives, with this story to tell, without at least contradicting it."

"It is of no use to contradict it to her."

"Of no use!" exclaimed Paul, impatiently. "Do you think that if the slightest suspicion, however unfounded, had rested on me, my chief would have allowed me to leave Constantinople without clearing it up? I should think that anybody in his senses would see that!"

"Yes, — anybody in his or her senses," answered the professor coldly.

Paul stopped in his walk, and faced the strong man with the gold spectacles and the intelligent features who had thus obstinately thrust himself in his path.

"Sir," he said, "I know you very slightly, and I do not want to insult you. But if you continue to oppose me, I shall begin to think that you have some other object in view besides a concern for my mother's health." His drawn and haggard features wore an expression of desperate determination as he spoke, and his cold blue eyes began to brighten dangerously.

"I have nothing more to say," replied the scientist, meeting his look with perfect steadiness. "I admit the justice of your argument. I can only implore you to take my advice, and to reflect on what you are doing. I have no moral right to oppose you."

"No," said Paul, "and you must not prevent this meeting. I wish to see her only once. Then I will go. I need not tell you that I am deeply indebted to you for the assistance you have rendered to my mother in this affair. If she does not believe my story, she will certainly not tolerate my presence, and I venture to hope that you will see her safely to England. If possible, I should like to meet her to-night."

"You shall," replied the professor. "But if any harm comes of it, remember that I protested against the meeting. That is all I ask."

"I will remember," answered Paul quietly. Both men turned in their walk, and went back towards the hotel.

"You must give me time to warn her of your presence," said Cutter, as they reached the steps.

Paul nodded, and they both went in. Cutter disappeared up-stairs, and Patoff was shown to his room by a servant.

"I shall probably leave to-morrow morning," he remarked, as the man deposited his effects in the corner, and looked round, waiting for orders. Paul threw himself on the bed, closing his eyes, and trying to collect his courage and his senses for this meeting, which had turned out so much more difficult than he had expected. Nevertheless, he was glad that Cutter had met him, and had warned him of the state of his mother's mind. He did not in the least believe her insane,—he almost wished that he could. Lying there on his bed, he remembered his youth, and the time when he had longed for some little portion of the affection lavished on his elder brother. He remembered how often he had in vain looked to his mother for a smile of approbation, and how he had ever been disappointed. He had grown up feeling that, by some fault not his own, he was disliked and despised, a victim to one of those unreasoning antipathies which parents sometimes feel for one of their children. He remembered how he had choked down his anger, swallowed his tears, and affected indifference to censure, until his child's heart had grown case-hardened and steely; asking nothing, doing his tasks for his own satisfaction, and finally taking a sad pleasure in that silence which was so frequently imposed upon him. Then he had grown up, and the sullen determination to outdo his brother in everything had got possession of his strong nature. He remembered how, coming home from school, he had presented his mother with the report which spoke of his final examinations as brilliant compared with

Alexander's; how his mother had said a cold word of praise; and how he himself had turned silently away, able already, in his young self-dependence, to rejoice secretly over his victory, without demanding the least approbation from those who should have loved him best. He remembered, when his brother was an ensign in the guards, spoiled and reckless, making debts and getting into all kinds of trouble, how he himself had labored at the dry work assigned to him in the foreign office, without amusements, without pleasure, and without pocket money, toiling day and night to win by force that position which Alexander had got for nothing; never relaxing in his exertions, and scrupulous in the performance of his duties. Even in the present moment of anxiety he thought with satisfaction of his well-earned advancement, and of the promotion which could not now be far distant. He remembered himself a big, bony youth of twenty, and he reflected that he had made himself what he now was, the accomplished man of the world, the rising diplomatist among those of his years, steadily moving on to success. But he saw that he was the same to-day as he had been then; if he had not gained affection in his life, he had gained strength and hardness and indifference to opposition.

Then this blow had come upon him. This brother, whom he had striven to surpass in everything, had been suddenly and mysteriously taken from his very side; and not that only, but the mother who had borne them both had put the crowning touch to her life-long injustice, and had accused him of being his brother's murderer,—accused him to a stranger, or to one who was little nearer than a stranger,—refusing to hear him in his own defense.

He wished that she might be indeed mad. He hoped that she was beside herself with grief, even wholly insane, rather than that he should be forced to believe that she could be so unjust. What con-

struction the world would put upon the catastrophe he knew from Count Ananoff; but surely he might expect his mother to be more merciful. A mother should hope against hope for her child's innocence, even when every one else has forsaken him; how was it possible that this mother of his could so harden her heart as to be first to suspect him of such a crime, and to be of all people the one to refuse to hear his defense! He hoped she was mad, as he lay there on his bed, in the little room of the hotel, in the gathering gloom.

At last some one knocked at the door, and Professor Cutter entered, admitting a stream of light from the corridor outside. Paul sprang to his feet, pale and haggard.

"You are in the dark," said the professor quietly, as he shut the door behind him. Then he struck a match, and lit the two candles which stood on each side of the mirror on the bare dressing-table.

"Can I go now?" asked Paul. The scientist eyed him deliberately.

"Pardon me," he said. "You have not thought of your appearance. You have traveled for three or four days, and look rather disheveled."

Paul understood. The professor did not want him to be seen as he was. He was wild and excited, and his clothes were in disorder. Silently he unlocked his dressing-case and bag, and proceeded to dress himself. Cutter sat quietly watching him, as though still studying his character; for he was a student of men, and prided himself on his ability to detect people's peculiarities from their unconscious movements. Paul dressed rapidly, with the neatness of a man accustomed to wait upon himself. In twenty minutes his toilet was completed, during which time neither of the two spoke a word. At last Paul turned to the professor. "Did you have difficulty in arranging it?" he asked coldly.

"Yes. But you may see her, if you go at once," answered the other.

"I am ready," said Paul. "Let us go." They left the room, and went down the corridor together. The quiet and solitude of his room had strengthened Paul's nerves, and he walked more erect and with a firmer step than before. Presently the professor stopped before one of the doors.

"Go in," he said. "This is a little passage room. Knock at the door opposite. She is there, and will receive you."

Paul followed the professor's instructions, and knocked at the door within. A voice which he hardly recognized as his mother's bid him enter, and he was in the presence of Madame Patoff.

A bright lamp, unshaded and filling the little sitting-room with a broad yellow light, stood upon the table. The details of the apartment were insignificant, and seemed to throw the figure of the seated woman into strong relief. She had been beautiful, and was beautiful still, though now in her fifty-second year. Her features were high and noble, and her rich dark hair was only lightly streaked with gray. Her eyes were brown, but of that brown which easily looks black when not exposed directly to the light. Her face was now very pale, but there was a slight flush upon her cheeks, which for a moment brought back a reflection of her former brilliant beauty. She was dressed entirely in black, and her thin white hands lay folded on the dark material of her gown; she wore no ring save the plain band of gold upon the third finger of her left hand.

Paul entered, and closed the door behind him without taking his eyes from his mother. She rose from her seat as he came forward, as though to draw back. He came nearer, and bending low would have taken her hand, but she stepped backwards and withdrew it, while the flush darkened on her cheek.

"Mother, will you not give me your hand?" he asked, in a low and broken voice.

"No," she answered sternly. "Why have you come here?"

"To tell you my brother's story," said Paul, drawing himself up and facing her. When he entered the room he had felt sorrow and pity for her, in spite of Cutter's account, and he would willingly have kneeled and kissed her hand. But her rough refusal brought vividly to his mind the situation.

"You have told me already, by your letter," she replied. "Have you found him, that you come here? Do you think I want to see you — you?" she repeated, with rising emphasis.

"I might think it natural that you should," said Paul, very coldly. "Be calm. I am going to-morrow. Had I supposed that you would meet me as you have, I should have spared myself the trouble of coming here."

"Indeed you might!" she exclaimed scornfully. "Have you come here to tell me how you did it?" Her voice trembled hysterically.

"Did what?" asked Paul, in the same cold tone. "Do you mean to accuse me to my face of my brother's death, as your doctor says you do behind my back? And if you dare to do so, do you think I will permit it without defending myself?"

His mother looked at him for one moment; then, clasping her hands to her forehead, she staggered across the room, and hid her face in the cushions of the sofa, moaning and crying aloud.

"Alexis, Alexis!" she sobbed. "Ah — my beloved son — if only I could have seen your dear face once more — to close your eyes — and kiss you — those sweet eyes — oh, my boy, my boy! Where are you — my own child?"

She was beside herself with grief, and ceased to notice Paul's presence for some minutes, moaning, and tossing herself upon the sofa, and wringing her hands as the tears streamed down. Paul could not look unmoved on such a sight. He came near and touched her shoulder.

"You must not give up all hope, mother," he said softly. "He may yet come back." He did not know what else to say, to comfort her.

"Come back?" she cried hysterically, suddenly sitting up and facing him. "Come back, when you are standing there with his blood on your hands! You murderer! You monster! Go — for God's sake, go! Don't touch me! Don't look at me!"

Paul was horrified at her violence, and could not believe that she was in her senses. But he had heard the words she had spoken, and the wound had entered into his soul. His look was colder than ever as he answered.

"You are evidently insane," he said.

"Go — go, I tell you! Let me never see you again!" cried the frantic woman, rising to her feet, and staring at him with wide and blood-shot eyes.

Paul went up to her, and quickly seizing her hands held them in his firm grip, without pressure, but so that she could not withdraw them.

"Mother," he said, in low and distinct tones, "I believe you are mad. If you are not, God forgive you, and grant that you may forget what you have said. I am as innocent of Alexander's death — if indeed he is dead — as you are yourself."

She seemed awed by his manner, and spoke more quietly.

"Where is he, then? Paul, where is your brother?"

"I cannot tell where he is. He left me and never returned, as the man who was with me can testify. I came here to tell you the story with my own lips. If you do not care to hear it, I will go, and you shall have your wish, for you need never see me again." He released her hands, and turned from her as though to leave the room.

Madame Patoff's mood changed. Though Alexander was more like her, she possessed, too, some of the inexorable coldness which Paul had inherited so

abundantly. She now drew herself up, and retired to the other side of the room. Paul's hand was on the door. Then she turned once more, and he saw that her face was as pale as death.

"Go," she said, for the last time. "And above all, do not come back. Unless you can bring Alexis with you, and show him to me alive, I will always believe that you killed him, like the heartless, cruel monster you have been from a child."

"Is that your last word, mother?" asked Paul, controlling his voice by a great effort.

"My very last word, to you," she answered, pointing to the door.

Paul went out, and left her alone. In the corridor he found Professor Cutter, calmly walking up and down. The scientist stopped, and looked at Paul's pale face.

"Was I right?" he asked.

"Too right."

"I thought so," said the professor. "Do you mean to leave to-morrow?"

"Yes," answered Paul quietly. "I must eat something. I am exhausted."

He staggered against Dr. Cutter's strong arm, and caught himself by it. The professor held him firmly on his feet, and looked at him curiously.

"You are worn out," he said. "Come with me."

He led him through the corridor to the restaurant of the hotel, and poured out a glass of wine from a bottle which stood on a table set ready for dinner. Paul drank it slowly, stopping twice to look at his companion, who watched him with the eye of a physician.

"Have you ever had any trouble with your heart?" asked the latter.

"No," said Paul. "I have never been ill."

"Then you must have been half starved on your journey," replied the professor, philosophically. "Let us dine here."

They sat down, and ordered dinner.

Paul was conscious that his manner must seem strange to his new acquaintance, and indeed what he felt was strange to himself. He was conscious that since he had left his mother his ideas had undergone a change. He was calmer than he had been before, and he could not account for it on the ground of his having begun to eat something. He was indeed exhausted, for he had hardly thought of taking any nourishment during his long journey, and the dinner revived him. But the odd consciousness that he was not exactly the same man he had been before had come upon him as he closed the door of his mother's room. Up to the time he had entered her presence he had been in a state of the wildest anxiety and excitement. The moment the interview was over his mind worked normally and easily, and he felt himself completely master of his own actions.

Indeed, a change had taken place. He had gone to his mother feeling that he was accountable to her for his brother's disappearance, and prepared to tell his story with every detail he could recall, yet knowing that he was wholly innocent of the catastrophe, and that he had done everything in his power to find the lost man. But in that moment he was unconscious of two things: first, of the extreme hardness of his own nature; and secondly, that he had not in reality the slightest real love either for his mother or for Alexander. The moral sufferings of his childhood had killed the natural affections in him, and there had remained nothing in their stead but a strong sense of duty to his nearest relations. It was this sense which had prompted him to receive Alexander kindly, and to take the utmost care of him during his visit; and it was the same feeling which had impelled him to come to his mother, in order to give the best account he could of the terrible catastrophe. But the frightful accusation she had put upon him, and her stubborn determination to abide by it, had destroyed even that lin-

gering sense of duty which he had so long obeyed. He knew now that he experienced no more pain at Alexander's loss than he would naturally have felt at the death of an ordinary acquaintance, and that his mother had absolved him by her crowning injustice from the last tie which bound him to his family. In the first month at Buyukdere, after Alexander had disappeared, he had been overcome by the horror of the situation, and by the knowledge that he must tell his mother of the loss of her favorite son. He had mistaken these two incentives to the search for a feeling of love for the missing man. A quarter of an hour with his mother had shown him how little love there had ever been between them, and her frantic behavior, which he felt was not insanity, had disgusted him, and had shown him that he was henceforth free from all responsibility towards her.

The love of a child for his mother may be instinctive in the first instance, but as the child grows to manhood he becomes subject to reason; and that which reason first rejects is injustice, because injustice is the most destructive form of lie imaginable. Paul had borne much, had cherished to the last his feeling of duty and his outward rendering of respect, but his mother had gone too far. He felt that she was not mad, and that in accusing him she was only treating him as she had always done since he was a boy; giving way to her unaccountable dislike, and suffering her antipathy to get the better of all sense of truth.

As Paul sat at table with Professor Cutter, he felt that the yoke had suddenly been taken from his neck, and that he was henceforth free to follow his own career and his own interests, without further thought for her who had cast him off. He was not a boy, to grow sulky at an unkind word, or to resent a fancied insult. He was a grown man, more than thirty years of age, and he fully realized his position, without exaggera-

tion and without any superfluous exhibition of feeling. All at once he felt like a man who has done his day's work, and has a right to think no more about it.

"I am glad to see that you have a good appetite," observed the professor.

"I am conscious of not having eaten for a long time," answered Paul. "I suppose I was too much excited to be hungry before."

"You are not excited any longer?" inquired Dr. Cutter, with a smile.

"No. I believe I am perfectly calm. I have accomplished the journey, I have seen my mother, I have heard her last word, and I shall go to Persia to-morrow."

"Your programme is a simple one," answered his companion. "However, I am sure you can be of no use here. Your mother is quite safe under my care."

"It is my belief that she would be quite safe alone," said Paul, "though your presence is a help to her. You are a friend of her family, you knew my poor brother, you are intimate with my uncle by marriage, Mr. John Carvel. I am sure that, since you are good enough to accompany my mother, she cannot fail to appreciate your kindness and to enjoy your society. But I do not think she really stands in need of assistance."

"That is a matter of opinion," replied the professor, sipping his wine.

"Yes; but shall I be frank with you, Dr. Cutter? I fancy that, as a scientist and a student of diseases of the mind, you are over ready to suspect insanity where my mother's conduct can be explained by ordinary causes."

"My dear sir," said the professor, "if I am a scientist, I am not one for nothing. I know how very little science knows, and in due time I shall be quite ready to own myself mistaken, if your mother turns out to be perfectly sane."

"You are very honest," returned Patoff. "All I want to express is that, although I am grateful to you for taking

her home, I think she is quite able to take care of herself. I should be very sorry to think that you felt yourself bound not to leave her. She is fifty-two years old, I believe, but she is very strong, though she used to fancy herself in bad health, for some reason or other; she has a maid, a courier, and plenty of money. You yourself admit that she has no hallucination except about this sad business. I think that under the circumstances she could safely travel alone."

"Possibly. But the case is an interesting one. I am a free man, and your mother's age and my position procure me the advantage of studying the state of her mind by traveling with her without causing any scandal. I am not disposed to abandon my patient."

"I can assure you," said Paul, "that if I thought she would tolerate my presence I should go with her myself, and I repeat that I am sincerely obliged to you. Only, I do not believe she is mad. I hope you will write to me, however, and tell me how she is."

"Of course. And I hope you will tell me whether you have changed your mind about her. I confess that you seem to me to be the calmest person I ever met."

"I?" exclaimed Paul. "Yes, I am calm now, but I have not had a moment's rest during the last month."

"I can understand that. You know the worst now, and you have nothing more to anticipate. I have no right to inquire into your personal feelings, but I should say that you cared very little for your mother, and less for your brother, and that hitherto you had been animated by a sort of fictitious sense of responsibility. That has ceased, and you feel like a man released from prison."

The professor fixed his keen gray eyes on Paul's face as he spoke. His speech was rather incisive, considering how little he had seen of Paul. Perhaps he intended that it should be, for he watched the effect of his words with interest.

"You are not a bad judge of human nature," answered Patoff, coolly. But he did not vouchsafe any further answer.

"It is my business," said the professor. "If, as a friend of Madame Patoff's family, I take the liberty of being plain, and of telling you what I think, you may believe that I have not wholly misjudged your mother, since I have hit the mark in judging you."

"I am not sure that you have hit the mark," replied Paul. "Perhaps you have. Time will show. Meanwhile, I am going to Teheran to reflect upon it. It is impossible to choose a more secluded spot," he added, with a smile.

"Why do you not return to Constantinople?" asked the inquisitive professor.

"Because it has pleased the Minister for Foreign Affairs to send me to Persia. I am a government servant, and must go whither I am sent. I dare say I shall not be there very long. The climate is not very pleasant, and the society is limited. But it will be an agreeable change for me."

"I suppose that efforts will still be made to find your brother?"

"Yes. The search will never be given up while there is the least hope."

"I wonder what the effect would be upon Madame Patoff, if Alexander were found after six months?"

"I have not the least idea," answered Paul. "I suppose we should all return to our former relations with each other. Perhaps the shock might drive her mad in earnest,—I cannot tell. You are a psychologist; it is a case for you."

"A puzzle without an answer. I am afraid it can never be tried."

"No, I am afraid not," said Paul quietly.

The two men finished their dinner and went out. Paul meant to leave early the next morning, and was anxious to go to bed. He felt that at last he could sleep, and he took his leave of Professor Cutter.

"Good-by," he said, with more feel-

ing than he had shown since he had left his mother's room. "I am glad we have met. Believe me, I am really grateful to you for your kindness, and I hope you will let me know that you have reached England safely. If my mother refers to me, please tell her that after what she said to me I thought it best to leave here at once. Good-by, and thank you again."

"Good-by," said the professor, shak-

ing Paul's hand warmly. "The world is a little place, and I dare say we shall meet again somewhere."

"I hope so," answered Paul.

And so these two parted, to go to the opposite ends of the earth, not satisfied with each other, but each feeling that he should like to meet his new acquaintance again. But Persia and England, in the present imperfect state of civilization, are tolerably far apart.

F. Marion Crawford.

THE FEDERAL CONVENTION.

THE Federal Convention did wisely in withholding its debates from the knowledge of the people. It was felt that discussion would be more untrammelled, and that its result ought to go before the country as the collective and unanimous voice of the convention. There was likely to be wrangling enough among themselves; but should their scheme be unfolded, bit by bit, before its parts could be viewed in their mutual relations, popular excitement would become intense, there might be riots, and an end would be put to that attitude of mental repose so necessary for the constructive work that was to be done. It was thought best that the scheme should be put forth as a completed whole, and that for several years, even, until the new system of government should have had a fair trial, the traces of the individual theories and preferences concerned in its formation should not be revealed. For it was generally assumed that a system of government new in some important respects would be proposed by the convention, and while the people awaited the result the wildest speculations and rumors were current. A few hoped, and many feared, that some scheme of monarchy would be established. Such surmises found their way across the

ocean, and hopes were expressed in England that, should a king be chosen, it might be a younger son of George III. It was even hinted, with alarm, that, through gratitude to our recent allies, we might be persuaded to offer the crown to some member of the royal family of France. No such thoughts were entertained, however, by any person present in the convention. Some of the delegates came with the design of simply amending the articles of confederation by taking away from the States the power of regulating commerce, and entrusting this power to Congress. Others felt that if the work were not done thoroughly now another chance might never be offered; and these men thought it necessary to abolish the confederation, and establish a federal republic, in which the general government should act directly upon the people. The difficult problem was how to frame a plan of this sort which people could be made to understand and adopt. At the very outset some of the delegates began to exhibit symptoms of that peculiar kind of moral cowardice which is wont to afflict free governments, and of which American history furnishes so many instructive examples. It was suggested that palliatives and half-measures would be far

more likely to find favor with the people than any thorough-going reform, when Washington suddenly interposed with a brief but immortal speech, which ought to be blazoned in letters of gold, and posted on the wall of every American assembly that shall meet to nominate a candidate, or declare a policy, or pass a law, so long as the weakness of human nature shall endure. Rising from his president's chair, his tall figure drawn up to its full height, he exclaimed in tones unwontedly solemn with suppressed emotion, "It is too probable that no plan we propose will be adopted. Perhaps another dreadful conflict is to be sustained. If, to please the people, we offer what we ourselves disapprove, how can we afterward defend our work? Let us raise a standard to which the wise and the honest can repair; the event is in the hand of God."

This outburst of noble eloquence carried conviction to every one, and henceforth we do not hear that any attempt was avowedly made to avoid the issues as they came up. It was a most wholesome tonic. It braced up the convention to high resolves, and impressed upon all the delegates that they were in a situation where faltering or trifling was both wicked and dangerous. From that moment the mood in which they worked caught something from the glorious spirit of Washington. There was need of such high purpose, for two plans were presently laid before the meeting, which, for a moment, brought out one of the chief elements of antagonism existing between the States, and which at first seemed irreconcilable. It was the happy compromise which united and harmonized these two plans that smoothed the further work of the convention, and made it possible for a stable and powerful government to be constructed.

The first of these plans was known as the Virginia plan. It was agreed upon in a committee of the delegates of that State, and was brought forward by Ed-

mund Randolph, governor of Virginia, in the name of the State, but its chief author was Madison. It struck instantly at the root of the difficulties under which the country had been staggering ever since the Declaration of Independence. The federal government had possessed no means of enforcing obedience to its laws. Its edicts were without a sanction; and this was because they operated upon States, and not upon individuals. When an individual defies the law, you can lock him up in jail, or levy an execution upon his property. The immense force of the community is arrayed against him, and he is as helpless as a straw on the billows of the ocean. He cannot raise a militia to protect himself. But when the law is defied by a State, it is quite otherwise. You cannot put a State into jail, nor seize its goods; you can only make war on it, and if you try that expedient you find that the State is not helpless. Its local pride and prejudices are aroused against you, and its militia will turn out in full force to uphold the infraction of law. Against this obstinate and exasperated military force what superior force can you bring? Under some rare combination of circumstances you might get the military force of several of the other States; but ordinarily, when what you are trying to do is simply to enforce every-day laws, and when you simply represent a distrusted general government in conflict with a local government, you cannot do this. The other States will sympathize with the delinquent State; they will feel that the very same condition of things which leads you to attack that State to-day will lead you to attack some other State to-morrow. Hence you cannot get any military help, and you are powerless. Such was the case with the Continental Congress. A novel and distrusted institution, it was called upon to enforce its laws upon long-established communities, full of sturdy independence and obstinate local

prejudices. It was able to act, though with clumsy slowness, as long as there was an enemy in the field who was even more dreaded. But as soon as this enemy had been beaten out of sight it could not act at all. This had been because it did not represent the American people, but only the American States. The vital force which moved it was not the resistless force of a whole people, but only a shadowy semblance of force, derived from a theoretical consent of thirteen corporate bodies, which in their corporate capacity could never be compelled to agree about anything under the sun; and unless compelled they would not agree. Four years of disturbance in every part of the country, in the course of which troops had been called out in several States, and civil war had been narrowly averted at least half a dozen times, had proved this beyond all cavil. With any other people than the Americans civil war would have come already. With all the vast future interests that were involved in these quarrels looming up before their keen, sagacious minds, it was a wonder that they had been kept from coming to blows. Such self-restraint had been greatly to their credit. It was the blessed fruit of more than a century of government by free discussion, while yet these States were colonies, peopled by the very cream of the English freemen who had fought the decisive battle of civil and religious freedom for mankind in that long crisis when the Invincible Armada was overwhelmed and the Long Parliament won its triumphs. Such self-restraint had this people shown in days of trial, under a vicious government adopted in a time of hurry and sore distress. But late events had gone far to show that it could not endure. The words of Randolph's opening speech are worth quoting in this connection. "The confederation," he said, "was made in the infancy of the science of constitutions, when the inefficiency of requisitions was unknown; when no com-

mercial discord had arisen among States; when no rebellion like that in Massachusetts had broken out; when foreign debts were not urgent; when the havoc of paper money had not been foreseen; when treaties had not been violated; and when nothing better could have been conceded by States jealous of their sovereignty. But it offered no security against foreign invasion, for Congress could neither prevent nor conduct a war, nor punish infractions of treaties or of the law of nations, nor control particular States from provoking war. The federal government has no constitutional power to check a quarrel between separate States; nor to suppress a rebellion in any one of them; nor to establish a productive impost; nor to counteract the commercial regulations of other nations; nor to defend itself against the encroachments of the States. From the manner in which it has been ratified in many of the States, it cannot be claimed to be paramount to the state constitutions; so that there is a prospect of anarchy from the inherent laxity of the government. As the remedy, the government to be established must have for its basis the republican principle." Having thus tersely stated the whole problem, Randolph went on to present the Virginia plan. To make the federal government operate directly upon individuals, one provision was absolutely necessary. It did not solve the whole problem, but it was an indispensable beginning. This was the proposal that there should be a national legislature, in which the American *people* instead of the American States should be represented. For the purposes of federal legislation, there must be an assembly elected directly by the people, and with its members apportioned according to population. There must be such an assembly as our present House of Representatives, standing in the same immediate relation to the people of the whole country as was sustained by the assembly of each separate

State to the people of that State. Without such direct representation of the whole people in the Federal Congress, it would be impossible to achieve one secure step toward the radical reform of the weaknesses and vices of the confederation. It was the only way in which the vexed question of one nation or thirteen could be made to yield a satisfactory answer. At the same time it could not be denied that such a proposal was revolutionary in character. It paved the way for a national consolidation which might go further than any one could foresee, and much further than was desirable. The moribund Congress of the confederation, with its delegates chosen by the state assemblies, and casting its vote simply by States, had utterly failed to serve as a national legislature. There was a good deal of truth in what John Adams once said of it, that it was more a diplomatic than a legislative body. It was, indeed, because of this consciously felt diplomatic character that it was called a Congress, and not a Parliament. In its lack of coercive power it resembled the international congresses of Europe rather than the supreme legislature of any country. To substitute abruptly for such a body a truly national legislature, based not upon States but upon population, was quietly to inaugurate a revolution of no less magnitude than that which had lately severed us from Great Britain. So bold a step, while all-essential in order to complete that revolution, and make its victorious issue fortunate instead of disastrous to the American people, was sufficiently revolutionary to awaken the fears of many members of the Federal Convention. To the familiar state governments which had so long possessed their love and allegiance, it was superadding a new and untried government, which it was feared would swallow up the States and everywhere extinguish local independence. Nor can it be said that such fears were unreasonable. Our federal government

has indeed shown a strong tendency to encroach upon the province of the state governments, especially since our late Civil War. Too much centralization is our danger to-day, as the weakness of the federal tie was our danger a century ago. The rule of the Federalist party was needed in 1789 as the rule of the Republican party was needed in 1861. to put a curb upon the centrifugal tendencies. But after Federalism had fairly done its great work, at the beginning of the nineteenth century, it was well that the administration of our national affairs should pass into the hands of the party to which Thomas Jefferson and Samuel Adams belonged, and which Madison, in his calm statesmanlike wisdom, had come to join. And now that, in our own day, the disruptive forces have been even more thoroughly and effectually overcome, it is time for the principles of that party to be reasserted with fresh emphasis. If the day should ever arrive (which God forbid!) when the people of the different parts of our country shall allow their local affairs to be administered by prefects sent from Washington, and when the self-government of the States shall have been so far lost as that of the departments of France, or even so far as that of the counties of England, — on that day the progressive political career of the American people will have come to an end, and the hopes that have been built upon it for the future happiness and prosperity of mankind will be wrecked forever.

I do not think that the historian writing at the present day need fear any such direful calamity, for the past century has shown most instructively how, in such a society as ours, the sense of political dangers slowly makes its way through the whole mass of the people, until movements at length are made to avert them, and the pendulum swings in the opposite direction. The history of political parties in the United States is especially rich in lessons of this sort

Compared with the statesmen of the Federal Convention, we are at a great advantage in studying this question of national consolidation; and we have no excuse for failing to comprehend the attitude of the men who dreaded the creation of a national legislature as the entering wedge which would by and by rend asunder the structure of our liberties. The great mind of Madison was one of the first to entertain distinctly the noble conception of two kinds of government operating at one and the same time upon the same individuals, harmonious with each other, but each supreme in its own sphere. Such is the fundamental conception of our partly federal, partly national, government, which appears throughout the Virginia plan as well as in the Constitution which grew out of it. It was a political conception of a higher order than had ever before been entertained; it took a great deal of discussion to make it clear to the minds of the delegates generally; and the struggle over this initial measure of a national legislature was so bitter as to come near breaking up the convention.

In its original shape the Virginia plan went much further toward national consolidation than the Constitution as adopted. The reaction against the evils of the loose-jointed confederation, which Randolph so ably summed up, was extreme. According to the Virginia plan, the national legislature was to be composed of two houses, like the legislatures of the several States. The members of the lower house should be chosen directly by the people; members of the upper house, or Senate, should be elected by the lower house out of persons nominated by the state legislatures. In both the lower and the upper branches of this national legislature the votes were to be the votes of individuals, and no longer the votes of States, as in the Continental Congress. Under the articles of confederation each State had an equal vote, and two thirds were required for every important meas-

ure. Under the proposed Constitution each State was to have a number of representatives proportionate either to its wealth or to the number of its free inhabitants, and a bare majority of votes was to suffice to pass all measures in the ordinary course of business; and these rules were to apply both to the lower house and to the Senate. To adopt such a plan would overthrow the equality of the States altogether. It would give Virginia, the greatest State, sixteen representatives, where Georgia, the smallest State, had but one; and besides, as the votes were no longer to be taken by States, individual members could combine in any way they pleased, quite irrespective of state lines. It was not strange that to many delegates in the convention such a beginning should have seemed revolutionary. This impression was deepened when it was further proposed not only to clothe this national legislature with original powers of legislation in all cases to which the several States are incompetent, but also to allow it to set aside at discretion such state laws as it might deem unconstitutional. It is interesting to find Madison, whose Federalism afterward came to be so moderate, now appearing as the earnest defender of this extreme provision, so incompatible with state rights. But in Madison's mind at this moment, in the actual presence of the anarchy of the confederation, the only alternative which seemed to present itself was that of armed coercion. "A negative on state laws," he said, "is the mildest expedient that can be devised for enforcing a national decree. Should no such precaution be engrafted, the only remedy would be coercion. The negative would render the use of force unnecessary. This prerogative of the general government is the great pervading principle that must control the centrifugal tendency of the States, which, without it, will continually fly out of their proper orbits, and destroy the order and harmony of the po-

litical system." But these views were not destined to find favor with the convention, which finally left the matter to be much more satisfactorily adjusted through the medium of the federal judiciary.

Such were the fundamental provisions of the Virginia plan with regard to the national legislature. To carry out the laws, it was proposed that there should be a national executive, to be chosen by the national legislature for a short term, and ineligible a second time. Whether the executive power should be invested in a single person or in several was not specified. As will be seen hereafter, this was regarded as an extremely delicate point, with which it was thought best not to embarrass the Virginia plan at the outset. Passing lightly over this, it was urged that, in order to complete the action of the government upon individuals, there must be a national judiciary to determine cases arising under the Constitution, cases in admiralty, and cases in which different States or their citizens appear as parties. The judges were to be chosen by the national legislature, to hold office during good behavior.

Such, in its main outlines, was the plan which Randolph laid before the convention, in the name of the Virginia delegation. An audacious scheme! exclaimed some of the delegates; it was enough to take your breath away. If they were going to begin like this, they might as well go home, for all discussion would be time wasted. They were not sent there to set on foot a revolution, but to amend and strengthen the articles of confederation. But this audacious plan simply abolished the confederation in order to substitute for it a consolidated national government. Foremost in urging this objection were Yates and Lansing, of New York, with Luther Martin, of Maryland. Dickinson said it was pushing things altogether too far, and his colleague, George Read, hinted that the delegation from Delaware might

feel obliged to withdraw from the convention if the election of representatives according to population should be adopted. By the tact of Madison and Gouverneur Morris this question was postponed for a few days. After some animated discussion, the issues became so narrowed and defined that they could be taken up one by one. It was first decided that the national legislature should consist of two branches. Then came a warm discussion as to whether the members of the lower house should be elected directly by the people. Curiously enough, in a country where the principle of popular election had long since taken such deep root, where the assemblies of the several States had been chosen by the people from the very beginning, there was some doubt as to whether the same principle could safely be applied to the national House of Representatives. Gerry, with his head full of the Shays Rebellion and the "Know Ye" measures of the neighboring State, thought the people could not be trusted. "The people do not want virtue," said he, "but are the dupes of pretended patriots." Roger Sherman took a similar view, and was supported by Martin, Rutledge, and both the Pinckneys; but the sounder opinion prevailed. On this point Hamilton was at one with Mason, Wilson, and Dickinson. The proposed assembly, said Mason, was to be, so to speak, our House of Commons, and ought to know and sympathize with every part of the community. It ought to have at heart the rights and interests of every class of the people, and in no other way could this end be so completely attained as by popular election. "Yes," added Wilson, "without the confidence of the people no government, least of all a republican government, can long subsist. . . . The election of the first branch by the people is not the corner-stone only, but the foundation of the fabric." "It is essential to the democratic rights of the community," said Hamilton, "that the first

branch be directly elected by the people." Madison argued powerfully on the same side, and the question was finally decided in favor of popular election.

It was now the 4th of June, when the great question came up which nearly wrecked the convention before it was settled, after a whole month of stormy debate. This was the question as to how the States should be represented in the new Congress. On the Virginia plan, the smaller States would be virtually swamped. Unless they could have equal votes, without regard to wealth or population, they would be at the mercy of the great States. In the division which ensued, the four most populous States — Virginia, Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, and North Carolina — favored the Virginia plan; and they succeeded in carrying South Carolina with them. Georgia, too, which, though weak at that moment, possessed considerable room for expansion, voted upon the same side. On the other hand, the States of Connecticut, New Jersey, Delaware, and Maryland — which were not only small in area, but were cut off from further expansion by their geographical situation — were not inclined to give up their equal vote in either branch of the national legislature. At this stage of the proceedings the delegation from New Hampshire had not yet arrived upon the scene. On several occasions the majority of the Maryland delegation went with the larger States, but Luther Martin, always opposed to the Virginia plan, usually succeeded in dividing the vote of the delegation. Of the New York members, Yates and Lansing, here as always, thwarted Hamilton by voting with the smaller States. Their policy throughout was one of obstruction. The members from Connecticut were disposed to be conciliatory; but New Jersey was obstinate and implacable. She knew what it was to be tyrannized over by powerful neighbors. The wrongs she had suffered

from New York and Pennsylvania rankled in the minds of her delegates. Accordingly, in the name of the smaller States, William Paterson laid before the convention the so-called "New Jersey plan" for the amendment of the articles of confederation. This scheme admitted a federal legislature, consisting of a single house, an executive in the form of a council to be chosen by Congress, and likewise a federal judiciary, with powers less extensive than those contemplated by the Virginia plan. It gave to Congress the power to regulate foreign and domestic commerce, to levy duties on imports, and even to raise internal revenue by means of a Stamp Act. But with all this apparent liberality on the surface, the New Jersey plan was vicious at bottom. It did not really give Congress the power to act immediately upon individuals. The federal legislature which it proposed was to represent States, and not individuals, and the States were to vote equally, without regard to wealth or population. If things were to be left in this shape, there was no security that the powers granted to Congress could ever be really exercised. Nay, it was almost certain that they could not be put into operation. It was easy enough on paper to give Congress the permission to levy duties and regulate commerce, but such a permission would amount to nothing unless Congress were armed with the power of enforcing its decrees upon individuals. And it could in no wise acquire such power unless as the creature of the people, and not of the States. The New Jersey plan, therefore, furnished no real remedy for the evils which afflicted the country. It was vigorously opposed by Hamilton, Madison, Wilson, and King. Hamilton, indeed, took this occasion to offer a plan of his own, which, in addition to Madison's scheme of a purely national legislature, contained the features of a tenure for life or good behavior, for the executive and the members of the upper house.

But to most of the delegates this scheme seemed too little removed from a monarchy, and Hamilton's brilliant speech in its favor, while applauded by many, was supported by none. The weighty arguments of Wilson, King, and Madison prevailed, and the New Jersey plan lost its original shape when it was decided that Congress should consist of two houses. The principle of equal state representation, however, remained as a stumbling-block. Paterson, supported by his able colleague Brearly, as well as by Martin and the two irreconcilables from New York, stoutly maintained that to depart from this principle would be to exceed the powers of the convention, which assuredly was not intended to remodel the government from beginning to end. But Randolph answered, "When the salvation of the republic is at stake, it would be treason to our trust not to propose what we find necessary;" and Hamilton pithily reminded the delegates that as they were there only for the purpose of recommending a scheme which would have to be submitted to the States for acceptance, they need not be deterred by any false scruples from using their wits to the best possible advantage. The debate on the merits of the question was an angry one. According to the Virginia plan, said Brearly, the three States of Virginia, Massachusetts, and Pennsylvania will carry everything before them. "It was known to him, from facts within New Jersey, that where large and small counties were united into a district for electing representatives for the district, the large counties always carried their point, and consequently the large States would do so. . . . Was it fair, on the other hand, that Georgia should have an equal vote with Virginia? He would not say it was. What remedy, then? One only: that a map of the United States be spread out, that all the existing boundaries be erased, and that a new partition of the whole be made into thirteen equal parts." "Yes," said

Paterson, "a confederacy supposes sovereignty in the members composing it, and sovereignty supposes equality. If we are to be considered as a nation, all state distinctions must be abolished, the whole must be thrown into hotchpot, and when an equal division is made then there may be fairly an equality of representation." This argument was repeated with a triumphant air, as seeming to reduce the Virginia plan to absurdity. Paterson went on to say that "there was no more reason that a great individual State, contributing much, should have more votes than a small one, contributing little, than that a rich individual citizen should have more votes than an indigent one. If the ratable property of A was to that of B as forty to one, ought A, for that reason, to have forty times as many votes as B? . . . Give the large States an influence in proportion to their magnitude, and what will be the consequence? Their ambition will be proportionally increased, and the small States will have everything to fear. It was once proposed by Galloway [in the first Continental Congress] that America should be represented in the British Parliament, and then be bound by its laws. America could not have been entitled to more than one third of the representatives which would fall to the share of Great Britain: would American rights and interests have been safe under an authority thus constituted?" Then, warming with the subject, he exclaimed, If the great States wish to unite on such a plan, "let them unite if they please, but let them remember that they have no authority to compel the others to unite. . . . Shall I submit the welfare of New Jersey with five votes in a council where Virginia has sixteen? . . . I will never consent to the proposed plan. I will not only oppose it here, but on my return home will do everything in my power to defeat it there. Neither my State nor myself will ever submit to tyranny."

Paterson was ably answered by James Wilson, of Pennsylvania, who pointed out the absurdity of giving 180,000 men in one part of the country as much weight in the national legislature as 750,000 in another part. It is unjust, he said. "The gentleman from New Jersey is candid. He declares his opinions boldly. I commend him for it. I will be equally candid. . . . I never will confederate on his principles." The convention grew nervous and excited over this seemingly irreconcilable antagonism. The discussion was kept up with much learning and acuteness by Madison, Ellsworth, and Martin, and history was ransacked for testimony from the Amphiktyonic Council to Old Sarum, and back again to the Lykian League. Madison, rightly reading the future, declared that if once the proposed union should be formed, the real danger would come not from the rivalry between large and small States, but from the antagonistic interests of the slaveholding and non-slaveholding States. Hamilton pointed out that in the State of New York five counties had a majority of the representatives, and yet the citizens of the other counties were in no danger of tyranny, as the laws have an equal operation upon all. Rufus King called attention to the fact that the rights of Scotland were secure from encroachments, although her representation in Parliament was necessarily smaller than that of England. But New Jersey and Delaware, mindful of recent grievances, were not to be argued down or soothed. Gunning Bedford, of Delaware, was especially violent. "Pretenses to support ambition," said he, "are never wanting. The cry is, Where is the danger? and it is insisted that although the powers of the general government will be increased, yet it will be for the good of the whole; and although the three great States form nearly a majority of the people of America, they never will injure the lesser States. *Gentlemen, I do not trust you.* If you pos-

sess the power, the abuse of it could not be checked; and what then would prevent you from exercising it to our destruction? . . . Sooner than be ruined, *there are foreign powers who will take us by the hand.* I say this not to threaten or intimidate, but that we should reflect seriously before we act." This language called forth a rebuke from Rufus King. "I am concerned," said he, "for what fell from the gentleman from Delaware,—*take a foreign power by the hand!* I am sorry he mentioned it, and I hope he is able to excuse it to himself on the score of passion."

The situation had become dangerous. "The convention," said Martin, "was on the verge of dissolution, scarce held together by the strength of a hair." When things were looking darkest, Oliver Ellsworth and Roger Sherman suggested a compromise. "Yes," said Franklin, "when a joiner wishes to fit two boards, he sometimes pares off a bit from both." The famous Connecticut compromise led the way to the arrangement which was ultimately adopted, according to which the national principle was to prevail in the House of Representatives, and the federal principle in the Senate. But at first the compromise met with little favor. Neither party was willing to give way. "No compromise for us," said Luther Martin. "You must give each State an equal suffrage, or our business is at an end." "Then we are come to a full stop," said Roger Sherman. "I suppose it was never meant that we should break up without doing something." When the question as to allowing equality of suffrage to the States in the Federal Senate was put to vote, the result was a tie. Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Delaware, and Maryland — five States — voted in the affirmative; Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, Virginia, North Carolina, and South Carolina — five States — voted in the negative; the vote of Georgia was divided and lost. It was Abraham Baldwin, a

native of Connecticut and lately a tutor in Yale College, a recent emigrant to Georgia, who thus divided the vote of that State, and prevented a decision which would in all probability have broken up the convention. His State was the last to vote, and the house was hushed in anxious expectation, when this brave and wise young man yielded his private conviction to what he saw to be the paramount necessity of keeping the convention together. All honor to his memory!

The moral effect of the tie vote was in favor of the Connecticut compromise; for no one could doubt that the little States, New Hampshire and Rhode Island, had they been represented in the division, would have voted upon that side. The matter was referred to a committee as impartially constituted as possible, with Elbridge Gerry as chairman; and on the 5th of July, after a recess of three days, the committee reported in favor of the compromise. Fresh objections on the part of the large States were now offered by Wilson and Gouverneur Morris, and gloom again overhung the convention. Gerry said that, while he did not fully approve of the compromise, he had nevertheless supported it, because he felt sure that if nothing were done war and confusion must ensue, the old confederation being already virtually at an end. George Mason observed that "it could not be more inconvenient for any gentleman to remain absent from his private affairs than it was for him; but he would bury his bones in that city rather than expose his country to the consequences of a dissolution of the convention." Mason's subsequent behavior was hardly in keeping with the promise of this brave speech, and in Gerry we shall observe like inconsistency. At present a timely speech from Madison soothed the troubled waters; but it was only after eleven days of somewhat more tranquil debate that the compromise was adopted on the 16th of July. Even then

it was but narrowly secured. The ayes were Connecticut, New Jersey, Delaware, Maryland, and North Carolina, — five States; the noes were Pennsylvania, Virginia, South Carolina, and Georgia, — four States; Gerry and Strong against King and Gorham divided the vote of Massachusetts, which was thus lost. New York, for reasons presently to be stated, was absent. It is accordingly to Elbridge Gerry and Caleb Strong that posterity are indebted for here preventing a tie, and thus bringing the vexed question to a happy issue.

According to the compromise secured with so much difficulty, it was arranged that in the lower house population was to be represented, and in the upper house the States, each of which, without regard to size, was forever to be entitled to two Senators. In the lower house there was to be one Representative for every 40,000 inhabitants, but at Washington's suggestion the number was changed to 30,000, so as to increase the house, which then seemed likely to be too small in numbers. Some one suggested that with the growth of population that rate would make an unwieldy house within a hundred and fifty years from that time, whereat Gorham, of Massachusetts, laughed to scorn the idea that any system of government they could devise in that room could possibly last a hundred and fifty years. The difficulty has been surmounted by enlarging from time to time the basis of representation. It now seemed inadvisable that the Senators should be chosen by the lower house out of persons nominated by the state legislatures; and it was accordingly decided that they should be not merely nominated, but elected, by the state legislatures. Thus the Senate was made quite independent of the lower house. At the same time, the Senators were to vote as individuals, and thus the old practice of voting by States, except in certain peculiar emergencies, was finally done away with.

It is seldom, if ever, that a political compromise leaves things evenly balanced. Almost every such arrangement, when once set working, weighs down the scales decidedly to the one side or the other. The Connecticut compromise was really a decisive victory for Madison and his party, although it modified the Virginia plan so considerably. They could well afford to defer to the fears and prejudices of the smaller States in the structure of the Senate, for by securing a lower house, which represented the American people, and not the American States, they won the whole battle in so far as the question of radically reforming the government was concerned. As soon as the foundation was thus laid for a government which should act directly upon individuals, it obviously became necessary to abandon the articles of confederation, and work out a new constitution in all its details. The plan, as now reported, omitted the obnoxious adjective "national," and spoke of the *federal* legislature and *federal* courts. But to the men who were still blindly wedded to the old confederation this soothing change of phraseology did not conceal their defeat. On the very day that the compromise was favorably reported by the committee, Yates and Lansing quit the convention in disgust, and went home to New York. After the departure of these uncongenial colleagues, Hamilton might have acted with power, had he not known too well that the sentiment of his State did not support him. As a mere individual he could do but little, and accordingly he went home for a while to attend to pressing business, returning just in time to take part in the closing scenes. His share in the work of framing the Federal Constitution was very small. About the time that Hamilton returned, Luther Martin, whose wrath had waxed hotter every day, as he saw power after power extended to the federal government, at length gave way and went back to Maryland, vowing that he

would have nothing more to do with such high-handed proceedings.

While the Connecticut compromise thus scattered a few scintillations of discontent, and relieved the convention of some of its most discordant elements, its general effect was wonderfully harmonizing. The men who had opposed the Virginia plan only through their dread of the larger States were now more than conciliated. The concession of equal representation in the Senate turned out to have been a master stroke of diplomacy. As soon as the little States were assured of an equal share in the control of one of the two central legislative bodies, they suddenly forgot their scruples about thoroughly overhauling the government, and none were readier than they to entrust extensive powers to the new Congress. Paterson, of New Jersey, the fiercest opponent of the Virginia plan, became from that time forth to the end of his life the most devoted of Federalists.

That first step which proverbially gives the most trouble had now been fairly taken. But other compromises were needed before the work of construction could properly be carried out. As the antagonism between great and small States disappeared from the scene, other antagonisms appeared. It is worth noting that just for a moment there was revealed a glimmering of jealousy and dread on the part of the Eastern States toward those of which the foundations were laid in the northwestern territory. Many people in New England feared that their children would be drawn westward in such numbers as to create immense States beyond the Ohio; and thus it was foreseen that the relative political weight of New England in the future would be diminished. To a certain extent this prediction has been justified by events, but Roger Sherman rightly maintained that it afforded no just grounds for dread. King and Gerry introduced a most illiberal and mischievous motion,

that the total number of representatives from new States must never be allowed to exceed the total number from the original thirteen. Such an arrangement, which would surely have been enough to create that antagonism between East and West which it sought to forestall and avoid, was supported by Massachusetts and Connecticut, with Delaware and Maryland; but it was defeated by the combination of New Jersey with the four States south of Maryland. The ground was thus cleared for a very different kind of sectional antagonism, — that which, as Madison truly said, would prove the most deep-seated and enduring of all, — the antagonism between North and South. The first great struggle between the pro-slavery and anti-slavery parties began in the Federal Convention, and it resulted in the first two of the long series of compromises by which the irrepressible conflict was postponed until the North had waxed strong enough to confront the dreaded spectre of secession, and, summoning all its energies in one stupendous effort, exorcise it forever. From this moment down to 1865 we shall continually be made to realize how the American people had entered into the shadow of the coming Civil War before they had fairly emerged from that of the Revolution; and as we pass from scene to scene of the solemn story, we shall learn how to be forever grateful for the sudden and final clearing of the air wrought by that frightful storm which men not yet old can still so well remember.

The first compromise related to the distribution of representatives between North and South. Was representation in the lower house of Congress to be proportioned to wealth or to population; and if the latter, were all the inhabitants, or only all the free inhabitants, to be counted? It was soon agreed that wealth was difficult to reckon and population easy to count; and to an extent sufficient for all ordinary purposes, popu-

lation might serve as an index of wealth. A State with 500,000 inhabitants would be in most cases richer than one with 400,000. In those days, when cities were few and small, this was approximately true. In our day it is not at all true. A State with large commercial and manufacturing cities is sure to be much richer than a State in which the population is chiefly rural. The population of Massachusetts is somewhat smaller than that of Indiana; but her aggregate wealth is more than double that of Indiana. Disparities like this, which do not trouble us to-day, would have troubled the Federal Convention. We no longer think it desirable to give political representation to wealth, or to anything but persons. We have become thoroughly democratic, but our great-grandfathers had not. To them it seemed quite essential that wealth should be represented as well as persons; but they got over the main difficulty easily, because, under the economic conditions of that time, population could serve roughly as an index to wealth, and it was much easier to count noses than to assess the value of farms and stock.

But now there was in all the Southern States, and in most of the Northern, a peculiar species of collective existence, which might be described either as wealth or as population. As human beings the slaves might be described as population, but in the eye of the law they were chattels. In the Northern States slavery was rapidly disappearing, and the property in negroes was so small as to be hardly worth considering; while south of Mason and Dixon's line this peculiar kind of property was the chief wealth of the States. But clearly, in apportioning representation, in sharing political power in the federal assembly, the same rule should have been applied impartially to all the States. At this point, Pierce Butler and Cotesworth Pinckney, of South Carolina, insisted that slaves were part of the population.

and as such must be counted in ascertaining the basis of representation. A fierce and complicated dispute ensued. The South Carolina proposal suggested a uniform rule, but it was one that would scarcely alter the political weight of the North, while it would vastly increase the weight of the South; and it would increase it most in just the quarter where slavery was most deeply rooted. The power of South Carolina, as a member of the Union, would be trebled by such a measure. Hence the Northern delegates maintained that slaves, as chattels, ought no more to be reckoned as part of the population than houses or ships. "Has a man in Virginia," exclaimed Paterson, "a number of votes in proportion to the number of his slaves? And if negroes are not represented in the States to which they belong, why should they be represented in the general government? . . . If a meeting of the people were to take place in a slave State, would the slaves vote? They would not. Why then should they be represented in a federal government?" "I can never agree," said Gouverneur Morris, "to give such encouragement to the slave-trade as would be given by allowing the Southern States a representation for their negroes. . . . I would sooner submit myself to a tax for paying for all the negroes in the United States than saddle posterity with such a constitution." The attitude taken by Virginia was that of peace-maker. On the one hand, such men as Washington, Madison, and Mason, who were earnestly hoping to see their own State soon freed from the curse of slavery, could not fail to perceive that if Virginia were to gain an increase of political weight from the existence of that institution, the difficulty in getting the state legislature to abolish it would be enhanced. But on the other hand, they saw that South Carolina was inexorable, and that her refusal to adopt the Constitution for this reason would certainly carry Georgia with her, and

probably North Carolina, also. Even had South Carolina alone been involved, it was not simply a question of forming a Union which should either include her or leave her out in the cold. The case was much more complicated than that. It was really doubtful if, without the cordial assistance of South Carolina, a Union could be formed at all. A Federal Constitution had not only to be framed, but it had to be presented to the thirteen States for adoption. It was by no means clear that enough States would ratify it to enable the experiment of the new government to go into operation. New York and Rhode Island were known to be bitterly opposed to it; Massachusetts could not be counted on as sure; to add South Carolina to this list would be to endanger everything. The event justified this caution. We shall hereafter see that it was absolutely necessary to satisfy South Carolina, and that but for her ratification, coming just at the moment when it did, the work of the Federal Convention would probably have been done in vain. It was a clear perception of the wonderful complication of interests involved in the final appeal to the people that induced the Virginia statesmen to take the lead in a compromise. Four years before, in 1783, when Congress was endeavoring to apportion the quotas of revenue to be required of the several States, a similar dispute had arisen. If taxation were to be distributed according to population, it made a great difference whether slaves were to be counted as population or not. If slaves were to be counted, the Southern States would have to pay more than their equitable share into the federal treasury; if slaves were not to be counted, it was argued at the North that they would be paying less than their equitable share. Consequently, at that time the North had been inclined to maintain that the slaves were population, while the South had preferred to regard them as chattels. Thus we see that in politics, as well as in alge-

bra, it makes all the difference in the world whether you start with *plus* or with *minus*. On that occasion Madison had offered a successful compromise, in which a slave figured as three fifths of a freeman; and Rutledge, of South Carolina, who was now present in the convention, had supported the measure. Madison now proposed the same method of getting over the difficulty about representation, and his compromise was adopted. It was agreed that in counting population, whether for direct taxation or for representation in the lower house of Congress, five slaves should be reckoned as three individuals. All this was thoroughly illogical, of course; it left the question whether slaves are population or chattels for theorizers to wrangle over, and for future events to decide. It was easy for James Wilson to show that there was neither rhyme nor reason in it; but he subscribed to it, nevertheless, just as the Northern abolitionists, Rufus King and Gouverneur Morris, joined with Washington and Madison, and with the pro-slavery Pinckneys, in subscribing to it, because they all believed that without such a compromise the Constitution would not be adopted; and in this there can be little doubt that they were right. The evil consequences were unquestionably very serious indeed. Henceforth, so long as slavery lasted, the vote of a Southerner counted for more than the vote of a Northerner; and just where negroes were most numerous the power of their masters became greatest. In South Carolina there were twice as many blacks as whites, and the application of the rule multiplied the vote of South Carolina in the House of Representatives and in the electoral college by about two and one fifth. Every five slaveholders down there were about equal in political weight to eleven farmers or merchants in the North; and thus this troublesome State acquired a power of working mischief out of all proportion to her real size. At a later date the oper-

ation of the rule in Mississippi was similar; and in general it was just the most backward and barbarous parts of the Union that were thus favored at the expense of the most civilized parts. Admitting all this, however, it remains undeniable that the Constitution saved us from anarchy; and there can be little doubt that slavery and every other remnant of barbarism in American society would have thriven far more lustily under a state of chronic anarchy than was possible under the Constitution. Four years of concentrated warfare, animated by an intense and lofty moral purpose, could not hurt the character or mar the fortunes of the people, like a century of aimless and miscellaneous squabbling over a host of petty local interests. The war of secession was a terrible ordeal to pass through; but when one tries to picture what might have happened in this fair land without the work of the Federal Convention, the imagination stands aghast.

The second great compromise between Northern and Southern interests related to the abolition of the foreign slave-trade and the power of the federal government over commerce. All the States except South Carolina and Georgia wished to stop the importation of slaves; but the physical conditions of rice and indigo culture exhausted the negroes so fast that these two States felt that their industries would be dried up at the very source if the importation of fresh negroes were to be stopped. Cotesworth Pinckney accordingly declared that South Carolina would consider a vote to abolish the slave-trade as simply a polite way of telling her that she was not wanted in the Union. On the other hand, the three New England States present in the convention had made up their minds that it would not do to allow the several States any longer to regulate commerce each according to its own whim. It was of vital importance that this power should be taken from the States and lodged in

Congress; otherwise, the Union would soon be rent in pieces by commercial disputes. The policy of New York had thoroughly impressed this lesson upon all the neighboring States. But none of the Southern States were in favor of granting this power unreservedly to Congress. If a navigation act could be passed by a simple majority in Congress, it was feared that the New Englanders would get all the carrying-trade into their own hands, and then charge ruinous freights for carrying rice, indigo, and tobacco to the North and to Europe. On this point, accordingly, the Southern delegates acted as a unit in insisting that Congress should not be empowered to pass navigation acts, except by a two-thirds vote of both houses. This would have tied the hands of the federal government most unfortunately; and the New Englanders, enlightened by their own interests, saw it to be so. Here were the materials ready for a compromise, or, as the stout abolitionist, Gouverneur Morris, truly called it, a "bargain" between New England and the far South. New Hampshire, Massachusetts, and Connecticut consented to the prolonging of the foreign slave-trade for twenty years, or until 1808; and in return South Carolina and Georgia consented to the clause empowering Congress to pass navigation acts and otherwise regulate commerce by a simple majority of votes. At the same time, as a concession to rice and indigo, the New Englanders agreed that Congress should be forever prohibited from taxing exports; and thus one remnant of mediæval political economy was neatly wept away.

This compromise was carried against the sturdy opposition of Virginia. The language of George Mason, of Virginia, is worth quoting, for it was such as Theodore Parker might have used. He called the slave-trade "this infernal traffic." "Slavery," said he, "discourages arts and manufactures. The poor

despise labor when performed by slaves. They prevent the immigration of whites, who really strengthen and enrich a country. They produce the most pernicious effect on manners. Every master of slaves is born a petty tyrant. They bring the judgment of Heaven on a country. As nations cannot be rewarded or punished in the next world, they must be in this. By an inevitable chain of causes and effects, Providence punishes national sins by national calamities." But these prophetic words were powerless against the combination of New England with the far South. One thing was now made certain, — that the vast influence of Rutledge and the Pinckneys would be thrown unreservedly in behalf of the new Constitution. "I will confess," said Cotesworth Pinckney, "that I had prejudices against the Eastern States before I came here, but I have found them as liberal and candid as any men whatever." But this compromise, which finally secured South Carolina and Georgia, made Virginia for the moment doubtful; for Mason and Randolph were so disgusted at the absolute power over commerce conceded to Congress that, when the Constitution was finished and engrossed on paper, they refused to sign it.

It is difficult to read this or any other episode in our history whereby negro slavery was extended and fostered without burning indignation. But this is not the proper mood for the historian, whose aim is to interpret men's actions by the circumstances of their time, in order to judge their motives correctly. In 1787 slavery was the cloud like unto a man's hand which portended a deluge, but those who could truly read the signs were few. From north to south, slavery had been slowly dying out for nearly fifty years. It had become extinct in Massachusetts, it was nearly so in all the other Northern States, and it had just been forever prohibited in the national domain. In Maryland and Virginia

there was a strong and growing party in favor of abolition. The movement had even gathered strength in North Carolina. Only the rice-swamps of the far South remained wedded to their idols. It was quite generally believed that slavery was destined speedily to expire, to give place to a better system of labor, without any great danger or disturbance; and this opinion was distinctly set forth by many delegates in the convention. Even Charles Pinckney went so far as to express a hope that South Carolina, if not too much meddled with, would by and by voluntarily rank herself among the emancipating States; but his older cousin declared himself bound in candor to acknowledge that there was very little likelihood indeed of so desirable an event. Not even these South Carolinians ventured to defend slavery on principle. This belief in the moribund condition of slavery prevented the convention from realizing the actual effect of the concessions which were made. Scarcely any cotton was grown at that time, and none was sent to England. The industrial revolution about to be wrought by the inventions of Arkwright and Hargreaves, Cartwright and Watt, and Whitney, could not be foreseen. Nor could it be foreseen that presently, when there should thus arise a great demand for slaves from Virginia as a breeding-ground, the abolitionist party in that State would disappear, leaving her to join in the odious struggle for introducing slavery into the national domain. Though these things were so soon to happen, the wisest man in 1787 could not foresee them. The convention hoped that twenty years would see not

only the end of the foreign slave-trade, but the restriction and diminution of slavery itself. It was in such a mood that they completed the compromise by recommending a tariff of ten dollars a head upon all negroes imported, while at the same time a clause was added for insuring the recovery of fugitive slaves, quite similar to the clause in the ordinance for the government of the north-western territory.

It was the three great compromises here described that laid the foundations of our Federal Constitution. The first compromise, by conceding equal representation to the States in the Senate, enlisted the small States in favor of the new scheme, and by establishing a national system of representation in the lower house prepared the way for a government that could endure. This was Madison's great victory, secured by the aid of Sherman and Ellsworth, without which nothing could have been effected. The second compromise, at the cost of giving disproportionate weight to the slave States, gained their support for the more perfect union that was about to be formed. The third compromise, at the cost of postponing for twenty years the abolition of the foreign slave-trade, secured absolute free-trade between the States, with the surrender of all control over commerce into the hands of the federal government. After these steps had been taken, the most difficult and dangerous part of the road had been traveled; the remainder, though extremely important, was accomplished far more easily. It was mainly the task of building on the foundations already laid.

John Fiske.

AN EXPERIENCE ON THE ISLAND OF CAPRI.

IN the progress of every people, there is a point up to which the stranger and foreigner is habitually regarded as either an enemy or a victim: an enemy to be kept off, if need be, by force of arms, or a victim of whose misfortunes or helplessness to take advantage. The experience of not a few Americans, who have found themselves in some hour of trial and sorrow dependent upon certain classes of Italians, to whom they were entire strangers, has led them to doubt whether that people, especially in the more unfrequented districts, had even yet got beyond that point.

But I had an experience of the entering in of the more humane feelings which modern nationality brings with it, among Italians of a region where foreigners, and especially "heretics," are still regarded much in the old spirit, — an experience which is perhaps worth telling, as fairly illustrative of some characteristics of the great change which has come over the people of Italy.

One day early in spring, not long after the Italian Revolution had been consummated by the occupation of the city of Rome, I received, in that city, a telegram, telling me that an old friend was lying dangerously ill at Capri, and calling me to come to him. I started by the first train, reaching Naples at nine o'clock that night, but I was forced to stay there till the next morning, when I took the boat for Capri.

This island forms the extreme left of the arc which sweeps around the Bay of Naples, as that of Ischia forms the extreme right, and lies four miles off Sorrento, almost opposite, due south, Naples itself. It is less than four miles in length, and some ten miles in circumference; and it is divided into nearly equal parts by a lofty and, on one side, precipitous mountain, which, stretching from shore

to shore, leaves literally no natural land communication between the two parts.

From the bay, the island roughly suggests the idea of two shoes, placed with the toe of the left against the heel of the right, the left, or eastern promontory rising over eight hundred feet above the sea; the Monte Solaro towering in the mid-island to more than twice that height above the lower slopes of the eastern half.

On the island, there are two entirely distinct communes, which are locally known by distinct names, Capri and Ana (or upper) Capri. From Roman times there has been, as there still is, an ascent from Capri proper to the heights above, by a flight of 535 rude steps cut zigzag in the rocky face of the almost sheer precipice: but the inhabitants of the two communes have little intercourse or need of communication with each other. They are of different races. Their very dialects are different. The Caprians are Latin, violent in their religious prejudices, grasping and self-asserting; the people of Anacapri, on the contrary, are of Greek stock, tolerant and easy tempered.

It was upon the south seaward slope of Capri proper, in the little Hotel Quisisana (*Qui si sana*; that is, Here one gets well), that my old friend lay dying; was indeed already dead when I reached the place. That which alone was left for me to do was to provide for his reverent burial, and to protect those who were dear to him, left in their affliction among strangers, of whose language and customs they were equally ignorant.

It was not proposed to send the remains home to America. There was no public burying ground in Capri. The inhabitants of that commune were all buried in the church-yards, or, in the case of more notable persons, beneath

the paving of the churches themselves. These were, of course, out of the question in the case of a foreign Protestant. There was no nearer spot available than the burying ground of the commune of Anacapri; a lovely, quiet spot, far up on the plateau above. Thither it was decided to take the body of my friend.

The topographical difficulties were, however, the least of the obstacles which now confronted us. The Italian law required some formalities, an official permission and certain documents, which were to be procured only from the prefecture at Naples, before it would be permitted us to remove the remains from one commune to another. It was impossible to attend to these formalities and to get these documents before the following day. Fortunately the bay was calm; for, had it been stormy, it might have been several days before any communication could be had with the mainland opposite.

But that law also required that the body should be removed from the house in which death had taken place, within twenty-four hours, — in fact, the very day of my arrival. Where should it be carried? Where could it be placed in reverent safe-keeping, while we awaited permission to bear it to its last resting-place on the peaceful heights of Monte Solaro?

The good-hearted Italian widow, who kept the little hotel, was full of honest sympathy, but could not tell. This worthy *padrona*, the kind commune physician, Dr. Ignazio Giulio Cerio (I wish to give his full name), an English gentleman staying at the same hotel, and I took anxious counsel. The bodies of residents, "good Catholics," we were told, were, under similar circumstances, always placed, for the time being, in the vestibule, if not indeed before the altar, of one of the churches. There was one of these not at the time in use, Santa Teresa, and the doctor went to the priest to ask that we might place the body in

the outer vestibule of this church. The very suggestion of such a profanation was indignantly and contumeliously refused.

The English gentleman — who, though he did not speak Italian, was desirous of reinforcing me in any way in his power, — and I then sought the syndic of the commune. This local dignitary could only enjoin upon us the imperative necessity of removing the body from the hotel before night. In answer to our question, he could only tell us that there was *no other place* where it might be deposited, save the vestibule of a church. — for instance, Santa Teresa; but for permission to do this he must refer us to the priest, who alone had control of the church. In this matter, he could not take it upon him to interfere. We applied next to the captain of the *carabinieri*, or *gens d'armes*. He greatly regretted the painful nature of the circumstances, and would undertake to protect us from popular rudeness or aggression — and this was a protection of which we were now quite likely to be in need — in whatever course should be decided on: but he could not take it upon him to trespass on the ecclesiastical authorities. We finally addressed ourselves again to the priest, who in angry horror again refused to permit the church to be desecrated by the body of a heretic; and brutally told us that the populace would soon settle the question for us in the only proper way, by throwing it into the sea.

We returned to the hotel, and held another conference. The situation was growing more than painful, for the incensed priest was exciting the rabble against the foreign heretics who were seeking to outrage their church and the blessed virgin martyr of Sicily, and to bring upon the island the anger of the holy saints. The last boat for the day had gone: there was no telegraph to the mainland, no way whatever of taking an appeal to the prefect in Naples.

But there was, on the island, a pretor or local governor, representing the na-

tional authority, Sig. Federigo Lanzetta. To him, therefore, accompanied by my English ally, I now went.

It was well that I was able to address myself to him in his own language. We presented ourselves as foreigners, who, being under the protection of the law of the land, were so far from wishing to trespass upon that law that we were anxious to conform ourselves to it in every particular. I stated the law as applicable to the case in hand, between the twofold requirements of which we were now placed, as in a dilemma; and we appealed to him to put it in our power, as it was our wish, to obey both. Furthermore, with due consideration for the weakness of human nature which sometimes influences even official breasts, I spoke, incidentally, of friends high in political position at Rome; nay, I even showed a letter, which I had with me, from a former, and indeed, at that time, very possibly a future, prime minister.

The Signor Pretore fully appreciated the whole situation. He sent for the angry priest, and at first only asked of him the concession to us, in Christian charity, of the privilege of using for a single night the outer vestibule of the disused church. The priest positively refused. The Signor Pretore then pointed out to him the justice of our claim, that the civil authorities were bound to put it within our power to obey the law, as well as to protect us from indignity in so doing. He asked, therefore, the temporary cession of the Church of Santa Teresa to the government. The priest again positively refused. Thereupon the pretor, summoned an officer, and quietly told the priest that, if the key of that church were not given up to him, he should order the carabinieri to break the lock, and to take forcible possession of the church. At this the priest furiously lashed the key to the floor, and left the room. The pretor handed the key to the officer, bade him take a sufficient guard, go with me, and hold himself and

the church at my service till the next day; and, begging that we would call on him in any further need that might arise, dismissed us.

As we returned to the hotel, we saw that the priest was already stirring up the people, and that our difficulties were probably very far from being at an end.

The sergeant summoned a detachment of carabinieri. We called on some of the bearers already engaged for the next day. After prayers at the hotel, they brought out the coffin, the English gentleman and I preceding it; the guard going before, and closely following; the populace, ready for an outburst, though as yet restrained by the soldiers, hanging close around, as we bore it to the little church. There, in the vestibule, the coffin was deposited on its trestles; the door was closed and locked, and the key given to me; and a part of the guard left in charge at the church for the night, while the others escorted us back to the hotel.

The next morning, due permission and all needful documents having been received from Naples, about eleven o'clock, we—that is, those who were most nearly concerned—repaired to Santa Teresa, the carabinieri surrounding us and the door, as it was opened. A selected body of eight strong men were ready to bear the coffin to the heights of Anacapri. A network of ropes was made around it, by which it was swung from two stout oaken staves, borne on the shoulders of four men at a time, in two relays. They walked, four of us rode, closely guarded; the lowering rabble hanging around, though gradually dropping off, as we proceeded to the foot of Monte Solaro.

Up the rough and dizzy steps, now northward, now towards the south, we slowly climbed,—the lady of the party in a *portantina*, or chair borne on staves by two men, the rest, of course, on foot; pausing at times to regain breath, or that the bearers might be changed; up, up,

up, till Capri lay spread out below us like a map in relief, and the Bay of Naples, from Sorrento round by Vesuvius, Naples, Posilippo, to Baia and Ischia, was a wondrous panorama in the broad noon light; until at last we stood upon the plateau heights, and soon reached the neat little mountain locanda where we were to rest.

Here the syndic of Anacapri met us. With respectful courtesy, he tendered the expression of his sympathies to the mourners, and, with many apologies, ventured to ask if it would be necessary that I should wear a distinctive dress, or use such a "book of offices" as would remind any townsfolk from below, who might be present, of the "non-Catholic character" of my ecclesiastical ministrations. I reassured him both as to the surplice and the book: I had not the former with me, and I knew the burial service of the Episcopal Church nearly by heart.

Going on to the little Campo Santo, we found some fifteen or twenty of the neighboring Anacaprians gathered there. As we approached the grave, they quietly drew near also, the men all removing their hats. No sooner was my voice heard than most of them reverently knelt, while I committed all that was mortal of my old friend to the earth.

Nothing could have been more kindly, more sympathetic, than the behavior of every one, from the syndic to the youngest peasant child. Nothing could more strangely contrast with the wild and angry temper of the Latin Caprians below than this silent respect shown by all. The very strangeness of the sight seemed chiefly to remind them, as one sadly murmured, "how far away these Americans must be from home." When we returned again to the steps, — the descent of which was much more trying than the ascent, — the syndic accompanied us to the brow of the plateau, and there commended the bereaved ones to the comforting of the saints.

Arrived at the Hotel Quisisana, there were a dozen or twenty rapacious and clamorous Caprians to be paid for sundry services during my friend's illness and the last two days. Now, it must be borne in mind, not only that, in the conceptions of the Italian populace, there is no such thing as a regular and definite charge, the price of every service being whatever can be gotten for it by persistent bargaining; but also that, with such men as these, an occasion like the present was regarded as an exceptionally favorable opportunity for extortion, since those principally interested to contend with them would probably feel little disposed to do so. The settlement of these demands being entrusted to my English colleague and to me, we bade all who had any claims to assemble in the hotel yard at an appointed hour.

We first asked our padrona for the account of her extra charges. She declined to make any, on the simple ground that her regular bills had been paid, or would be at the proper time; and that, "when the hand of God was laid upon one in sickness and sorrow, it was not a matter of business." This, certainly, was not the common experience of Americans, under such circumstances, in the hotels of Italy.

But the men in the yard evidently regarded the matter in a very different light. I called up the first. What was his charge? "Signor, not less than two hundred and fifty lire." (A lira, it will be remembered, is a franc, or about twenty cents.) "Now, my man," replied I, as he ran rapidly over the numberless reasons why it was absolutely and utterly impossible for him to make it any less, — "now, my man, you know that you would have been glad to do this for forty lire. We are willing to consider the somewhat exceptional circumstances, and pay you twice what would be a fair charge. We will, therefore, give you eighty." He was melodramatically indignant at a suggestion which so grievously wronged him

and positively refused to accept less than two hundred. I only answered that we had quite a number to settle with, much to do, and therefore no time to waste. We would give eighty lire without further ado, or we would go to the pretor, and leave it wholly to him. He refused again; and, without permitting any more talk, I bade the others to wait, and the man to accompany us to the pretor.

Signor Lanzetta received us courteously, heard the case from both sides, and decided that the claimant should receive forty lire, — not a lira more. He was paid then and there, and we returned to the hotel. The next man demanded fifty lire. I offered him twenty. He also as positively refused. We went to the pretor, who adjudged him but ten. The same thing was the result of a third and even of a fourth similar contest; each receiving from the decision of the pretor little, if any, more than one half of what had been offered him at first.

After this, we had no further trouble. A pleading "Ah, Signor!" was the utmost that any ventured. Every one was now well assured that it was wiser to accept our offer of a double payment than to abide an official decision, which would surely reduce him to a strictly proper charge.

There remained only one more account to pay. But we had seen enough of the commune physician, Dr. Cerio, to know that we were now on delicate ground. He had been formally called to my friend, indeed, but five times; but he had come unbidden again and again, he had sat up nights, and nursed him day and night like a brother. His tender ministrations and wonderful thoughtfulness and consideration were to be placed at no pecuniary estimate. His counsel, his sympathy, his very presence, had been everything to us.

Turning back into the hotel *sala*, I asked him for a statement of the indebtedness to him. Handing it to me,

he, at the same time, begged me not to hesitate to say if it was more than it should be. I opened and looked at it. It was fifteen lire, — *three dollars!* I handed it to our English friend, who looked at it and then at me, as blankly as I at him.

Dr. Cerio, seeing but wholly misunderstanding our interchange of look, again said, with the utmost simplicity, "The commune regulations allow me to charge three lire for a professional visit, and I made five such visits: but I ought, perhaps, not to make the same charge for each of five visits to the same person."

Exchanging a whispered opinion with my colleague, I went out for further instructions. Returning, I took the doctor by the hand, and giving him an envelope, said, "My dear doctor, we will not enter into any estimate of the exact amount due you. There is no basis for such an estimate. I am bidden to ask your acceptance of this." It contained a bank note for a very much larger sum.

The doctor, seeing that fact, returned the note to the envelope, and gave it back to me. "Caro signor," said he (and I copy now from a memorandum made within the hour). — "Caro signor, I have made the only charge which I am entitled to make. If I have had an opportunity to remember that I am a Christian man, — to remember that Christians are here in this world to help and to serve one another for Christ's sake; and if I have been permitted to render some little Christian service to this sick and dying man, a stranger in a strange land, or to his family, — surely, you, signor, who are a minister of Christ, will not wish to take away from me such an opportunity, by putting that also down in the ledger of business." He said this as a little child might have said it, grasping my hand and gazing pleadingly into my eyes, the tears starting to his own.

We were utterly defeated by a simple, generous elevation of feeling which we

should have wronged by failing to appreciate. To have said another word would have been to wound a spirit as noble as it was rare, though it were in the person of only an Italian village doctor in Capri. We did not dare do it. I thought of him who would one day say, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." I paid his bill of fifteen lire, and, embracing, kissed and blessed him, leaving it to the Master to reward.

Before leaving the island, we paid our respects again to the Signor Pretore, and presented him the grateful acknowledgments which were his due for the loyal protection he had extended to us under circumstances which would otherwise have been more than distressing, which might have been harrowing.

Returned to Rome, I reported these facts to the American Minister, the Hon. George P. Marsh. At his request, I addressed to him, in writing, a statement of our special indebtedness to the Signor Federigo Lanzetta, Pretor of Capri. Mr. Marsh inclosed a copy of this state-

ment to the Italian Minister of Foreign Affairs, together with the thanks of the United States Government for the protection thus extended to American citizens in their hour of distress. The Italian Minister, in turn, inclosed to Signor Lanzetta (as I afterwards learned from him) a copy of both documents, with the thanks of his own government for conduct which had been thus recognized.

Not very long afterwards, Dr. Cerio received from England a box of valuable medical books, which he had no opportunity to decline, and which will probably be handed down, as a family treasure, for generations. A little later, Signor Lanzetta was promoted to a position of greater honor and value; and Italian officials, even in South Italy, realized generally that strangers and foreigners were no longer to be looked on either in a hostile or in an exclusively business spirit, and that it was for their interest to protect American travelers and sojourners, should need require, from imposition and outrage on the part of those who had, for the moment, the advantage over them.

Wm. Chauncy Langdon.

CREDIDIMUS JOVEM REGNARE.*

O DAYS endeared to every muse,
When nobody had any Views,
Nor, while the cloudscape of his mind
By every breeze was new designed,
Insisted all the world should see
Camels or whales where none there be!
O happy days, when men received
From sire to son what all believed,
And left the other world in bliss,
Contented with bedevilling this!

Beset by doubts of every breed
In the last bastion of my creed,
With shot and shell for Sabbath-chime,
I watch the storming-party climb,

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Panting (their prey in easy reach),
To pour triumphant through the breach
In walls that shed like snowflakes tons
Of missiles from old-fashioned guns,
But crumble 'neath the storm that pours
All day and night from bigger bores :
There, as I hopeless watch and wait
The last life-crushing coil of Fate,
Despair finds solace in the praise
Of those serene dawn-rosy days
Ere microscopes had made us heirs
To large estates of doubts and snares,
By proving that the title-deeds,
Once all-sufficient for men's needs,
Are palimpsests that scarce disguise
The tracings of still earlier lies,
Themselves as surely written o'er
An older fib erased before.

So from these days I fly to those
That in the landlocked Past repose,
Where no rude wind of doctrine shakes
From bloom-flushed boughs untimely flakes,
Where morning's eyes see nothing strange,
No crude perplexity of change,
And morrows trip along their ways
Secure as happy yesterdays.
Then there were rulers who could trace
Through heroes up to gods their race,
Pledged to fair fame and noble use
By veins from Odin filled or Zeus,
And under bonds to keep divine
The praise of a celestial line.
Then priests could pile the altar's sods,
With whom gods spake as they with gods,
And everywhere from haunted earth
Broke springs of wonder that had birth
In depths divine beyond the ken
And fatal scrutiny of men ;
Then hills and groves and streams and seas
Thrilled with immortal presences,
Not too ethereal for the scope
Of human passion's dream or hope.

Now Pan at last is surely dead,
And King No-Credit reigns instead,
Whose officers, morosely strict,
Poor Fancy's tenantry evict,
Chase the last Genius from the door,
And nothing dances any more.

Nothing? Ah, yes, our tables do,
 Drumming the Old One's own tattoo,
 And, if the oracles are dumb,
 Have we not mediums? Why be glum?

Fly thither? Why, the very air
 Is full of hindrance and despair!
 Fly thither? But I cannot fly;
 My doubts enmesh me if I try,
 Each lilliputian, but, combined,
 Potent a giant's limbs to bind;
 This world and that are growing dark;
 A huge interrogation mark.
 The Devil's crook episcopal,
 Still borne before him since the Fall,
 Blackens with its ill-omened sign
 The old blue heaven of faith benign.
 Whence? Whither? Wherefore? How? Which? Why?
 All ask at once, all wait reply.
 Men feel old systems cracking under 'em;
 Life saddens to a mere conundrum
 Which once Religion solved, but she
 Has lost — has Science found? — the key.

What was snow-bearded Odin, trow,
 The mighty hunter long ago,
 Whose horn and hounds the peasant hears
 Still when the Northlights shake their spears?
 Science hath answers twain, I've heard;
 Choose which you will, nor hope a third;
 Whichever box the truth be stowed in,
 There's not a sliver left of Odin.
 Either he was a pinchbrowed thing,
 With scarcely wit a stone to fling,
 A creature both in size and shape
 Nearer than we are to the ape,
 Who hung sublime with brat and spouse
 By tail prehensile from the boughs,
 And, happier than his maimed descendants,
 The culture-curtailed *independents*,
 Could pluck his cherries with both paws,
 And stuff with both his big-boned jaws; —
 Or else the core his name enveloped
 Was from a solar myth developed,
 Which, hunted to its primal shoot,
 Takes refuge in a Sanskrit root,
 Thereby to instant death explaining
 The little poetry remaining.
 Try it with Zeus, 't is just the same;
 The thing evades, we hug a name;

Nay, scarcely that, — perhaps a vapor
Born of some atmospheric caper.
All Lempriere's fables blur together
In cloudy symbols of the weather,
And Aphrodite rose from frothy seas
But to illustrate such hypotheses.
With years enough behind his back,
Lincoln will take the selfsame track,
And prove, hulled fairly to the cob,
A mere vagary of Old Prob;
Give the right man a solar myth,
And he'll confute the sun therewith.

They make things admirably plain,
But one hard question *will* remain:
If one hypothesis you lose,
Another in its place you choose,
But, your faith gone, O man and brother,
Whose shop shall furnish you another —
One that will wash, I mean, and wear,
And wrap us warmly from despair?
While they are clearing up our puzzles,
And clapping prophylactic muzzles
On the Actæon's hounds that sniff
Our devious track through But and If,
Would they explain away the Devil
And other facts that won't keep level,
But rise beneath our feet or fail
As doth a ship's deck in a gale!

God vanished long ago, iwis,
A mere subjective synthesis,
A doll, stuffed out with hopes and fears,
Too homely for us pretty dears,
Who want one that conviction carries,
Last make of London or of Paris.
He gone, I felt a moment's spasm,
But calmed myself with Protoplasm,
A finer name, and, what is more,
As enigmatic as before;
Greek, too, and sure to fill with ease
Minds caught in the Symplegades
Of soul and sense, life's two conditions,
Each baffled with its own omniscience.
The men who labor to revise
Our Bibles will, I hope, be wise,
And print it without foolish qualms
Instead of God in David's psalms:
Noll had been more effective far
Could he have shouted at Dunbar,

"Rise, Protoplasm!" No dourest Scot
Had waited for another shot.

And yet I frankly must confess
A secret unforgivingness,
And shudder at the saving chrisim
Whose best New Birth is Pessimism;
My soul — I mean the bit of phosphorus
That fills the place of what that was for us —
Can't bid its inward bores defiance
With the new nursery-tales of science.
What profits me, though doubt by doubt,
As nail by nail, be driven out,
When every new one, like the last,
Still holds my coffin-lid as fast?
Would I find thought a moment's truce,
Give me the young world's Mother Goose,
With life and joy in every limb,
The chimney-corner tales of Grimma!

Our dear and admirable Huxley
Cannot explain to me why ducks lay,
Or, rather, how into their eggs
Blunder potential wings and legs
With will to move them and decide
Whether in air or lymph to glide.
Who gets a hair's-breadth on by showing
That Something Else set all agoing?
Farther and farther back we push
From Moses and his burning bush;
Cry, "Art Thou there?" Above, below,
All nature mutters *yes* and *no*!
'T is the old answer: we're agreed
Being from Being must proceed,
Life be Life's source. I might as well
Obey the meeting-house's bell,
And listen while Old Hundred pours
Forth through the summer-opened doors,
From old and young. I hear it yet,
Swelled by bass-viol and clarinet,
While the gray minister, with face
Radiant, let loose his noble bass.
If Heaven it reached not, yet its roll
Waked all the echoes of the soul,
And in it many a life found wings
To soar away from sordid things.
Church gone and singers too, the song
Sings to me voiceless all night long,
Till my soul beckons me afar,
Glowing and trembling like a star.

Will any scientific touch
With my worn strings achieve as much

I don't object, not I, to know
My sires were monkeys, if 't was so;
I touch my ear's collusive tip
And own the poor-relationship.
That apes of various shapes and sizes
Contained their germs that all the prizes
Of senate, pulpit, camp, and bar win
May give us hopes that sweeten Darwin.
Who knows but from our loins may spring
(Long hence) some winged sweet-throated thing
As much superior to us
As we to Cynocephalus?

This is consoling, but, alas,
It wipes no dimness from the glass
Where I am flattening my poor nose,
In hope to see beyond my toes.
Though I accept my pedigree,
Yet where, pray tell me, is the key
That should unlock a private door
To the Great Mystery, such no more?
Each offers his, but one nor all
Are much persuasive with the wall
That rises now, as long ago,
Between I wonder and I know,
Nor will vouchsafe a pin-hole peep
At the veiled Isis in its keep.
Where is no door, I but produce
My key to find it of no use.
Yet better keep it, after all,
Since Nature's economical,
And who can tell but some fine day
(If it occur to her) she may,
In her good-will to you and me,
Make door and lock to match the key?

James Russell Lowell.

THE EMANCIPATION OF MASSACHUSETTS.

A GROWN, structural, living human society is a phenomenon so subtle and so complex as to defy the most searching powers of analysis, and even to be in large measure hidden from the ken of insight. The most penetrating and comprehensive eye can but look deeply, widely, into it, seeing much, but never seeing all. In the case of a young society, having a type of its own, and in which lies the

germ of a large future, the difficulty of an adequate reading is apparently less, but really greater. The form is here simpler because less developed, but it conceals more; hidden energies lie within it, some of them seemingly quite latent, some working obscurely to effects not distinct or defined. It is impossible to come at the secret of such a society by a mere inspection of it; we learn subsequently what was in it by seeing what came out of it. Every one who studies with a sincere and penetrating mind, taking together the original facts and the following history, will open it in a degree to the understanding of others; but every student will put into his representation his own quality of mind, his dominant lines of intellectual and moral interest, and his manner of regarding history in general.

It follows that different representations, proceeding from inspections of the facts equally penetrating, candid, and assiduous, will be sure to differ more or less, and may differ somewhat widely; but it follows also that each will have its value and reward the interest it engages. But that any representation may be valuable, the first requisite, after natural competence, is an entire intellectual sincerity. This implies not merely an honest purpose, but a perfect openness of mind, a contemplation of the facts from which every prejudice, every prepossession, every warping desire to find in them one character or import rather than another, has been quite discharged. Now, it must be acknowledged that American history has too seldom been written in this spirit. To a large extent, our history has been covered with a highly colored wash of patriotism, which may indeed serve to edify, to foster a pride in our past, or to enhance the sense of national consequence and superiority to the rest of mankind, but which conceals the true character of men and events alike, and converts history into romance. We read to be inflated rather than instructed,

and to see the figures of fiction in the place of real men.

Mr. Brooks Adams's little work, *The Emancipation of Massachusetts*,¹ is notably and admirably free from this fatal fault. No foreigner could address himself to the facts with a more unqualified, resolute purpose to ascertain their nature and import; and his veracity of speech equals his veracity of mind. Without fear and without favor he reports what assiduous study has enabled him to see. It illustrates this uncompromising sincerity that a more severely just estimate of Samuel Adams has not been published in this country than that which has here been set down by the pen of an Adams. We do not undertake to say that the writer has been perfectly able to avoid one-sidedness, nor that his representation is in all respects adequate, for such is not altogether our opinion; but if he has been at all misled, it has certainly not been by the purpose or wish, conscious or unconscious, to sustain a foregone conclusion. But perhaps the dominant impression produced upon him by a contemplation of the facts has been somewhat too dominant, and has imposed itself upon particular facts which were in truth of a different and contrary tenor. The complex phenomenon is unduly simplified in the representation, is too much reduced to a single color. Nevertheless, that impression was derived from the principal facts, not foisted upon them; they speak through it, instead of being covered by it. As a consequence, the book, though dealing with matters of which so much has been written and spoken, and with which we had all supposed ourselves quite familiar, is fresh, salient, striking, almost startling; and this from the nature of the facts revealed, not from any mere effect of style. It is as if a fog of ancient continuance should suddenly rise from a landscape

¹ *The Emancipation of Massachusetts*. By BROOKS ADAMS. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1887.

which had hitherto been seen only under that veil, and show it as at once the same and not the same, the same and yet surprising.

Mr. Adams has found in the Puritan colony of Massachusetts Bay a sacerdotal despotism, peculiar in constitution, but of extraordinary power and rigor. From the outset the colony was liberally supplied with ministers, mostly men of learning and ability, sifted out from the English Church by a process which distinguished them as stringent in conviction, uncompromising in character, invincibly strong in scruples of a particular cast, and by consequence wanting in scruples felt by men of a different order. Abhorring the Church of Rome, they yet had inherited to the full its tradition of magisterial power in the priest as a man supernaturally appointed and ordained, not merely to persuade, but to govern. They had come to these cold shores with no purpose to establish personal or civil liberty as these things are now understood, but with a very different and indeed contrary purpose. That liberty of conscience for which the great Cromwell and his sectaries contended was to them an abomination, and they hated the very word "toleration." Their spirit was more that of the Westminster Assembly, which, as Masson has remarked, elaborated a system of spiritual subjection more minute and searching than was ever put into operation by the prelacy of England or the priesthood of Rome. They wished to establish their form of religious faith, expressed in an elaborate system of doctrine and discipline, as the supreme, all-controlling, all-moulding law and order of a community; they wished, that is, to derive the entire manifestation of life immediately and visibly from its highest principle. Righteousness should be the law of the land, — righteousness, not precedent, nor tradition, nor the will of man. Once more there should be a peculiar, a holy people; once more a society sanctified and

sacred in its government and conduct down to the minutest detail. It is difficult not to see something high-souled and grand in such an undertaking; it is difficult not to admire the daring, the energy, the constancy and fortitude of purpose, with which they pursued it. Yet it was one which could not in the end succeed. The whole complex being and action of a society can no more be derived immediately from religion than the whole industry of a people, with all its springs and motives, can be drawn directly from a king. To make righteousness, in their sense, the law of the land is to set aside all those precise definitions of right, as applied to the multifarious conditions of social being, which have been slowly elaborated during a long series of centuries, and to substitute for them the improvisations of certain persons, probably not the fittest for a task which in any case is beyond human ability. Besides, their ideal of righteousness was narrow, in many respects arbitrary, copied by intention from the archaic Hebrew model, and irreconcilably at odds with the spirit and conditions of modern existence. The mould into which they would force life was one in which human nature must soon feel itself intolerably cramped, and all the more cramped in proportion to its natural largeness, energy, and fertility. Their enterprise could not in the end prosper; but it seemed to prosper greatly in the beginning. For a time they had everything their own way. The sympathy and reverence of the people, partners of their enthusiasm, sustained and invited them; they were separated from the rest of the world, and unchecked by its influence; the disturbed condition of England withdrew attention from them, and caused them to be left in a state of practical independence; and what with great heat within and the want of checks from without, the development of their scheme was rapid. But love of power sprang from the possession of it; bigotry, armed with power and flushed

with the sense of it, grew in intensity, grew to ferocity, as it increased and became supreme in sway; and, with no conscience against the most pitiless use of power for the suppression of heretical opinion, they soon had such opinion to suppress. They entered upon the work with alacrity; in the contest with those whom they esteemed servants of the devil they used weapons and methods that must seem to us little better than devilish, and there ensued a sad, a dreadful chapter of our history.

Mr. Adams has told the story of this "theocracy" with graphic force and unsparing fidelity: of the means by which it assured and consolidated its power; of the daring obstinacy with which it resisted every attempt to bring it under correction of the English court and the common law; of the wretched system of judicature it established, and its consequent travesties of justice; of its contests with the "Antinomians," the Baptists, and the Quakers; of its excesses, cruelties, enormities, in these contests, particularly the last; of the ultimate forfeiture of its patent, so dreadfully abused, and its loss of immediate supremacy; of the witchcraft craze as the lurid afterglow of its day; of the liberal revolt within its own ranks, which reduced its influence as it had already been reduced in direct power; of the rise of the legal profession to represent, as against sacerdotal improvisation, the long-grown tradition, the sober spirit, and tried methods of secular justice; and so on to the end, which is reached with the opening of the war for independence. Now, when a New England historian treats of those times, his power to see the facts in a dry light is tested especially by the case of the Quakers; and the test has too generally been ill-sustained. Labored and persistent attempts have been made to excuse the Puritans, while mildly censuring them, and to throw the chief blame of the persecution upon its victims. It has been said that the conduct of the Qua-

kers was so disorderly, anarchical, and indecent as to drive the authorities beyond all bounds of patience, and to force them, in mere defense of civil order, upon a severe line of action. By confounding dates, by putting effect for cause and cause for effect, by reckless exaggeration and still more reckless assertion, without evidence and in contempt of evidence, this style of representation has been plausibly supported, and, seconded by local feeling, has been commonly accepted as true. One can see that it prevails more or less with historical writers whose desire to be simply just is quite apparent. Mr. R. P. Hallowell, in his ironically named *Quaker Invasion of Massachusetts*, has exposed unanswerably the quality of those pretenses; but he is of Quaker descent, and wrote quite obviously with the special feeling of a Quaker. In the present work, however, a son of the Puritans tells the sad tale to the like effect. With a strong hand he brushes aside the entire cobweb of apology, and permits the naked facts to appear in their proper ugliness. We are heartily glad of it. The persecution was a shame to the times in which it took place, but the attempt to cloak its nature is a shame to our own. And Mr. Adams has not only made clean work at this point; his book as a whole is instructive, suggestive, and painfully interesting. Every page bears the marks of a penetrating mind, severe intellectual sincerity, assiduous research, and a disposition to see the particular case treated of as representative of processes in world-history.

Nevertheless, we do not regard the work with a satisfaction quite complete. There is an important aspect of the historical fact, which, it seems to us, does not sufficiently appear in the picture. The Puritan clergy were not drawn to this land by the vulgar love of power; they came as enthusiasts, radical enthusiasts, of an austere but not ignoble type. They were entranced by an ideal, the ideal of godliness, as not only the prin-

ciple of personal conduct, but also as the organic, all-pervading law of social being. It was as dazzled by this ideal that they were blinded to the enormity of the action they took in the suppression of dissident opinion. No doubt they became enamored of power when it was in their hands; no doubt the interested spirit of a dominant class arose and became strong among them; but their coming to this country could have been dictated by no such spirit. Bigots they were from the first, but beneath the hard shell of their bigotry there was a glowing soul of aspiration. It is therefore incorrect to identify their spirit with that of a merely repressive conservatism, in which there is nothing of that ideal afflatus, but only the selfish and ruthless desire of a dominant caste or class to maintain its supremacy. Meantime, we can scarcely subscribe to what seems Mr. Adams's notion concerning conservatism in general. The effect of his statement seems to be that there is a perpetual war between liberalism and conservatism, and that the latter, however it may have been of use at some primitive period, is now, has long been, and will ever hereafter be altogether bad, a purely obstructive force, to be utterly got rid of, if possible. But conservatism is a force without which no human society could exist. A wise liberalism removes injurious restraints, liberates energy, and thereby does a good work; a wise conservatism nourishes the roots of historic life, maintains stability, continuity, and cohesion, conditions of all growth, and likewise does a good work. The two tendencies, even at their best, are often in conflict, and yet each is necessary to the other. Moreover, it may be doubted whether the dominating and despotic authority of the clergy in the colony of Massachusetts Bay, call it conservative or otherwise, was not in some important respects beneficial, one might say indispensable. The tendency of pioneer life, left quite to itself, is toward

moral separation, social dissolution, and a rude individualism, intolerant of restraint, averse to law, incapable of obedience. Recovery from this condition, if at all accomplished, is commonly slow, painful, and exceedingly costly. Social principles and the moral power of an organic community are lost, and must be, as it were, created anew. Often, as in most of the South American States, the creation is not achieved. It was in view of such facts that Mr. Bagehot, in his instructive *Physics in Politics*, made a remark to the effect that those political societies have the largest and most enduring development in which the principle of authority had at the outset the most energetic expression. Now, the supreme influence of the Massachusetts clergy supplied a principle of authority, of cohesion, of structural unity and order; and we have no warrant for saying that, in the absence of this force, its place would have been taken by another. Mr. Adams has himself observed that the primitive structural unit in Massachusetts was not, as has been commonly said, the town, but the congregation. The observation is no less just than acute. Here it was, then, that structure actually began, here that it was for a considerable time maintained, and the fact should speak for itself. We should notice in this connection the source and nature of the authority exercised by the clergy. Wholly without foundation in physical force, it sprang from the free and fervid sentiments of their congregations. Seldom, if ever, has an authority so powerful and paramount had less the character of a coercive tyranny, or an obedience so entire been less in the nature of slavish subjection. Now, we have said that one must in part learn what was in a young society by observing what subsequently came out of it. The outcome in this case is significant. The plan of political structure in these American States proceeded from Massachusetts, while Pennsylvania, the home

of the Quakers, was the most backward of all, and singularly, obstinately, slow to give itself an effective organic shape.

What Mr. Adams has to say of Harvard College is a little surprising. At this point he makes a wide excursion, remarks upon the institutions of the Zuffi Indians, and obtains from these a clue to the purposes of the Puritan clergy in establishing a college at Cambridge. The upshot of his representation seems to be that the clergy were a despotic caste, interested only to perpetuate their power; that this power was derived from their possession of certain secrets, affecting seriously, or supposed to affect, the welfare of the people they held in subjection; and that Harvard College was designed for a place where these profitable secrets should be imparted under the seal of secrecy to the neophytes of their order. Perhaps he does not mean to go so far, but his remarks seem plainly to tend in that direction, and we cannot think them warranted. Harvard College was an institution of learning, in the proper sense of the term; it was modeled, so far as might be, upon the English universities, and was designed to give open instruction in the languages and sciences. Doubtless the chief object of its founders was to provide the colony with an educated ministry. Well, and what of it? If a lawyer urge the establishment of a law school, does it signify a mere selfish devotion to the interests of his own order? May it not import rather that he has a high standard of legal qualification? The founders of the college were persuaded that no man is fitted for the office of a public teacher without learning and the discipline of systematic study. They believed in the acquisition of knowledge by definite intellectual process and the studious labor of trained minds, as, on the other hand, the Quakers believed in the acquisition of knowledge, or at least of imperative direction, by particular impressions supernaturally borne in upon the mind,

quite without definite intellectual process. That is, the Puritans believed, after their fashion, in the rational method, and were so far in agreement with the spirit of science. It was this belief which they expressed in founding so early the school at Cambridge. Now, it is a virtue of this method that it cannot at last be contained within arbitrary limits; there lies in it a principle of expansion which will not in the end be restrained; and as matter of fact, liberalism in the colony sprang from Harvard College. Its founders builded better than they knew, as all men do who lend their efforts to the laws of growth.

Finally, Mr. Adams appears to be a zealous professor of the mechanical philosophy cherished and promulgated in our day by a particular sect of doctrinaires, and in various passages of the work under review he has indulged himself in confident expressions of it. For example, a chapter opens thus: "As the working of the human mind is mechanical, the quality," etc. The introduction of this speculative doctrine is gratuitous, for the aspect of the historical facts, with the judgment to be formed in view of them, is quite the same without it as with it. And were the case otherwise, one might doubt the propriety of assuming in that easy-going fashion the truth of a sweeping proposition, which is no less than revolutionary, and which has assuredly never yet been, if it ever can be, scientifically verified. One may assert, if he will, that when Calef, as Mr. Adams relates, exposed the witchcraft delusion a mechanical force passed from him to the readers he instructed, to operate upon their minds in the same way with that which drives an engine or turns a mill-wheel; but he will merely assert an opinion as little verified by the scientific method, and as little capable of verification by it, as the opinion of John Stuart Mill that in some other world parallel lines may meet.

Space, however, is here obviously want-

ing for any discussion of the subject ; we have therefore only to say that, since Mr. Adams's doctrine, whether true or false, has as yet only the standing, at best, of a questionable opinion, the needless intrusion of it as ascertained truth

into a statement of historical fact is at least a literary infelicity, which can serve only to mar, and with some readers to discredit, a book which otherwise has many claims to an attention not unmingled with admiration.

LOWELL'S ADDRESSES.

ONE is struck by the singular variety of occasion and place which called out the nine speeches in this volume.¹ Two have a connection with English democracy, — the Address at Birmingham and the Notes on Don Quixote read at the Workingmen's College, London, — and it is pleasing to observe that these, with the Harvard Address, are the most valuable ; two were delivered in Westminster Abbey, — the first a tribute of American feeling for Dean Stanley, the latter a finished, though not elaborate, *éloge* upon Coleridge, touched with the grateful remembrance of a man of letters for one of the lights of his early years, and full of charity ; two others sprang from literature, — one commemorative of Fielding, the second the annual address pronounced before the Wordsworth Society ; and three are associated with America, — the words uttered in Exeter Hall, on Garfield's death, which bear so well the difficult test of being read after the intensity of the moment's sentiment has passed away, the defense of books at the opening of a Massachusetts free library, and the *opus magnum* of the Harvard Address, with which our readers were lately made familiar. This is an extraordinary list, whether the dignity of many of the occasions, the compass or the elevation of the subjects, or the diversity of the audiences be considered ; it offers

a powerful illustration of the high organization of English civilization that the ripest culture can touch, by so many channels and in such various modes of contact, the general life ; nor is it an accident of birth that the man who has been able to hold this place is an American. The country may justly take pride in the temper and quality of these speeches, which display national as well as personal excellences, and will be the lasting record of Mr. Lowell's life abroad, as a representative American. But more than the variety of theme and circumstance in the contents of this volume, its unity of spirit, its single-mindedness, are forced upon the reader's attention : not that it is characterized by sameness of idea, — on the contrary, it is perpetually changeful in thought, — or by any scheme or system which of itself organizes a man's knowledge always in the same general lines, and is thus the source of a merely formal and specious coherency ; nor that it has any one end in view, any defined purpose, or recurring moral, or proselytizing tendency, even ; but in it one perceives everywhere the presence of culture transmuted into character, knowledge that has suffered the immortalizing change into wisdom, judgments that share in the permanency of things because derived from long-established traditions and the whole intellectual and social habit of the race, — in brief, one sees the same mind in it all, completely developed, consistent, and fortified in its principles.

¹ *Democracy and Other Addresses.* By JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL. Boston and New York : Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1887.

This mind is preëminently that of a man of letters. Literature, in the exact sense, has been its nutriment. The largest part of what Mr. Lowell has to say, too, pertains to literature. It is true that the greater portion is strictly criticism, though somewhat affected in its form and bearing by the adventitious circumstance that it was spoken, and must be read by the ear as well as by the eye; but it is more than criticism, as generally understood, because the decisions do not apply merely to the special author in hand, but have a wider relation to authorship itself; not to books alone, but also to the spiritual life which it is the office of books to quicken, strengthen, and perfect. Mr. Lowell may be writing of some individual, and have only him in mind; but it frequently happens that a slightly accented sentence, what seems perhaps a simple remark by the way, is a text for a long sermon, if the reader will follow out its suggestions. Sometimes Mr. Lowell's suppression of this implicit homily appears to be against his will. He, as a man of letters, necessarily places a high value upon literary form; wisdom by itself is less prized apart — to use his own phrase — from “the beauty in which it is incarnated;” and for a poet to fail of this incarnating beauty, he is well assured, is a defect in the very substance and tissue of genius. With the growth of popular education, there has lately come an effort to make analysis do the work of intuition in the study of literature; because the eye cannot see what the poet has embodied, it is fancied that the dissecting hand can make the soul apparent; but what is thus arrived at is truth, in its philosophical, not its poetic form. The method has its advantages, no doubt, and one would not depreciate its worth; in particular, it is a great boon to poets who in considerable portions of their work have not expressed the truth with such perfection that it can be perceived on first sight; that is, to poets who have failed, at times,

in that “incarnating beauty” which belongs to the ever-living works of genius. Students of Wordsworth know very well that he is often sensible when he is not poetic, but his devotees are slow to recognize and acknowledge the fact that at such times his poems have not the principle of life in them which makes real literature survive, and constitutes its reality. To think all of Wordsworth, or any very large proportion of his literary remains, to be literature is to confuse the mind's sense of relative values; to set up a standard of meaning in place of the old standard of style is to abolish the distinction of prose and verse, of philosophy and poetry; and to substitute for the creative artist that merely percipient creature who is called the Seer. Mr. Lowell made many a downright stroke, in his address to the Wordsworth Society, which must have seemed to the poet's more devout worshipers as if their idol were having his hands and feet lopped off; but what looks to us like the most significant word, the unkindest cut of all when one sees how deep it sinks into the marrow, is a hardly noticeable sentence slipping gravely in at the end of a paragraph: “There are various methods of criticism; but I think we should all agree that literary work is to be judged from the purely literary point of view.” Who would not assent to so obvious a truism? But what becomes of Wordsworthians in general, what becomes of the modern sect of the Browningsites, if literary work is “to be judged from the purely literary point of view”? It is to escape from the literary point of view and its limitations that meaning is made the test of value, independent of style, and the gown of the scholar usurps the honors due alone to the poet's laurel. It is well to be understood: the now popular method of study may feed the mind, may open the inner truth of the author and multiply its usefulness as thought, and no doubt does this excellent service; but shall the fool-

ish therefore imagine that lucid expression is not elemental in the work of genius, or that any poetry which lacks it is of enduring power? A man of letters is naturally impatient of the intrusion of foreign standards upon the domain of literature, and must at least "hesitate" his dissent, as, if we do not do Mr. Lowell an injustice, he has here done.

There is a good deal in these addresses, as a whole, which must be classed as dissent; for in many respects Mr. Lowell stands against a rising tide. Is it to be inferred that he represents the times that were, in literary criticism and in his conviction of what nurture is best for the souls of men? Certainly it is to be feared that Coleridge, to whose spiritualizing influence he regards the English mind as much indebted, is little read, less consulted, and perhaps scarcely understood by those who rule the hour among us. It would not be venturing much to intimate that younger men will learn more of the great critical authority of their fathers from this speech, on unveiling his bust in the Abbey, than they ever knew from Coleridge's own works. The trend of our time is toward the lowlands of the understanding, so Mr. Lowell would think; is toward the region of observation and record, toward the science of what the senses report, and that portraiture of the material which is comprehensively termed realism. To dwell on the merits of Coleridge, to expound the methods of Cervantes in creation, or, nearer at hand, to point to Fielding's way, is to prefer the Old Comedy to the New, in our Athens. Some one may irreverently suggest that, though Coleridge no doubt did a good turn in importing Germany, it is Russia that we need now; and Cervantes, — was he not a romantic writer, perhaps? As for Fielding, why, he lived long before Thackeray and Dickens, even! Irreverence might go so far, for what head among us but quails beneath the truncheon of realism? Yet when he was over-seas Mr. Lowell

told the workmen to whom he read his notes on Don Quixote that when he entered the company of the realistic school he felt "set to grind in the prison-house of the Philistines. I walk about in a nightmare, the supreme horror of which is that my coat is all button-holed for bores to thrust their fingers through, and bait me to my heart's content." And he goes on to speak of ancient worthies, like that impossible Hector, and Roland with his ridiculous horn, and Macbeth in the old witch-story, and others of the same kind of beings, who "move about, if not in worlds not realized, at least in worlds not realized to any eye but that of imagination, a world far from police reports, a world into which it is a privilege, I might almost say an achievement, to enter." Our irreverent critic will, perhaps, not dispute the alleged habitat of these romantic heroes, but as to the privilege and achievement of entering there he will be more skeptical. Mr. Lowell belongs to the idealists, and it is too much to expect that he should take a more modern view; he has been so shaped and inspired by the old culture that he is loyal to it as to the blood and spirit of the fathers; and the old culture is, beyond gainsaying, idealistic, from Homer and David down to the birth of Zola. It could scarcely be hoped that a man to whom literature as it has been is the breath of his spiritual being should revoke old-time judgments, and decree anew in favor of literature as we make it. Such charitable consideration will be allowed to the veteran of our criticism, no doubt, by the most modern school; but he can hardly look for more than tolerance. Is it, then, so true that to get away from our neighbors we must seek Plutarch? Can one not converse with the spirit except in Dante? And after all, would it be so very much wiser to stay with our neighbors, and disbelieve in heroes of an older type; to deny the spirit, and give our days and nights to the jargon of French fish-wives and

the slang of the American street? Mr. Lowell observes, "We are apt to wonder at the scholarship of the men of three centuries ago, and at a certain dignity of phrase that characterizes them. They were scholars, because they did not read so many things as we. They had fewer books, but these were of the best. Their speech was noble, because they lunched with Plutarch and supped with Plato." There is "a certain dignity of phrase" that characterizes this volume also, such as has not been noticeable in any American book for a long time. Is not the reason, in its degree, the same, and may it not be that the old culture is still justified of her children? Three centuries hence, if any should care to examine the literature of this decade, will they not explain Mr. Lowell's pre-eminence, in weight, closeness, and beauty of phrase in somewhat the same way? If this should prove so, the realists may well ponder that admirable quotation which is so forcibly flung down before the feet of those who forget "the warning of Sir Walter Raleigh, perhaps more important to the artist than to the historian, that it is dangerous to follow truth too near the heels." As a matter of minor criticism, there is a passing remark of Mr. Lowell's upon Spanish literature: speaking of the "flavor of the soil," he says, "It has the advantage of giving even to second-class writers in a foreign language that strangeness which in our own tongue is possible only to originality either of thought or style." Does not this indicate the mistake of perspective that is made by those who are now so loud in the praise of all Russian books?

Dissents of other kinds are to be found in these pages. It is not a bird-bolt shot into the air, when the critic of Fielding turns upon those who find that author intolerably gross with the rejoinder that "the second of the seven deadly sins is not less dangerous when she talks mysticism, and ogles us through the

gaps of a fan painted with the story of the virgin martyr." This sentence lays bare the most offensive weakness of the æsthetic school. Mr. Lowell's distrust of the tendencies of the new education, which is the half of his Harvard Address, has been too lately spread upon the pages of this magazine to be set forth anew. But it would be ungracious to dwell, in this paper, only upon the points of disagreement which the author reveals between his perception of what is and his judgment of what ought to be. How many and various they are may be known from the examples which have been cited; but were they much more numerous, and the rifts of severance as wide as they are profound,—which is by no means the case,—the author would remain an optimist; in the midst of his most destructive critical reservations he would seem only a wiser, not a less sincere and reverential, worshiper; in the full flow of his protest, whether against realism, or the new education, or what not, he would interpose a compliment of Spanish largeness, and confirm his audience in their conviction of the general cheerfulness of the outlook. If Mr. Lowell does not readily acquiesce with all the powers that be, he believes in those that are to be. He will not despair of the republic of letters, or that of democracy either. To his view there are apparently darker clouds in the literary than in the political horizon; but, however that may turn out he is certainly more in harmony with current thought in what he has to say of our institutions and society, of the national experience of democracy, and of the progressive and humanizing element in our social theory than he is in his discussions of education or of the laws of literary art. If his dissents in the one division are instructive, no less are his assents in the other. He could not profess more explicitly adherence to the democratic principle as the basis of greater and more equal public welfare.

in the state than any nation has hitherto known, as the promise of a prosperity to be still more widely distributed among the common people, and as a means of regeneration in the life of the poor. He more than adheres to the political faith in which the nation is built, — his acceptance of it goes to the point of advocacy.

The leading address in this volume, that on democracy, is the work of an exceptionally wise and subtle observer. It does not take pains to sustain democracy upon the ground of its foundations in equity, in utility, and the manifest destiny which history reveals to the student; rather, it maintains the practical working of it against objections which are deeply lodged only in the prejudices, self-conceit, and fears of a cultivated class, and dwells upon its inevitable success and its humanitarian spirit. Mr. Lowell is not one of the weaklings of philanthropy. He had such object-lessons in mania before him in his youth, and the half-century in which his life has been thrown has been so thick with reforms that he is not to be captured by any cause at this late day. He refers more than once to those whose sympathies are so touched by some single case of suffering that they fail to perceive the regulative law, to those who cannot see the crime because the criminal's person intervenes, and to other classes whose sensibilities are more developed than their judgments. He himself sees with perfect clearness a definitely constituted world, whose conditions may be hard but are fixed, and also a something which the theologians used to call man's heart, the prolific source of evil, suffering, and pain; and he is well aware that all human life goes on, as one might say, between these upper and nether grindstones of Nature and Human

Nature; he does not look for any philanthropy to change this constitution of things. It is a welcome sight when one whose hold is so firm on the facts of human existence nevertheless suggests and apparently believes that the organization of society is subject to considerable human improvement, and not a part of that order with which man has nothing to do but to submit to it. The value of such suggestion and belief depends upon the kind of change which the writer deems possible and desirable. Mr. Lowell does not express himself very fully upon the matter, but he seems willing to follow the idea of democracy into its developments with that optimistic feeling which has already been remarked upon. A careful reader will observe a thorough-going sympathy with the effort of the poor, the humble and homely classes who do the physical work of the world, to obtain a larger share of the fruits of the common toil; and also he may notice a cordial disposition of mind toward the purposes and spirit at least of some of those who aim at this result through social changes. One should not put an undue emphasis upon his words, but it is not too much to say that he shows a mind open and hospitable to those reforms of the future which democracy seems to carry in itself as premises contain a conclusion. This address will now for the first time be widely read in this country, and not the least weighty part of it, not the least significant of the drift of thought, will be those paragraphs which deal with what is still before us in the evolution of our social theory as a nation. The public, the silent and thinking audience, will give them attention; but the whole volume, alike in its advocacy and its protests, is one to arrest the mind, to stir thought, and to suggest revisions of opinions.

ILLUSTRATED BOOKS.

ON beholding the beautiful volume which is Mr. Abbey's contribution to the holidays,¹ one cannot but commiserate Goldsmith's lot in being dead; for would he not indulge in an uncommon degree the same harmless vanity in the fine apparel of his comedy that he once felt in the gay raiment with which he was fond of decking its author's person? He might think it somewhat soberly elegant for his taste, before he turned the cover, but within he would seem to look upon his own times, as faithfully represented in the drawings as in the text. Mr. Abbey had in this play a subject singularly consonant with his tastes and made for the exercise of his talents. The characters, situations, and scenes, the provincial setting, the episodes, the town youths with their manners, the inn-loving bumpkin with his jokes, the young ladies with their intrigues, make up a stage of matchless liveliness, variety, and interest for the portrayal of English life in the last century, and the artist has put his opportunity to good use. The literary work is so natural, humorous, and life-like that it plays itself, as one reads it; but though it stands in the least need of interpretative illustration by actor or by designer, it does not suffer from it. One reason is that the artist had nothing so much in mind as to realize to the eye just what Goldsmith had suggested to the imagination; and his work constitutes a gain to the text by its accuracy in antiquarian study, by its successful impersonation of last-century types of face and physical habit, as well as by its truthfulness in costumes and the material accessories of life in the inn and the country-house, and also by the vigor of what one may call its theatrical ac-

tion. Mr. Abbey has set forth the actual surroundings of the comedy and has infused vitality into its figures with a complete mastery of the external environment of the play and of its spirit; and perhaps one sees it better staged, in fact, than would be the case if the pleasant fable with which Mr. Dobson introduces the work were true, and the reader were really called to view the first performance in Garrick's London. The qualities of Mr. Abbey's productions are too familiar to call for either analysis or praise, and these sketches have already been before the public. It may not be wholly superfluous to observe, however, that the grasp of the artist's mind upon the persons of the play as things of flesh and blood is unusually strong: the figures are highly individualized, not merely in feature and contour, but in the inner character which is expressed in bearing, peculiarities of motion and pose, and even of gesture; so that one is as well acquainted with the pictorial actors, if one may so style them, as he would be with real men and women making their exits and entrances on the boards of the theatre; and this is, perhaps, the principal charm of the book. The play is illustrated, it is also to be said, by several drawings which have only a remote or very slight relation to the action; and these are among the most pleasing. They very much resemble a marginal comment (and most of them are vignettes), winding along beside the story as in the borders of old books, and are mostly figure-pieces, types of human character, with some quality of quaintness about their personality, and even at times of grotesqueness, of the sort that belongs to village worthies or genteel

¹ *She Stoops to Conquer*. A Comedy, by DR. GOLDSMITH. With Drawings by EDWIN A. ABBEY. Decorations by ALFRED PARSONS.

Introduction by AUSTIN DOBSON. New York: Harper & Bros. Franklin Square. 1887.

madams; they are scattered through the volume, and add greatly to that impression of breadth and variety in the general scene which is the most notable trait of the illustrative portion of the work. The whole makes a study of humor in the last century, from the artist's point of view as vivid and entertaining and to the life as the comedy itself is from the literary standpoint; it is seldom that text and designs are in such accord and unite to make so complete a work.

The volume is externally in the most excellent taste, both in binding and in the cover-design; and it is not needful to say that in the matter of paper and print the inside of the book is in the most luxurious style. The arrangement of the text, however, and of the drawings seems lacking in thoughtfulness and in consistent plan, and the results are defective in beauty. The random and disorderly way in which the vignettes wander about the first pages, which are not made use of for the text, so that awkward blank spaces are left, is unfortunate in the extreme, and gives an impression of waste and of ineptitude in dealing with the materials, as if the designer were not aware that a page is a panel to be filled, and not a white wall to affix prints to; but except for this extraordinary error in the earlier portion, to which it is confined, the disposition of the sketches upon the pages is simple, natural, and effective, though seldom in a strict sense decorative, as indeed there was no intention that they should be. The more important drawings are in two kinds, on India paper: the very dark ones are sometimes too obscure for the eye to make out the objects, but in one instance there is a tinsel-like brilliancy that one would think could be flashed only by a nineteenth-century electric light; the open pen-and-ink drawings are much more numerous, and to our taste much more satisfactory. The distinctly decorative designs, by Mr. Parsons, are full of the grace which marks that artist's

quiet and charming manner, and the initials and lesser bits are all done with care and kept true to the general feeling which pervades the whole work. The volume cannot be said to be without some faults in its make-up for the press; but these interfere in a very subordinate way with the pleasure to be derived from it, and the excellence of the artist's genius and the good fortune which made him the illustrator of Goldsmith are so great that all such slight demerits are forgotten. Goldsmith was not more fortunate in his artist than Mr. Abbey in his author; and between them this comedy has become a monument, in the literary sense, of the eighteenth century's world. At the end of it Mr. Dobson bids adieu in a brief *envoi*, as graceful and spirited as the longer poem with which he prefaced the book. One lays it aside, sure to return to it many times to refresh his dull hours with the heartiness and high spirits and good-natured fun of the old days, and to see them in their own garb and fashion in this faithful revival of them by the hand of one who knows them like a member of the old Club.

The practice of taking a fine or noble poem, and using it as a text for imaginative designs which have little or no relation to the poet's meaning, has never been more strikingly exemplified than in another of the principal holiday publications, which one is at a loss whether to style Rossetti's *Blessed Damsel*¹ or a series of designs by Kenyon Cox. The poem is, as all know, one of the most etherealized and unearthly of the works of a poet characterized by spirituality, the mysticism of Italian passion, and a continuous and straining effort to incarnate moods of love and attractions of beauty in forms which are saved from gross materialism only by their tenuity. Imaginativeness was of the essence of Rossetti's genius. He was both artist

¹ *The Blessed Damsel*. By DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI. With Drawings by KENYON COX. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1886.

and poet, and he naturally worked in the sensuous medium, in the stuff of material forms; and this predisposition toward expressing spiritual meanings by terms of the body also induced in him a habit of thinking in symbols. When a man of imagination is so markedly original, it is hardly possible for another artistic mind to amalgamate with his genius, as one must do who attempts to interpret or even to develop a poem by illustrating it. Whatever dissonance there is between the two is sure to be made apparent, and the critic's displeasure will be greater in proportion as he values the higher and finer genius of the two, and already understands the original poetic work. If Rossetti had thought this poem fit for picture-making, being an artist who did frequently duplicate his poetic ideas in painting, he would probably have left some designs to express the history of love which is written in the stanzas; as it is, one knows very well from the general character of his work as a painter what types he would employ, what feeling he would diffuse over them, and what sentiment he would convey. To one who is familiar with Rossetti's paintings, the persons in the poems have a special physical character to the eye as being cousin-german to the well-known figures on the canvases; they are conceptions of the same brain. Mr. Cox, therefore, has first to make us forget this highly individualized artistic style of Rossetti, in which his poems are naturally interpreted; and secondly to make us willing to substitute, for Rossetti's spiritualizing and mystical mind his own, which is of a very different quality. No one who has the least discriminative power in poetry can for an instant suppose that Rossetti would not have immediately repudiated these designs of Mr. Cox as in any sense *whatsoever representative of the poem which he labored upon as his masterpiece*. The dissonance between the two, of which we spoke, is in fact unendurable; and the only way to enjoy this work at all is to

forget all about the poem, and suppress it from consideration. Mr. Cox is here, then, the designer of an art-series, which has as its motive the severance of the lover and his beloved by death, the mutual longing of the two, and their reunion in imagination; in addition to the illustrations of this main story there are several others, partly merely decorative, partly necessary as a kind of background to the pair of lovers. The spirit of the series is materialistic and earthly, — perhaps Mr. Buchanan's term, "fleshly," would be rightly applied to it; and this measures its distance from Rossetti. The mysticism in it is wholly conventional, and the scene is in some terrestrial paradise, perhaps, but not in any place known to celestial love. The figures are full, occasionally heavy, and always in prime development; they are conceived in a somewhat sculpturesque way, and give an impression of colorless form, which is, perhaps, the secret in part of their power as designs. Several of the groups are beautiful in composition, as a dance on some Renaissance urn or a scene on some ancient sarcophagus is beautiful; and some of the single figures are admirable. It is, however, only to the forms that this praise can be given. In the treatment of the myth as a story of the attitude of a mortal lover to a glorified mistress, there are such failures of taste in details and of spirituality in the general treatment as to make the series very disagreeable. If one is content to regard art for the sake of its forms, he will find here a nobleness and largeness of design of extraordinary power; the longer one looks at them as merely figure-pieces the more they appeal to him, and in this value they are truly preëminent in this year's art-work. The most that one can say who feels strongly the incongruity between the style of the designs and the imaginative theme which they illustrate is to regret the union of the two. The difference between the two artists is that Rossetti spiritualizes the

sense, but Mr. Cox sensualizes the spirit. The lover, when he gazes yearningly to heaven, is "a fine specimen of physical manhood," as the newspaper would say; he looks like the stroke oar of the 'varsity, and he wears a rowing costume, but one suspects his position will soon grow irksome, and knows that he can never keep up that muscular development on a

diet of inconsolable sorrow. So at every turn there is this same disparity between the idea and the physique. It is significant that the best of the series are those in which the lovers do not appear at all. Mr. Cox needs "the warm precincts of the cheerful day" for his scene; it is only in an earthly Eden that art of this style has its justification.

RECENT NOVELS BY WOMEN.

IN literature as in life, judgment is on wholes, and the reader who has followed a serial novel like *In the Clouds* through its successive parts is very likely, when the end is reached, to revise his judgment, and to precipitate a decision which has been held in suspense. The publication of this novel in book form¹ gives a convenient opportunity for reviewing it rapidly, and for concentrating those general impressions which are often all that remain to one regarding a book read at monthly intervals. We suspect that the loose exceptions to Miss Murfree's latest novel — those vague disappointments which find critical expression in general terms — are "too much mountain" and "unsatisfactory ending." It is worth while to consider these separate charges a moment, to see if they can be reduced to more exact terms.

Miss Murfree has chosen to place the scenes of her stories, thus far, almost exclusively in the mountain district of Tennessee. There live the men and women whose lives have interested her, and they are for the most part rude men and women. The seclusion in which they keep themselves and the tenacity of mountain traditions have conspired to give a certain isolation of history to

the community, so that we who share a common name and common laws with them are able to look upon them as a distinct folk. It is the power to depict this individuality, to represent it consistently, and, when the more civil world is introduced, still to make the contact natural, that informs Miss Murfree's art and makes her an imaginative writer of a high order. We do not recall any mistake which she has made when she introduces the gentry to the commonalty. The striking scene between Judge Gwinnan and Lethe Sayles is not marred by any bit of false romanticism, and when she ennobles her mountaineers she is only emphasizing their noble qualities within natural bounds. We regard this consistency of art as the surest note of Miss Murfree's power. She sees each person in his or her real environment, when human society is regarded.

Is the same thing to be said concerning her treatment of humanity in its relation to external nature? The mountains, among which her folk live, undoubtedly are more than the merely mechanical conditions of isolation and rudeness; in their power to influence higher, freer natures is to be read their power to affect minds under the trammels of ignorance and stunted growth; if they feed the spiritual nature of a Wordsworth with aspiring thought, they crowd

¹ *In the Clouds*. By CHARLES EGBERT CRADDOCK. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1887.

the soul of a hind with superstitious fear, and make him acutely observant of forms and phases which are easily translated into shapes that threaten. If among her heroes and heroines Miss Murfree discovers the finer quality, as she may rightfully do, she is careful to make nature coöperate in the formation and in the development of character. One perceives that the Prophet and Lethe Sayles are at home in these august presences, and that their lives are heightened by the converse. She is equally truthful in her occasional interpretation of the fears and superstitions of the baser sort. In other words, she is consistent in her art here also.

But she is not content with this, and she forgets that her art is essentially dramatic. She resorts to wholly unnecessary spectacular effects, and constantly distracts the spectator's attention from the persons in the drama to independent activity of the scenery itself. Many of the scenic pictures are thrust into the action in such a way as to interrupt the movement of the story without in the least intensifying the effect. The mountains, the clouds, the streams, are sometimes in the foreground, and the people in the background. It often occurs that where a single line is sufficient to give a vivid impression of an aspect of nature, a dozen are used, and the vividness is gone. It is all the more singular because Miss Murfree shows a remarkable economy in her portraiture of persons and her presentation of incidents; she is wasteful of words just where words should be employed with the greatest care, in the representation of natural scenes. The accumulation of epithets adds nothing to the apparent size of mountains; and while Miss Murfree is often very delicate in her depicting of details of landscape effects, such details are not rests to the mind, nor have they any real relation to the thought of the persons in the scene. They are Miss Murfree's thoughts, and she has not always suc-

ceeded in making them a real part of her work. The truth is, the mind is far more active in its comprehension of detail in human life than it is in seizing upon the details of a landscape. In fiction, where the mind is eager to get at people, it is impatient of anything but the broadest landscape effects; in poetry, especially in lyric poetry, where it lies open to suggestions, to subtle parallelisms of life and nature, it delights in detail, and is willing that the figure of the man or woman should be in the briefest outline.

The other charge, that *In the Clouds* ends unsatisfactorily, seems to us less well sustained. Whichever way one turns in speculation as to a different conclusion, the obstacles appear insuperable. To have made at last a union between Lethe and Mink would have been to give a merely hurried and conventional stage reward to Mink; to have paid him, as it were, for all his trouble, without really assuring the reader of his essential worthiness. The fine impulse which gave occasion to his death was both strictly in accordance with his character, and had in it a redemptive force on his reputation. The glory with which it invested him in poor Lethe's eyes is only stronger than that which is reflected upon the mind of the sympathetic reader. To have made a union, on the other hand, between Lethe and Gwinnan would have been to join two natures fundamentally at one, and yet so separated by social conditions that a longer educational process than the circumstances warranted would have been required to make them really congenial. The imaginary union constructed by the delightful Mrs. Purvine was a stroke of genius; that would have been the flat blow of commonplace sentiment.

The fine power with which Miss Murfree has dealt with Judge Gwinnan, Harshaw, and Mrs. Purvine demonstrates the belief that her artistic capability is not limited by the rude material in which

she has heretofore chiefly dealt. We are by no means tired of her rustic folk, and there are pictures of lowly life in the book which are consummate in their fidelity to nature, poetically and not prosaically conceived; nor is she likely to exhaust this field; but we should be most heartily interested in any work she might undertake which had for its characters the men and women whose natures had wider intellectual and moral horizons, and (either therefore, or also, as she pleases) whose situation in life was less physically circumscribed. Suppose, for instance, she were to let the Mississippi River run through her story, instead of having the Tennessee Mountains surround it.

In Miss Woolson we have a novelist of another order. It is not merely that the material in which she works is different; she is a casuist in her morality. Her latest novel¹ is a study of interesting cases, and she expends a wealth of incident in conversation in setting the cases before the reader, so that there may be no element in the problem not fairly taken into account. Her anxiety to get in all the evidence, and to get it in dramatically, leads her, we think, into excess of invention. In this story of *East Angels*, two characters, for example, Middleton Moore and Manuel, are not only superfluous, they are in the way. Her conversations are needlessly repetitious; we could get at the relations of people to each other without the endless variations upon these relations. It sometimes seems as if Miss Woolson had made careful studies of all the doings and sayings of her characters, and then could not bear to relinquish this or that clever passage, and so had printed everything, instead of selecting those scenes which were typical, and making them tell the story.

There are also certain artistic laws

¹ *East Angels*. By CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1886.

which she presses too hard. The law of contrast, for instance, so valuable in a sharp definition of character, is used by her to a somewhat exhausting extent. Garda's husband dies apparently for no other reason than to give new opportunities for the contrast of Garda with Margaret, and Adolfo and Manuel are constantly bringing out each other's colors. Everywhere is shown a lack of reserve power; the situations are stretched to their utmost capacity, and though there is a prodigality of interesting detail, the reader cannot help wishing that the author had spared herself somewhat, and not been so scrupulous in her art. We can almost imagine Miss Woolson throwing herself back in her chair, upon the completion of the task, and saying, I am nearly worn out, but not one of you can say I have neglected you.

And yet, when we come to the heart of the story, when we consider the relation which Evert Winthrop, Margaret, and Garda bear to each other, we cannot help feeling that Miss Woolson's naturalness of manner and carefulness of art have failed in making us really believe in the situation. This Undine of a Garda is a little too incredible. We may not lay our finger upon any one weak spot in Miss Woolson's construction of her, but she is too perfectly irresponsible to be altogether true. For one thing, we believe such a nature would have had a more distinct infusion of passion. Then the heroism of Margaret has a tension which impresses us painfully. We do not ask that she should be less noble and self-sacrificing, but that the reader should not be made quite so uncomfortable at sight of her. Nor do we think that Winthrop's behavior toward her is any more the outcome of his nature than is hers toward him. She hides herself from him with a persistency which does not deceive the reader, and could not deceive Winthrop; he rushes at her in a style which irritates the reader even more than it disturbs Margaret.

The real manliness which we have no doubt he possessed would have made him stop short of such petulance of passion as he betrays.

In brief, Miss Woolson in her over-anxiety to elaborate her characters has missed, it seems to us, the more obvious laws of their being; the result is a highly refined artificiality of sentiment, which scarcely consists with the admirable naturalness of those scenes in which no profound intention lurks. Little by little the book is built up; it is immensely clever in its separate passages; the minor characters, who have no great moral exigency to serve, are delightfully truthful; the negroes are hit off with great dexterity, and the crane becomes a real *dramatis persona* by virtue of his distinctness of character. It is only when one comes to regard the novel as a whole that one feels how ingenuity has been racked, and casuistry made to take the place of clear, honest, generous handling of human relationships. We are reluctant to believe that Miss Woolson is going to refine away her unquestionable power, and strain her art into forced service. Certainly we do not fear that she ever will fall into careless ways. She has secured great pliability of workmanship; why can she not use this power in some swiftly accomplished tale, where the quickness of movement will save her from undue subtlety of motive?

A year ago we found a pleasant task in calling attention to Miss McClelland's novel *Oblivion*, and we took up her new book, *Princess*,¹ with a reasonable hope of finding it an advance upon her previous work. *Oblivion* made use of an extremely exceptional incident upon which to construct a plot, but it reproduced very cleverly scenes of Southern local life. In *Princess*, the author still wisely lays her scenes in localities with which she may be supposed to be familiar, but she makes use of a plot which is hackneyed

¹ *Princess*. By M. G. McCLELLAND. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1886.

to the last degree, and the weakness of her story seems to impair even the simpler and easier portions of her work. The scene is laid in eastern Virginia. A Northern family, of generally good quality, though inferior by subtle degrees to the neighboring Virginians, has bought a plantation, and thus has been brought into social connection with the Masons, who represent the native aristocracy so completely that the daughter of the house is the latest of a long series of Pocahontases. She has exchanged her name in common parlance for the easier, more graceful title of Princess, which she bears also by virtue of her inherent nobility of nature. A visitor at the house of the Northern family is a certain chevalier, a Mr. Thorne, who is a martyr to the degenerate society which, in an uneasy consciousness, we are persuaded is characteristic only of Northern life. His wife has led him a dog's life, and they are now separated, but not legally divorced. Miss McClelland tries hard to make us believe in Mr. Thorne's dignified unhappiness. He bears his cross so silently that Pocahontas Mason has no idea he is married, and learns easily to love the man, having already thrown aside an honest Virginian who has only rough virtues.

She is undeceived, after there has been a tacit mutual understanding, by the wicked interference of the eldest daughter of the Northern family, who has been lying in wait for Thorne for a long while. Meanwhile Thorne, who has determined to obtain a divorce, is anticipated by his wife, who is even more eager to get rid of him, since she also is in love with somebody else. Externally, the way seems clear enough. The only difficulty is the obstinacy of Princess, who has high and lofty views of the marriage relation, — views which are not only Virginian in their strength, but personally intense. Here, then, is the situation. Thorne is madly in love with Princess, and is legally free. Princess is deeply, sorrowfully,

in love with Thorne, but her principles bind her. Her old lover, who has been acquiring strength of character and a little money, heaves in sight. And then — what then? Why, Thorne grows thin and miserable, and the burden is thrown upon Princess.

“What should she do? How should she decide? She was torn and swayed by the conflict of emotions within her; the old fight was renewed with added fierceness. Her heart yearned over Thorne; her love rose up and upbraided her for hardness. He was so changed; he had suffered, and his hair was growing gray; hard lines were deepening about his mouth, and to his eyes had come an expression that wrung her heart, — a cynical hopelessness, a sullen gloom. Was this her work? Was she shutting out hope from a life, thus making a screen of a scruple to keep sunlight from a soul?”

Well, is this the first time a woman was ever torn and swayed, — the first time that a selfish man insisted that his misery was due to the woman who would not give him what he wanted, but to which he had no right? Certainly the situation is not novel, but what is Miss McClelland's solution of the problem? Simply to make the woman yield, and to have the pair go off to the sound of faint, sad music, as it were. That is no solution. Anybody can answer the question in that way, if merely desirous of momentary ease. But true art, when dealing with ethical questions, does not permit a heroine thus weakly to succumb. A genuine work of art would not leave the story at this point; it would recognize the fact that by yielding the woman had either entered upon a new and more terrible conflict, or that a Nemesis was at her side from that time forth.

We have been treating this novel simply as a work of art, and we may add that the weak conception of what a work of art is has left its impress throughout the book. The subsidiary

scenes are by no means so well executed as in *Oblivion*. But looked at as a piece of ethics the book is without excuse. We have no patience with a writer who takes up so grave, so momentous, a subject as marriage and divorce, and covers up a bad smell with a bottle of Lubin's extract. We beg Miss McClelland to forget, if she can, this piece of sentimentality, and make us forget it by giving a thoroughly good picture of Virginian life, with a robust morality at its base, and a good honest plot to carry it. Let her put her strength even into life-like tableaux, and leave the plot to take care of itself; that would be more satisfactory than so artificial a product as *Princess*. We are quite sure she can do the real thing.

It is a pleasure to pass to a book which has the ring of genuine metal. We have not read any of the previous stories of the author who calls herself Charlotte Dunning, but we shall read the next one, for *A Step Aside*¹ has raised high hopes in us that here is a writer who has a sincere respect for her work, and is capable of growth. It is not often that we fall in with a book which implies so much reserved power. The story in its main lines is readily told, and the reader is not wronged by being forewarned of the plot. A Frenchman, teacher of drawing in a girls' school in New York, has a motherless daughter, Pauline Valrey, who has grown into a subordinate position in the same school as teacher of French. The two are living a restricted, quiet life in a cheap boarding-house, to which comes by chance a young man, the son of a country clergyman, and occupying the position of clerk in a small corporation. The meeting under the roof of a boarding-house leads by the most natural steps to the coming together of Pauline Valrey and Hugh Langmuir; they love simply and faithfully, and the old gentleman is

¹ *A Step Aside*. By CHARLOTTE DUNNING. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1886.

well pleased with the betrothal which follows.

It happens in the course of their very natural lives that the three find themselves on a vacation together in the Catskills; and while they are rusticated at a farm-house, Mr. Prosper, Hugh's employer, turns up at the neighboring hotel. He is quite unused to enjoying himself, and is having a dreary time, but the *ennui* is lifted by an excursion which he takes with the young people, and there comes into his life a new element in the person of this fresh, animated, and pretty young girl. Upon the resumption of life in the city, it chances by a series of very likely incidents that Pauline becomes connected with Miss Berryan, a half-sister of Mr. Prosper, and is often at her house, especially after the death of M. Valrey. The characters having thus been fairly started, the development of the plot is in the gradual separation of Hugh and Pauline by the intervention of the rich Miss Berryan and the well-to-do Mr. Prosper. Miss Berryan is selfish, and wants Pauline to herself. Mr. Prosper persuades himself that he can make Pauline a better husband than her drudge of a lover. Pauline yields a little to the subtle charm of the luxury in which she feels at home, and Hugh, desperate with jealousy as he sees Pauline slipping away from him, and incensed at the hard fortune which seems to lie in wait for him, seeks in a feverish haste to make money by speculation and in doing so wrongs his employer. The crisis comes at last. Pauline wakes to a keen sense of what she is drifting into. Hugh, half crazed by his conscience, comes near meeting death recklessly, and is spared only for a bitter recovery from illness. Then the real love of the two is supreme, and the estrangement is over, yet the sense of guilt on both sides remains.

"They tried each to cheer the other, but the shadows hung over them and weighed them down. Their faces showed what they had gone through, and often,

when they were alone, they sat, hand in hand, silent, not daring to speak out the bitter regrets that filled both their hearts. It was not enough that Pauline had given Prosper the money [her own savings] Hugh had taken, for the shame of the theft remained. No sophistry could do away with the fact of his dishonesty, and no promises that Pauline might make could do away with the fact of her disloyalty in the past. They thought of these things, not of what the future might bring in the way of happiness." They are quietly married in the old boarding-house. "The expressman had already taken the trunks to the station; there was no carriage waiting outside, and after the last farewells had been spoken Hugh drew his wife's hand through his arm, and they walked away slowly."

Now that we have given this brief outline and taste of the story, we begin to regret our act, for we are sensitive lest we should have suggested an impression of monotony in the book. It is true that the novel is mainly in one tone; there are not many dashes of color in it, and possibly the author might have introduced these with just effect. At the same time, the air of naturalness in the scenes is not impaired by any strain after striking situations. People of native refinement, who work for their living and are forced to live in cheap boarding-houses, are not exactly the subjects for fine writing. The step aside which each of the principal characters takes is not a wild plunge, but just what the title indicates, a deflection from a perfectly straight course, a human error; and it is just such steps that make up most of the minor disappointments in life. Yet so finely has the author delineated the career of her hero and heroine that when they leave the book we are conscious of no incongruity when the image rises to our minds of Adam and Eve, after their one sin, going out into the world of mingled sorrow and happiness.

It is no light thing to have done what this author has done with so firm a hand. To depict nice shades of character and action without quibbling; to present the commonplaces of life without dwelling unnecessarily upon ignoble details; to be natural without being loose, and real without using an H H H pencil; to disclose the foundations of character without eternally fumbling at the roots of life; to be sturdily moral without being goody-goody; to draw people who are perfectly distinct without exaggeration of their characteristics, — to do all this is to do what belongs to a strong artist

working in severely plain materials: and this Miss Dunning has accomplished with a success which excites our admiration, and leads us to praise, with scarcely a reservation, a book which is through and through an honest piece of work.

We are not disposed to generalize over woman's work in fiction upon so slight a series of particulars, but we think enough has been written to show that women differ among themselves in ethical judgment, and that twelve women on a jury would probably be just as likely to be wrong as twelve men.

RECENT HISTORIES ON THE COÖPERATIVE PLAN.

SELDOM has there been a more daring disregard of unfavorable conditions than in the selection of what is now Cambridge as the site of the infant Harvard College, two hundred and fifty years ago. By the middle of 1638, this town had not merely parted with its early name, but had witnessed the wholesale removal of its population. Only eleven families remained, of those who had apparently been taking root on its soil, the rest of the community having been carried away bodily to the valley of the Connecticut, where, under the inspiration of the Reverend Thomas Hooker, it began a new life under the name of Hartford. The Hartford community, commemorated in this Memorial History,¹ was the old community, with a change of location and change of name; for the settlers brought with them their old magistrates, their old ministers, and, in fact, all the town's "political and ecclesiastical machinery." It has been common to ascribe this migration to the Connecticut Valley, in which other towns than Cam-

bridge participated, though to a much less extent, to an existing disaffection with the religious and political administration of Massachusetts Bay. It is much more probable that a different idea was in the mind of their leader. Under the conditions of their settlement in the wilderness, a theocratic system, whose code of laws consisted mainly of "Moses his judicials," seemed to have better prospect of uninterrupted development than on the seaboard, where the ideal symmetry of a Puritan community was too much exposed to unwelcome arrivals from Old England. The same vessel which brought the settlers their supplies of lumber or provisions was painfully liable to land among them some jovial semi-pagan like Thomas Morton, or some veritable firebrand like Anne Hutchinson or George Fox. Obviously, the settlement at Hartford was, by its very inaccessibility, largely free from this liability, and therefore almost wholly unembarrassed by inharmonious elements. The transplanted Puritanism

¹ *The Memorial History of Hartford County, Connecticut. 1633-1884.* Edited by J. HAM-

MOND TRUMBULL, LL. D. In two volumes. Boston: Edward L. Osgood. 1886.

thus came almost of necessity to develop into a more pronounced type than that of the Bay settlements. A man like Hooker could not at once fade out of the recollection of the places which had known him, and the Hartford settlement was by no means forgotten at Boston and Cambridge, as appears from references to it in more than one writer of this period. Even Cotton Mather's *Magnalia* embalms one curious reference to it; not in an adaptation to Cambridge and Hartford of the Horatian apostrophe, "O matre pulchra filia pulchrior" (though he might appropriately enough have written "filia asperior," in one of the prodigious lapses into Latin which bristle on almost every page), but in plain English. His active though somewhat lurid imagination, in fact, designates it as the place where "the last great conflict with Antichrist" would take place.

The tremendous distinction which the great Boston divine would thus have conferred upon Hartford need not be taken as expressing anything uncomplimentary in his view of it, but merely his lively sense of its remoteness. We have seen that this remoteness helped to intensify its religious characteristics. It contributed also to make it an exceptionally homogeneous community. At the beginning of the present century there were few New England towns in which the native English stock had held its own so well against all foreign admixtures, and there are few in which local traits have been more strongly intensified and perpetuated. The persistence of the type is scarcely less marked in the political ideas which have held sway here. Hartford was not merely an important headquarters of patriotic sentiment all through the War for Independence, but a veritable hot-bed of Federalist sentiment after the war. After New England Federalism had met with its most crushing reverses elsewhere, it survived most tenaciously in this immediate vicinity; and no other town than

Hartford could have been so appropriately selected as the place of assembling of that Hartford Convention which signalized the year 1814, and which aroused the apprehensions of timid patriots in all parts of the Union.

It is no doubt owing to the fact that the real story of Hartford in the past is so much more than a history of the territory now included under the municipal name of Hartford that Dr. Trumbull the accomplished editor of these two volumes, has been led to make them include the county as well as the city. The result is not wholly satisfactory, and a comparison of this *Memorial History* with that of Boston, which the phraseology of the title seems to invite, is by no means to the advantage of the former. Indeed, the use of the coöperative method, as applied to historical publications, in the two volumes now before us must inevitably suggest the limitation of that method. Mr. Lowell, in one of his more recent addresses, has emphasized the distinction "between literature and merely printed matter." Dr. Trumbull could hardly have hoped, at the best, to reach in these two volumes the high level of "literature" as thus understood. Needless pains, however, have been taken to render this impossible, if we may judge from the Publisher's Note prefixed to one of the volumes, calling attention to the "portraits and many views which were not originally contemplated, and which the subscribers receive without additional expense." These features, together with the disheartening array of local annals in the volume devoted to the country towns, while they no doubt still the sensibilities of the local magnates therein glorified, have an unfortunately cheapening effect on the work as a whole.

Indeed, we cannot help thinking that Dr. Trumbull has missed the true significance of that wider and more comprehensive influence which such a center of political life as this must have had from the beginning. There have been

few more interesting testimonies to the substantial "unity of history," as insisted on by Mr. Freeman, than the successive reappearances of the city-state, as a political institution, in ancient Greece and Rome, in mediæval Italy, and, lastly, in New England. It was because the leaders of the Hartford community possessed a real genius for political affairs that a colony, and not a mere county, came gradually to crystallize about Hartford as a nucleus. It was for a long time doubtful just where the boundaries of the colony were to be definitely drawn. Springfield was claimed as belonging to its jurisdiction, but was later included in Massachusetts. Woodstock, on the other hand, after being recognized for a series of years as a Massachusetts town, was, in 1749, attached to the Connecticut Colony. To the south of Hartford, however, was a community even more ambitious than itself to exercise the functions of a city-state. In the interesting pages of Mr. Levermore's recent volume, *The Republic of New Haven*, one may read how this gallant municipality also was hemmed in, and finally swallowed up, by the ever vigilant Connecticut Colony. If the Memorial History could have done more to spread before the reader the fascinating story of Hartford's connection with this development and growth, he could well afford to lose much of what is here told by an army of writers, but with an almost painful lack of proportion.

The town which Hooker and his associates founded grew up in one of the most fertile of New England valleys, yet it has by no means been a Bœotia in literary unfruitfulness. Hooker, indeed, was himself the first of a long line of writers who have constituted its men of letters. Its literary flowering-time was early, if we include the stilted productions of Barlow, Trumbull, and their as-

sociates in the last century. This school of letters has been long since outgrown, with other affectations, though a belated member of its ranks, the late James Gates Percival, seems not to have been aware of the fact. Some highly amusing lines, in which he gave indignant expression to his resentment, are printed in this work, and testify to Hartford's lack of appreciation. In the more modern period it has had writers of real distinction, who have not lacked for appreciation, either at home or abroad. To this, indeed, the pages of our own magazine bear witness, for among its Hartford contributors have been numbered such names as Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, Henry Howard Brownell, Charles Dudley Warner, and S. L. Clemens; and also, in virtue of their birth there, Edmund Clarence Stedman, John Fiske, Rose Terry Cooke, and William Henry Bishop. It is significant that as the first name of eminence among the Hartford men of letters is that of a clergyman, so is one of the last, also, the late Dr. Horace Bushnell. To this nineteenth-century divine the citizens of the Hartford of to-day gratefully acknowledge their indebtedness, for his life among them resulted in a most noteworthy quickening of their civic pride and public spirit, — a noble service on the part of any citizen.

We have spoken of the descent of this work from the Memorial History of Boston. By another line that work was also the progenitor of Mr. Winsor's great work on America.

The fourth volume of the series, devoted to French Explorations and Settlements in North America, and to the minor essays of the Portuguese, Dutch, and Swedes,¹ shows plainly the serious view of the editor, and his resolution to keep the work within the strict lines of the plan laid down at the outset. The

¹ *Narrative and Critical History of America*. Edited by JUSTIN WINSOR. Vol. IV. French Explorations and Settlements in North America. VOL. LIX. — NO. 352.

ica, and those of the Portuguese, Dutch, and Swedes, 1500-1700. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

thoroughness with which the ground is covered, the patience with which the cartography — the most original contribution, it may be said, in all the volumes thus far published — has been developed, the careful array of authorities, all these elements give the work a solidity and impressiveness which both stimulate the student and discourage him. The foundation here laid for historical study in an independent manner is admirable, but a cursory examination may well lead one to despair of attacking history as a study, unless he is to confine himself to an exceedingly minute field.

This, we say, is the first impression likely to be made upon the expectant student, and if it warns off all merely desultory speculators or indolent minds much is gained. But this volume itself invites to other moods. The clear, excellently arranged monograph on Champlain, by Mr. Slafter, shows how a single topic may be made interesting by the narration anew of an historical career, when the writer has sifted the material for the narrative and has fully possessed himself of the facts. Dr. Shea's chapter, again, on The Jesuits, Recollects, and the Indians is a good example of how a man of full mind can group and bring into orderly form a great variety of scattered data, by the use of a convenient comprehensive topic. Mr. Stewart, in dealing with the subject of Frontenac and his Times, had a certain disadvantage in following Dr. Parkman, since that writer was able to go over the ground more fully in narrative, and to invest it with the charm of his style. It was impossible, however, to avoid this distinct subject, for Frontenac was too striking a force in the history of Canada.

Mr. Stewart, moreover, by his residence among the scenes of Frontenac's career, has the gain which often comes from personal association, and he writes with directness and an intelligent sense of the proportion of his subject.

The introduction to the volume, however, is the paper which on many accounts is the most noteworthy contribution. Somewhere in the series it was proper that there should be a general survey of the physiographical conditions of historical development in the country, and the editor has chosen this volume as the place for Professor Shaler's paper on the Physiography of North America. It is one of those generalizing and suggestive views which the author has a peculiar faculty for presenting, and it is of great value to the student for the lines of thought and study which it opens. We cannot recall another single paper which would do more, if carefully considered, to bring about in our schools and colleges that true union of geographical and historical studies which has been so woefully neglected. The treatment of the subject by Mr. Shaler is fascinating to the reader. It starts a great number of most interesting questions, and it may well revive the courage of one who is at first appalled by the apparent hopelessness of undertaking historical investigation on a large scale. Here is opened to him a field of research which permits him to use all the admirable material so carefully gathered in this and other volumes of the series, and yet to occupy his thought with large and vital problems. The reader who enters the fourth volume by this door will find himself in a more generous place than he might otherwise have known.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

The Red
Leaves on
the Snow.

THE years monotonous? The same old seasons, and weathers, and aspects of nature? Never anything new to admire or wonder at? The monotony is in our eyesight, which goes on seeing nothing but the common and invariable things; simply because, from long familiarity, these are the easy things to see. But these are only the frame of the picture; the picture itself is never twice alike.

Suppose, to test it, we should open a ledger account with Nature. It should be headed, The Face of Nature in Account with an Exacting Mind. On the left-hand page should be entered the *Dr.* side of the account; namely, to all the phenomena of the year that we could fairly stigmatize as the "same everlasting old thing." On the right-hand page should go the *Cr.*; namely, by all the aspects of land, or sea, or sky, that in any candor we must confess never before to have been noticed by us.

For example, "February 3d. *Dr.* To a pale sunrise, going into a low-spirited forenoon of leaden cloud. Have seen this hundreds of times before." Or, "August 20th. *Dr.* To a hot afternoon. Sleepy. Palm-leaf fans. Shower at five o'clock. Bumbles and boombles of approaching thunder. Scalding water. One sharp flash and crack. Three rolling peals, going *r, r, r, bang*; *r, r, r, boong*; *br, r, bong, BANG, br, r, m, m, m.* Same old thunder-shower."

Of the *Cr.* side of the account, the items which led me to begin this paper, and which I am about to mention, will furnish a good example.

It is the 7th of November. The first snow came in the night, and this morning we had that annual experience of drawing the curtain, and looking out a little shiveringly, and saying, "A white world! Winter has come, sure enough."

Ten inches of snow; and, all day, more powdered down in successive puffs and squalls. One minute, all blue sky, and the sun flashing on everything; the next, you see the northwest obscured, and the dun cloud rapidly covering the whole heavens, its upper edge fringed with light snow-scud brushed out before it in wisps and flying locks. Suddenly the air is thick with the falling and whirling flakes. It is like the glass toy box we had when children, which we turned upside down, and scattered a thick white shower on the wooden trees and the whittled *chalet* and herdsmen.

These gusty squalls have brought down the last "flying gold" of the autumn trees. Yesterday the maples, and oaks, and the great round-topped linden on the lawn were still full of their wealth of color. There it lies now on the snow, — smouldering reds and yellows, burning with dusky blushes on (not in, as ordinarily) the level floor of the white cold. This is what I meant I had not seen before: the autumn lying in this literal fashion on the winter's breast. Commonly the carpet of the fallen leaves is all down before the cold white feet of the snowstorms come to dance upon it. (If these metaphors seem to tread on each other's heels a little, a squall or two may be supposed to have intervened.)

The prettiest thing, however, in this particular case of the first snow, is the way its softness, early in the night, caused it to stick fast, silvering the windward side of every object. Not only are the firs deep loaded, the lower boughs weighted and banked till each tree is, from the ground up, a continuous tent of snow, but the trunks and every round limb and forking twig of the elms and oaks are puffed with fleckless white. It makes of them a vivid kind of crayon sketch: every bough has its dark shadow

away from the sun, and its white high-light toward the wind. The gate-posts are capped high with the rounded ermine. In the side of one of these snowcaps I carefully scooped out a little cave; then, removing my glove, I cautiously (so as not to dismantle the fluffy entrance) thrust in my bare hand and held it there. Almost instantly I could feel the warmth reflected from the translucent walls. For the first time (another item on the *Cr.* side of our account-book), I not only could understand, but *sense*, how the prairie-hens and overtaken travelers can, like cunning children with their mothers, escape the castigation of the snow by fleeing to the snow's own bosom.

The little wren-house on the stub of the dead pear-tree is piled thick to windward, and fringed with icicles on the eaves to leeward, like the abodes of all the rest of us. Across the river, on the crown of the slope, stands a straight high wall of woods. It is a reversed drawing in charcoal; all the tops, the soft mass of bare boughs and twigs, being shaded dark, while the stems of the tall hickories and oaks stand forth white as marble columns.

On the smooth snow of the lawn stands a slender upright wand, left solitary in the deserted tennis-court, where it supported the net in the middle. The adhering fleece has made of it only a delicate rapier-blade of snow. Shining there in the sun, scarcely more tangible than its faint blue shadow, a slim white line, pure, cold, still, — what a beautiful bâton for conducting some symphony of Mendelssohn; or a stylus for tracing the icy music of —'s poetry; or a gnomon for some frosty moon-dial, whereon to mark the saintly hours of —'s life.

— There is a kind of common-sense mind-reading which

I like to practice, and which I can recommend to psychologically disposed persons as very entertaining. The method is simply to start from some ob-

ject which you perceive has attracted the attention of your companion, or from some remark made by either one of you, and follow the probable links of association in his mind to some point which you suddenly announce to him. You will often miss it, but whenever you succeed, especially if the train of ideas have led to some point quite remote from the starting-place, the effect is somewhat startling.

For example, I am sitting on a garden bench, one afternoon, with my wife. The faintest whiff of a good cigar comes borne on the air through a hedge of trees. Nothing is said, but I feel reasonably sure that it suggests to her mind, as it does to my own, a passage in Jane Eyre, of which we were speaking only yesterday, — the fragrance of "Rochester's cigar." Now it was but the day before that we had a letter from our friend Jane B——, recounting the tumble of her baby from the phaeton. I am therefore pretty safe in assuming that the one Jane will suggest the other, and that the thought of the young mother will suggest the child. So I remark quietly, as I poke my cane at a pebble in an absent way, "It *is* odd that it did n't hurt her more." Whereupon my wife exclaims, "Well!" and says I must be a witch, a remark always gratifying to a husband. I do not respond, as I am lying low for a still further feat of guess-work. It seems to me probable that the mention of the phaeton accident will bring to mind the bump which cousin Fanny received lately, in being thrown from a runaway saddle-horse. This will suggest the matter of saddle-horses in general, and especially the question we had been discussing in the morning, whether it would pay to take a riding-habit in the trunk, on our trip to W——. This, allowing a reasonable time, would be sure to lead to the more pressing question concerning the journey, — What road, and what train? So, after about a minute and a half, I casually re-

Mind-Reading by Common Sense.

mark, still poking at the pebble, "Lake Shore, leaving at 2.30, had n't we better?" Again the exclamation point and the agreeable imputation.

Silent People as Misjudged by the Noisy. — When a number of good-humored people are setting out, bright and early in the morning, on some exhilarating expedition, it is pleasant to notice how lively and expansive they are. For the first hour they talk all at once, laughing their words rather than speaking them. But as the forenoon goes on, one after another drops gradually into comparative quiet and silence. It is not that they have ceased to enjoy the excursion and each other, but the first effervescence of the uncorked animal spirits of the morning has spent itself.

In a similar fashion, as we get on in life past the period of obstreperous youth, we incline to talk less and write less, especially on the topics which we have most at heart. The younger people notice this, and think it is because we are growing lukewarm on these matters. They deplore us, among themselves, as being "lost leaders," or lost followers, of this and the other fine cause. But they do not understand. The thought is deeper and stronger in us now, perhaps, than when it was visible at the surface and made more noise. We are beginning to realize the uselessness of perpetually talking, that is all. If there is a thing to be said, we prefer to wait and say it only when and where it will hit something or somebody.

Moreover, if the youngsters will observe us a little, they may see that we say a number of things — and pretty forcibly, too — by simply taking them for granted. They might follow us around, A and B and C, and a half dozen more of us elders, and listen to our talk for a whole week without ever hearing from us a single argument or exhortation on the subject, say, of the Intellectual Rights of Women, or the Rascality of Thick-and-Thin Partisans,

or the Curse of the Ignorant Vote. But they would soon notice that what we quietly take for granted in our talk would furnish a number of tolerably strong creeds or platforms. They might come to the conclusion, too, that this quiet taking of certain things for granted by sensible and vigorous men and women is not to be despised, as a working force, in comparison with whole parlors-full of vociferous chatter.

The Left-Over Expression of Countenance.

— There are certain humorous sidewalk observations that are open to one as a kind of compensation for having to elbow and jostle along the public ways. One of these is the trick people have of looking at you with the left-over remainders of the expression of face just bestowed on the companion with whom they are walking and talking. A pair of persons engaged in lively argument are approaching you. One of them is laying down the law with great vigor of facial and muscular gesture. At the moment of brushing by he glances at you, with the ferocious scowl of his fervid eloquence still puckering his features. You would think he was your bitterest foe. Of course it would have been opposed to the great law of economy of force to have relaxed and then puckered up again, just for the momentary meeting of another face. Perhaps his apparatus of facial expression is not agile enough to have accomplished the manœuvre, if he had tried.

Shortly after, you encounter Saccharissima and Dulcissima, chatting and laughing together as they come. They are entire strangers to you, but as you pass you receive a most captivating smile, — from both of them this time, as it happens, for both are talking at once. It produces an effect like those momentary streaks of warm air through which one suddenly walks on an autumn day.

Sometimes you get a mixed expression, with much the effect of a stream of warm and of cold water poured on the

head at the same time. The eyes, which are the more mobile portion of the expressional apparatus, will nimbly alter their look, at the instant of meeting you, to that freezing glance appropriate to the encounter of an un-introduced fellow-creature. The mouth, meanwhile, with its attendant cheek-curves, continues the companionable smile, thus bridging over the interruption, and allowing the conversation to go on, with its atmosphere unchanged.

Occasionally it happens, however, that the mixture was already in the original expression. We all know that blood-curdling look which passes between eminently civil people, wherein the eyes remain distant and stony, while the unfortunate mouth (which — for its sins, perhaps — always has to do the hypocrisy for the whole countenance) is forced to maintain an expansive mechanical smile. Thus I meet, of a morning, two middle-aged ladies engaged in polite exchange of views upon the weather. Rival boarding-house keepers, possibly. The effect now is quite complex. They are already wearing, for each other, the mixed expression referred to, and in glancing at you each infuses an additional drop of vitriol into the ocular and adjustable part of her look. This momentary contact with expressions that were intended for other people is singularly noticeable on the road in meeting open carriages. Sometimes on a crisp afternoon, when everybody is out and all are animated, it is like encountering an intermittent running fire of faces: some real rifle-shots (such as Emerson describes), and with explosive bullets at that; others, the mere sugar-plum artillery of the Carnival, — and none of them intended for you particularly. It is merely that you happen to intervene in the line of fire. An effect of this sort is when two crowded open horse-cars meet and pass. Here you have, not single shots, but the simultaneous discharge of a whole battery of diverse facial howitzers.

Perhaps the oddest case of this persistence of previous expressions is where you have stopped a moment to speak with a lady on a village sidewalk. You are only slightly acquainted, and neither your mutual relation nor the business in hand call for anything but a very indifferent and matter-of-fact cast of countenance. But suddenly, in the middle of a sentence, this daughter of Eve is aware of a favorite young gentleman bowing and smiling from a rapidly passing carriage. Without moving her head, — there is not time for that, — but only her eyes, she flashes on her vanishing friend a bewitchingly intimate smile. Then she instantly looks back to you and finishes the business sentence, with the remains of this charming but now queerly incongruous glance fading out of her face in a most interesting manner. It is like watching the last tint of sunset vanishing from a mountain peak, or a pretty little wave ebbing back on the beach, or the closing of a flower at night, or the putting up of the shutters on the village apothecary shop at bedtime.

I remember an appalling instance of such a phenomenon that occurred to me when a child. Even at this late day, whenever I vividly recall the scene, it gives me a chill. It was in a Virgil class, and I was a poor little palpitating new scholar. While I was anxiously construing the opening lines of the Dido-in-the-storm episode, the beetle-browed master turned slyly to a privileged older pupil with some *sotto voce* schoolmaster's joke. As I glanced up, having partly heard the words without catching the point, he was just turning back to me, with a most genial and winning smile sweetening his usually acid features. Innocently, and no doubt with some timidly responsive look on my face, I said, "What?" But on the instant of speaking I divined that, alas! the grin was not meant for me. It was a case of left-over remainder. As it ceased to "coldly furnish forth"

his rapidly congealing countenance, he bade me in a stern voice to "go on." It was much as if he had cried, "What right have *you* to be smiling at me, you miserable little sinner?"

But I have known over-sensitive persons of larger growth to have their disagreeable moments with these "remainder biscuits" of expression. For example, I have an unhappy friend who has all his life been intermittently ridden with the idea that he is in some way ridiculous. I can never find him really happy and at his ease except in his library or his garden. The books and the chickens, he says, do not laugh at him. Whether it be the effect on his nerves of tea-drinking, or of living too much alone, or of having been brought up by homespun people, to whom his artistic tastes really did appear ridiculous, and who took no pains to conceal the fact, — whatever the cause, there is nothing of which he has such terror as the "laughter of fools" directed against himself. Lately I set myself seriously to combat this fancy. I said, "Let us go out together on the street, or into company, and see if you can show me any reliable instances of people's laughing at you."

The first persons we happened to encounter, after leaving the house, were two sauntering schoolgirls, satchels on arm, maxillaries active, and one was telling the other with infinite secrecy — as if the very lamp-posts were sure to be listening — some wonderful experience, such as only schoolgirls have. As my friend and I approached them, it appeared that the climax of the narrative had just been reached. Glancing up at us unconsciously, as we met, they continued to giggle, and passed on. "There! you see!" said my friend. And I had much ado to convince him that it was only a case of left-over expression.

Das Ewigweibliche in Little Girls.

— *Das Ewigweibliche* comes packed in pretty small parcels sometimes. As "every grain of gold is gold," so every morsel of a

girl-child seems to be completely woman-kind. She cradles her dolls, and arrays them in garments of her own making, or marring, at a surprisingly early age. She calmly takes charge of younger brothers (or, with equal confidence, of older ones) almost as soon as she can go alone. From early infancy girls appear to know by intuition how to circumvent (which is, being translated, come around) the male dwellers in the abode, by means of that Eve-ish, not to say elvish, mental faculty supposed to consist in arriving at conclusions without ratiocination. Dress up any least little girl in full-grown feminine garb, and she does not look like a child masquerading as a woman, but like a woman seen through the small end of a telescope; or like one of the little wood-wives of Teutonic fairy mythology.

It is not so with a man-child. The boy, until he has passed that period up to which it has been suggested that, for the peace of society, he should be kept in a barrel and fed through the bung, is a creature by himself. He is not simply the young of the male human animal; he is a distinct species, and passes into the state of mature humanity not merely by growth, but by a metempsychosis. The human family is not classified just right in the books. It should be said to consist of the two species, *Homo sapiens* (male and female) and *Homo puer*.

It is sometimes piteous to see how a grown man will instinctively recognize the womanliness of some little bit of a girl, and depend on it. The other day I was waiting my turn at the village meat-market, when a father and little daughter came in. They were evidently from the country, and I saw at once that the man was not at all accustomed to doing the marketing. It was plain enough that he had lately lost his wife, and that this little creature whom he had brought with him, a slender, large-eyed, timid child, not more than seven or eight years

old, was now his main-stay and dependence. I saw him stoop over—he was a tall, lean, thin-faced man—and consult her a moment; then he came forward, and asked in a hesitating way, as if he were not sure how they asked in marketing, if they had any sausages. On being answered in the negative, he went back to the little girl, and, bending down, consulted her inaudibly as to what they had better do in that emergency. Then he came back to the counter and said, “Waal, I guess we’ll have some beef.” But immediately he turned again to the child, who had stolen to his side, and I know as well as if I had heard his whispered question that he was asking her, “What kind of beef had we better have, dearie?”

The Unwelcome Counselor of the Humdrum Duty.

—It is perhaps a common human experience that there are times when our life seems “a’ a muddle.” Either the ship has not steerage-way, and is helplessly drifting, or it is flying down mid-night winds, under blotted skies, toward unknown shores. We cry out for help at the wheel. We wish some warm-hearted and clear-headed friend might come into our life, inspect our whole mode of existence, and advise us masterfully on the old question of “What shall he do with it?” We seem entangled in an infinite criss-cross of meshes. There are threads of perplexing relation leading off toward this and the other person. Should they be cut? Should they be strengthened? We are too much down in the midst of everything; we cannot climb up and see our yesterdays and to-morrows as a whole. The thought suddenly comes, and startles us,—This thing, *Life*, that we see others struggling with, entangled by, is upon *us* at this very moment. This *living* that we see others doing, and judge them so coldly, *we* are on the instant involved in it also. Is it time to end such and such a connection? Is it time, on the contrary, to begin it more fervently, as if anew?

Were it not better, for the one and for the other, that the thing laid down for safety be taken up again for peace? Shall we stay, for the sake of this plain duty? Shall we go, for the sake of that? If only the wise counselor might come, and take it all out of our hands, and only put it back again when smoothed, directed, decided!

But what if he should, after calm and deliberate inspection, only point us to the near and humdrum duty that we already knew and shunned? Is not our wish for his help a secret hope that somehow he may give higher sanction to our own edging toward escape, may remit some common-sense responsibility, may side with desire against homely *ought* and *must*? Let him not venture to come, if he can only tell the old story we have forever been hearing from tiresome and irrepressible Reason!

The Recommending of Books and Friends.

—I find there is very little use in recommending one’s favorite books to grown-up people. If the volumes are, in the nature of things, congenial to them, they will have found it out before; and if they are not congenial, they are not, and “there’s an end on’t.” A friend, whose judgment about authors I respect very highly, advised me to read a certain novel that begins with an Irish ball, and ends—upon my word, I already have forgotten how. I knew I ought to like it, but if I could n’t, how could I? At about the same time I recommended to this friend, as a book that had tickled me immensely, *Tartarin sur les Alpes*. I have no doubt it was read faithfully, at my suggestion; but I have hardly less doubt that “still the wonder grows” as to what I saw in it.

The truth is, people have their fixed affinities, like chemicals. It is as if oxygen, in a burst of enthusiasm, should advise nitrogen to unite with carbon. “I can’t,” protests the helpless element; “we have n’t any affinity.”

Nor are these native impossibilities

confined to our relations with books. Is it not precisely so in our relations with each other? It is quite useless for our friends to recommend their friends to us. If we have not found out for ourselves that we belong together, we probably belong apart. In the case of some people, we might be stirred up together in the alembic of circumstances, with the spoon of opportunity, for years, and the two chemicals would lie inert and isolated. With others, it is a fizz and a union at the very first contact.

Anima
Mundi.

— A picture before me has a strangely haunting character. It is the face of a young girl, — calm, serious, and kindly; very beautiful in features, but unimpassioned; the impersonation of youthful grace and health, yet wonderfully spiritual with its deep, mysterious eyes, soft, indeterminate outlines, and cloudy hair. Though taken from life, it portrays no being that ever had mortal existence.

It is the fruit of one of the modern miracles by which mechanical science now and then attains ends for which art vainly strives. For though it is that prosaic thing, a common photograph, — or, I should say, an uncommon one, — the face is ideal. Mr. Galton, in his curious book, made us familiar several years ago with the process that produced it. To the creation of this face the features of the young ladies of a class in one of our New England colleges contributed. The mystic number, self-multiplied, — there were forty-nine in the class, — wrought out of the bloom of maidenhood this spell of nineteenth-century witchery.

It is as if some wizard had held up his magic mirror before them at the same moment, bringing all faces to one focus, and there, by some alchemistic power, had transmuted and reflected them as one, the result containing the few ideal traits common to each, and combining them in an ideal totality. A brief consideration will show that this is, sub-

stantially, indeed the case, the only difference being that a separate moment is given to each face in assimilating it with its fellows. In the composite portrait no resemblance to any one of the forty-nine individuals can be traced. It may be perceived how, in the brief rephotographing of each of the originals upon the same plate, their features continually correct each other, only those lines that agree remaining and strengthening the total, while the parts that do not correspond neutralize each other, and make those vague, mysterious shadings which lend fascination to the face. Thus Nature, the consummate artist, finds in each of her children something of the wherewithal for the painting of a perfect picture.

If we consider the Soul of the World, the *anima mundi*, to be formed through the union of the souls of all mankind, what better expression thereof could be imagined than a face and form to whose composition humanity should contribute the features of all its countless millions, — all who exist and who ever have existed? What majesty, what power, what serenity what radiant beauty, what dazzling glory, might be imagined incorporate in such a being, whom we might call the Regent of our planet! — divine, because the concrete expression of the divine element in man.

Probably no mortal is so wholly bad as to contain no spark of the divine; probably no one born of woman, however base, can have traveled the path that leads from birth to death without knowing some moments when the light of the soul gleamed through the mask. Therefore with every such moment contributing its share to the perfection of that countenance, — all that the world has ever known of the splendor of youth, the grace of maidenhood, the nobility of heroes, the wisdom of sages, — we shall find all showing there; all of the highest beauty of mankind perpetuated, making its indelible impress, and, as the ages

roll on, heightening the glory of the Divine One, who gathers the goodness of the wide earth unto himself.

And the evil? As each earth-child returns to the bosom of its mother, we may believe that only that which is perfect is joined to perfection; that the imperfect is but the shadow upon the countenance of the Divine, the mystery that veils it. Evil is naught but imperfection, and is therefore impermanent, ever changing, and in the ineffable light is perceived as only a soft play of shifting shadows, that, by their contrast, heighten and make manifest the beauty of godliness.

In man's imperfections we have the veil that hides the face of the Divine from his vision. Could we but stand at the altitude of that high soul, with what calm unconcern should we behold all the strivings of the world, even all the sin and sorrow and suffering which impart their dark figures to the fabric ever weaving in the loom of life! The keenest pangs, the wildest griefs, the darkest tragedies, the deepest despair, would seem of less moment than now appear the moanings of a child over its broken toy. The sorrows of the child are as real to it as we find our greatest woes; but we, in our superior wisdom, know that in the next moment they will be over, and the child's face will again be lit with smiles. So to the Soul of the World the troubles of men occupy but moments in the march of the ages. In its wide vision, as it beholds the mystic processes of creation unfold their results, it knows that all of that which we call evil is an essential to the instruction of man and the formation of his character under the manipulation of the manifold experiences of life. Therefore, as well might the melting and welding and working and cutting which the metal has to undergo before it takes the finished shape which will make it a joy and a blessing to man be condemned as evil. Could the metal but feel sensation as its molecules are torn apart and pressed to-

gether, its experiences would doubtless be no more pleasing than ours while undergoing the tortures of pain and grief.

May not this conception of the Soul of the World be more than a fancy? While hearing an account of one of those strange experiences which now and then come to certain persons, and carry them beyond the border of dreamland into a realm that seems more real than this every-day world of ours, — though our friends of the microscope and the crucible are apt to give a pitying shrug thereat, — the vision of a transcendently glorious and majestic face was described, so overpowering that the beholder shrank from the sight in awe. With the foregoing reflections in mind, I was startled at the words: "It seemed like all the faces that ever existed put together into one stupendous whole."

Is it Non-sense? — Is your correspondent of last December correct in setting down to the love of nonsense that delight which we find in obscure or uncomprehended passages of literature? There is an undeniable charm about a melodious combination of words in themselves calculated to suggest pleasant ideas, even where it conveys no rational meaning. But do all the examples cited by your correspondent come under this head? His vision of the dozing pimpernel, while it may have been absurd, was not, strictly speaking, nonsensical. Even of the "corn rigs" and "gowans," I suspect his mind held some undefined image. When we meet with a word which we do not understand, but which pleases the eye or ear, we jump to the conclusion that the object signified is as strange to our experience as its appellation; in short, imagination invests the thing itself with the novel charm which its name possesses for us, and the enchantment is broken when we discover that it really is something with which we are quite familiar. I will confess to a sense of disappointment when I learned that the "birks" of the Scottish ballads

were simply birches. The birch is a beautiful tree, but what reality could compare with the shadowy picture painted by unfettered fancy? The witchery of these things lies in their suggestiveness, as your correspondent virtually admits in his concluding paragraph. Impressions too unformed to be put into words may be vaguely grander, more subtly fair, than any which words can fully express.

Are the terms which we cannot define meaningless to us? Do we not rather cram them with meaning? For one ignorant of its literal significance, does not that phrase, "the gurly sea," sum up all the nameless elements which make the weird gloom of an ocean storm? To him "gurly" is the ideal adjective, describing the indescribable. If the intellect sleeps while we read such lines as these, its dreams have their own fascination.

The Book-
Notice and
the Criti-
cism.

— As I lay down the paper, or the magazine, I often wish the line might be more visibly drawn between the book-notice, not pretending to do more than give a book a good send-off, from the publisher's point of view, and the candid criticism, aiming to inform the public as to its real

merits. Each may have its uses, but we would like to know which is which. Not that the thing that claimed the dignity of genuine criticism would always be found to fulfill its definition. "Alas! for the rarity," not so much of "charity," — we seem to have too much of that in our notices of books, — but of the judicial mind. Many critics appear to believe that the judicial attitude consists in saying violent things *pro*, and then violent things *con*, or *vice versa*: as if the judge should soften the death penalty by an invitation to dinner; or as if the critic's ways were like those of Herrick's Venus, with her erring Cupids, when she "for their boldness stript them," and "with rods of myrtle whipt them,"

"Which done, to still their wanton cries,
She kissed and wiped their dove-like eyes."

It is not enough for this sort of a critic that he should say simply what he thinks of the book. He must "take on." He is not satisfied to affirm quietly, but he must swear, either at the author or at his enemies; as if he thought that Richelieu's dictum, slightly modified, would be an excellent epitaph for the true critic, — His pen was mightier when he swore.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

Political Economy and Sociology. Studies in Modern Socialism and Labor Problems, by T. Edwin Brown. (Appleton.) Dr. Brown is a Baptist clergyman in Providence, and his book is the outcome of a series of lectures delivered in his church. He writes intelligently, sympathetically, and earnestly, and gathers into convenient form much of the current thinking on the topics propounded. The book also contains a useful bibliography. We regard the studies as a contribution to a better knowledge of the subject, rather than as a new and forcible advance in thought. — *The Labor Movement in America*, by Richard T. Ely (Crowell), is an attempt at the history of what is mainly very recent in activity. Dr. Ely's industry and honesty have made him familiar with the current which he is studying. His sympathy with the workmen, if sometimes a little unreasoning, is at least likely to win him their attention; and if he can keep his head clear on the distinction between a science and the practical application of the principles discovered in it, there is no reason why his continued work should not reduce the friction which exists between different kinds of workmen. His book brings together a great deal of interesting and valuable material, and it is a pity that it has no index. — *Protection or Free Trade*, an examination of the tariff question with especial regard to the interests of labor, by Henry George. (The Author, New York.) Mr. George is always interesting, and he has the advantage over other students of science that he has a clearly held hypothesis, — the ownership of land by the state, — which can be applied to any question that may come up. A panacea is a great simplifier, and the inventor of it always seems puzzled to explain why everybody does not want it. — *Labor, Land, and Law*, a search for the missing wealth of the working poor, by W. A. Phillips. (Scribners.) Mr. Phillips has a good sense of the orderly development of his subject, and he has marshaled in convenient shape an array of interesting facts, involving criticism of many writers. But he is fair, and he appears to be unburdened by any theory which commits him to a single remedy. On the contrary, he recognizes the complexity of the subject, and sits down patiently before his problem. The book is worth consideration. — *The Country Banker*, his clients, cares, and work: from an experience of forty years. By George Rae, with an American preface by Brayton Ives. (Scribners.) Mr. Rae has been for many years a banker in Liver-

pool, and is a man of fine culture, who has been identified with art interests. His book is therefore not a purely technical treatise, but a clear and readable account of a business which has a wide bearing on human interests. — *A Plain Man's Talk on the Labor Question*, by Simon Newcomb. (Harpers.) Mr. Newcomb, who holds a high rank as a mathematician, appears here without his scholastic gown, talking as plainly as he can. His main contention is that the expression of American thought in legislation is at odds with the plain sense of the American people, and he believes in legislative reform as an important factor. — *Economics for the People*, being plain talks on economics, especially for use in business, in schools, and in women's reading classes, by R. R. Bowker. (Harpers.) It will not be the fault of writers if plain people miss a knowledge of economics. Mr. Bowker writes with an engaging frankness which leads one into his book before he can formulate any objections to it. Neither is one likely to leave it with many objections. Within the simple limits which it sets for itself it is sensible and suggestive. — *The American Citizen's Manual*, by Worthington C. Ford, is a double number of Questions of the Day. (Putnam's.) It is a useful and in the main impartial statement of the machinery of our government and of the relation which the government holds to the individual. So far as it explains the practical working of the machinery it is especially useful to young citizens. — *An Investor's Notes on American Railroads*, by John Swann. (Putnam's.) These notes do not traverse the whole railroad problem, but concern only that range of conditions which affects the interest of the investor, and by the investor the foreigner is especially intended to be edified. The general outlook is encouraging rather than otherwise. — *Unwise Laws*, a consideration of the operations of a protective tariff upon industry, commerce, and society, by Lewis H. Blair. (Putnam's.) The author claims that he attacks the very citadel of protection, and that he writes in the interest of the greatest individual freedom. He is vigorous and headlong in his style, and gives himself very little concern about anything but the equality of men before the law, by which he means not only the law as administered by the courts, but the law as formulated by Congress. He pleads for direct taxation and diminution of governmental interference with trade and internal improvements. — *The Irish Question* (Scribners) is Mr. Gladstone's *apologia pro*

theoria sua. — The Sovereigns of Industry, by E. M. Chamberlin (Lee & Shepard), is an interesting account of the organization, preceded by sketches of the rise and growth of similar combinations of laborers. Mr. Chamberlin writes from interior knowledge, and his little book is worth more than many speculative treatises. — The Labor Problem, plain questions and practical answers, by William E. Barnes. (Harpers.) A large part of this volume consists of brief contributions to the subject by business men. The book, introduced by Dr. Ely, becomes thus a sort of plebiscite, by which one can gauge with some accuracy the general view of the country.

Holiday and Art Books. Home Fairies and Heart Flowers is the enigmatical-sentimental title of a book containing twenty studies of children's heads with floral embellishments, head and tail pieces and initial letters, by Frank French, accompanied by poems by Margaret E. Sangster. (Harpers.) The book is peculiarly Mr. French's. He has taken his subjects from life and from photographs, and has done his work with the graver, printing in black and white. The attempt was one worth making, but we wish the artist had taken more pains to give the children in action, or under conditions which free them from self-consciousness. The charm in art when dealing with childhood is largely dependent upon the absence of self-consciousness, and the great masters, notably Reynolds, were very apt to throw a slight veil of masquerading over a child in order to protect it. Mr. French has done this in one or two cases, but as a rule his heads have the air of being photographs translated into engravings, and as such lack the personal interest which saves the photograph. — A Trip around the World, by George Moerlein. (M. & R. Burgheim, Cincinnati.) This book is singular among the books of the season for its reliance on illustrations printed in oil-colors. There are 110 of these, occupying pages by themselves, singly or in groups. They certainly afford a variety to the eye satiated with the refinements of wood-engraving. The text is mainly from newspaper letters, written by the author when on his tour. He writes in a plain, unimaginative style, not so highly colored as his pictures. — Happy Hunting-Grounds, a tribute to the woods and fields, by William Hamilton Gibson. (Harpers.) Mr. Gibson, as is well known, uses both his pen and pencil, and in this handsome book has shown himself a true lover of nature and a delicate transcriber. Perhaps so much delicacy makes us hypercritical, but we are tempted to ask if he has not in some instances tried to give the eye more than it can carry; fineness of detail, namely, together with breadth of effect. This is not the

case with A Breezy Upland, which seems to us one of the best pictures in the book, and one where the single thought of the subject has not been confused by an attempt at telling too much. — The Closing Scene, by Thomas Buchanan Read. (Lippincott.) Mr. Read's poem has been illustrated by a number of artists, Gibson, Pyle, Taylor, Garrett, Low, being some of them, and the designs have been engraved with great refinement of touch and a general even skill. The lines seem scarcely to warrant so much art, and the question naturally rises, Why give so costly a setting to so commonplace a stone? To be sure, the lines contain convenient suggestions, but we hold that illustrated books should justify their being. — Aegle and the Elf, a Fantasy, by M. B. M. Toland. (Lippincott.) The poem here illustrated is of the class of poems of which Drake's Culpit Fay is the best known example. It has no merit beyond the intention of the author to be satisfied with an idle fancy, and not to press it too far. Upon it as a basis has been built an illustrated book of the photogravure kind. The smallness of the book works against the success of the photogravures, which as a rule require more room for their best effects. One or two of St. John Harper's pictures, however, are striking, and the representation of a high-relief sculpture is noticeable. — The Madonna of the Tubs, by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, with forty-three original illustrations by Ross Turner and George H. Clements. (Houghton.) The process method does not seem to have been eminently successful in this book; the slight sketches which should owe their charm to lightness and grace are broken by the mechanical process into uncertainty and general feebleness. The story itself is one which appeals to the pathetic sense, and translates the plain experience of humble life into a form which is decorative and ornamental. — Beckonings for Every Day, a calendar of thought, arranged by Lucy Larcom. (Houghton.) Miss Larcom has arranged under three hundred and sixty-five heads selections in prose and verse from those writers, old and new, who are in finest sympathy with the spiritual aspirations, and the form of whose thought is neither antiquated nor fantastic. The thoughts are grouped under heads which suggest the procession of the months, and the book as a whole strikes one as well conceived and excellently executed. — Holy Tides, by Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney. (Houghton.) In a little paper-covered book, with titles printed in gold and colors, Mrs. Whitney has presented the subjects of the great Christian festivals and fast in verse. — Isaac Abbott, a ballad of Hartford, North America, with the original air, and illustrated by E. P. C. (Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati.) Mr. Cranch has rescued

from oblivion an old New England ballad, with the music to which it was sung, and has set it forth with illustrations of his own, outlines in sepia. The ballad is quite worthy to rank with "On Springfield Mountain there did dwell," and the editor has set it forth amusingly. Evidently Connecticut people had some fun in them in spite of Dr. Peters.

Fiction. The Old Order Changes, by W. H. Mallock (Putnams), is an attempt by that showy, half-truthful writer to indicate through the medium of a novel something of the present social condition of England. His faculty for taking on the hues of the objects which he moves among is exceedingly deceptive, and almost takes the place of insight. — The House at High Bridge, by Edgar Fawcett. (Ticknor.) Mr. Fawcett disappoints us. His books seem to grow commoner instead of choicer, and now he hampers himself with a plot which has a second-hand air about it, and commits that blunder, which is worse than a crime, of making literature and literary men the material in which to work. What is more unreal in a small way than the picture of an artist painting an artist? — and a novel in which a novelist is the central figure seems equally shadowy. — Memoirs of Arthur Hamilton, B. A. of Trinity College, Cambridge, extracted from his letters and diaries, with reminiscences of his conversation, by his friend Christopher Carr. (Holt.) A novel in the form of a biography, and illustrative of phases of doubt. The book is thoughtful and sometimes penetrating, but on the whole can scarcely be called successful as a work of art. In attempting to give *vraisemblance* to the biographic form, the author seems to us to have overworked himself, and thereby to weary the reader a little. — A Fortnight in Heaven, by Harold Brydges. (Holt.) This is, as the author says, "*a reductio ad absurdum* of the argument for government interference in all the relations of life." The conception of a heaven which is a magnified Chicago is not especially witty, and we wish the author had contented himself with assuming a Jupiter Chicago, instead of mixing it up with heaven. There is a good deal of rough sarcasm in the book and some effective passages. — The Marquis de Peñalta, a realistic social novel, by Don Armando Palacio Valdés, translated from the Spanish by Nathan Haskell Dole. (Crowell.) Mr. Dole has made a readable translation, marred occasionally by what seem errors of taste, of a book which throws some light on the interior life of Spain to-day, — a subject novel to most readers. — The Psychologist, by Putnam P. Bishop (Putnams), is a queer affair. The author gives himself very little trouble to tell a story with definite purpose, but he manages to reel off ever so

many opinions, some of them sensible; to introduce a great many people, none of them very much alive; and to keep the reader constantly baffled in his effort to determine just what the outcome of the book is. — John Jerome, his Thoughts and Ways, a book without beginning, by Jean Ingelow. (Roberts.) Miss Ingelow has perhaps been reading Southey's The Doctor; at any rate, she follows somewhat the method, or want of method, of that book. We cannot say that she has achieved a success. There is no story to speak of, but a good many small incidents, a little characterization, some smart sayings, and a general hodge-podge, as if she had emptied her work-basket, and were putting back the things as fast as she found them. Miss Ingelow is hardly witty enough to shine in such an experiment. — It is just fifty years since The Pickwick Papers was given to the world. Macmillan & Co. have celebrated the event by issuing what they call the Jubilee Edition of that work, edited by Charles Dickens the younger, who furnishes an interesting introduction and other supplementary matter. The text of the two volumes is fully illustrated by designs from Seymour, Browne, and several later artists.

History and Biography. Perley's Reminiscences of Sixty Years in the National Metropolis, by Ben: Perley Poore. (Hubbard Bros., Philadelphia.) The first volume of this work brings the narrative down to the war for the Union. Major Poore's long residence and official position in Washington and his training as a newspaper correspondent have been both an advantage and a disadvantage to him. The scrappy style produced by a long series of gossiping jottings in a newspaper letter has passed over into the book, and the perspective is not especially regarded; great and small things are huddled together, and one reads and reads, with a feeling that he is coming to a point some time or other. On the other hand, familiarity with his subject enables the author to speak with a certain fullness and readiness which cause the reader to feel very much at home in the society of which he is getting this outside glimpse. — Reminiscences of the Filibuster War in Nicaragua, by C. W. Doubleday. (Putnams.) An entertaining book about a passage of history which seems to belong rather to romance. Every one who writes on this topic necessarily deals much with General Walker's personality, and we see no reason why Walker may not become in time a picturesque figure in American historical romance. The whole filibuster movement was one of the sporadic shoots of the slavery policy, and as such will have an interest much beyond what its intrinsic importance would excite. —

Recollections of Eminent Men, with other papers, by Edwin Percy Whipple (Ticknor), is a collection of Mr. Whipple's later magazine papers, and is prefaced by the discourse given at his funeral by Dr. Bartol. Mr. Whipple is known to readers so well by his criticism of the Elizabethan literature that such a volume as this goes far toward displaying that warm intellectual interest which he had in his contemporaries. Reading it afresh, one is struck by the fullness of Mr. Whipple's knowledge as well as by the critical insight which he had. He never lost himself in merely wordy generalization. — The excellent work begun by Professor Baird in his *History of the Rise of the Huguenots* is continued in *The Huguenots and Henry of Navarre*, just issued in two volumes. (Scribner's Sons.) It is to be hoped that the author will complete his plan of bringing the history down to the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. — *Persia and the Persians*, by S. G. W. Benjamin (Ticknor & Co.), is the interesting literary result of Mr. Benjamin's two years' residence in Persia as an *attaché* to the United States Legation at Teherân. We shall probably have occasion to speak more in detail of the work. — Macmillan & Co. have published a new edition of Lanfrey's *Napoleon the First* in four neat volumes. That Lanfrey did not live to complete his brilliant history is regretted even by those readers who disagree with the author's estimate of Napoleon Bonaparte, among which readers we class ourselves. — *Documents Illustrative of American History*, with *Introductions and References* by Howard W. Preston (Putnam's Sons), consists of a series of reprints of important papers not easily accessible to the general reader. The period covered is from 1606 to 1863. To the student of American history this compilation is a necessity.

Poetry. *Songs and Ballads of the Southern People, 1861–1865*, collected and edited by Frank Moore. (Appleton.) This new collection is one more mournful testimony to the failure of war to produce poets. There are one or two striking lyrics by men otherwise unknown, but most of the verses come as near to poetry as a drum and fife do to a violin. — *Chansons du Matin*, by Rachel Reynear. (Putnams.) For morning songs there is a doleful absence of hope and bright prospect in these verses. They read as if the singer had waked after uncomfortable dreams. There is a certain amount of suggestiveness in the poetry, but the poems show signs of ingenuity rather than its kinsman genius. — *The Vision of Gold and other Poems*, by Lillian Rozell Messenger. (Putnams.) We wish Miss Messenger would cultivate her ear more carefully before trying ours. — *Lyrics of Life*, by John Grosvenor Wilson. (Caxton Book Concern, New York.)

This little book indicates more virility than is usually found in books of its class, but it does not make one sure that poetry is a necessity to the writer. — *Daisies of Verse*, by Mrs. S. L. Oberholtzer. (Lippincott.) Written apparently for the reading of the author's friends.

Science and Nature. *Man and his Handiwork*, by the Rev. J. G. Wood (S. P. C. K., Youngs, New York), is a rambling, chatty book by a popular author, in which he connects the invention of man with many contrivances of lower animals, and shows the development of complex forms from simple ones. The book is an entertaining one, and is like the familiar talk of a very widely read and observing man. — *The Age of Electricity*, from *Amber-Soul to Telephone*, by Park Benjamin, Ph. D. (Scribners), is not a technical treatise, but simply, as the author says, "an effort to present the leading principles of electrical science, their more important applications, and of these last the stories, in a plain and it is hoped a readable way." It is pleasant to see the increasing volume of tribute to Joseph Henry. It is not impossible that his work in the initiation of telegraphs will yet be popularly recognized. — *Electricity in the Service of Man*: a popular and practical treatise on the applications of electricity in modern life. From the German of Dr. Alfred Ritter von Urbanitzky, edited with copious additions by R. Wormell, with an introduction by John Perry. (Cassell.) This octavo, though called popular, is much more technical in its method than Mr. Benjamin's book. It is full and very abundantly illustrated. The subject is treated topically rather than historically. — *Life, its Nature, Origin, Development*, and the psychical related to the physical, by Salem Wilder. (Rockwell & Churchill, Boston.) Mr. Wilder has read widely, thoughtfully, and with discrimination, and he has contributed his own views without ostentation or dogmatic positivism. His positions are seriously and one thinks slowly taken. — Two recent volumes of the *International Scientific Series* (Appleton) are *Earthquakes and other Earth Movements*, by John Milne, and *Microbes, Ferments, and Moulds*, by E. L. Trouessart. In the former case the experience of the author during his residence in Japan has been of great service, but his book after all leaves on one the impression that we are far yet from an exact knowledge of the nature and causes of seismic disturbance. The latter volume is written largely from a botanical point of view, and aims at practical elucidation of the microbial theory.

Education and Text Books. The excellent *Studies in General History*, by Mary W. Sheldon (Heath), is now provided with a *Teacher's Manual*, in which the author supplements her

work by carefully prepared analyses and by much suggestive criticism. Such books add dignity to teaching by lessening the opportunity for mere hearing of recitations. — The Chautauqua Movement, by John H. Vincent, with an introduction by President Lewis Miller. (Chautauqua Press, Boston.) This movement is about a dozen years old, but it has developed so rapidly and now reaches so many people that Dr. Vincent, who has been a prime mover, very properly undertakes to tell its story. It is not strange that he should be enthusiastic over the success of Chautauqua, — probably his own enthusiasm had something to do with that success; but it strikes us that the boastfulness of the volume is less of an indication of the future growth of the plan than a more reserved tone would have been. Has Dr. Vincent laid his armor off yet? — Mr. W. J. Rolfe has added to his useful editions of the poets for schools Childe Harold, a selection from Tennyson (Ticknor), and a selection from Robert Browning (Harpers). It is a pleasure to have an editor who looks first, last, and always to the accuracy of his text. All else is

based on this. — Professor W. S. Tyler, of Amherst College, has edited Books XVI.-XXIV. of the *Iliad*, with explanatory notes for the use of students in college. (Harpers.) His notes are copious and possibly a little too much in the nature of easy helps, but his treatment is that of a teacher who loves his author. — The Philosophy of Words, a popular introduction to the science of language, by F. Garlanda. (Lovell.) Mr. Garlanda uses the accepted results of scholars, and arranges his material in a methodical form, which is convenient to the general reader and sufficiently scientific to enable one to use the book as a general textbook introductory to the study of philology. — The Elements of Chemical Arithmetic, with a short system of elementary qualitative analysis, by J. Milnor Coit. (Heath.) Intended to supplement the teaching of the text-books of descriptive chemistry, and as a companion to them. — Entertainments in Chemistry, easy lessons and directions for safe experiments, by Harry W. Tyler. (Interstate Publishing Co., Chicago.) Useful as a coaxer into chemical studies, but not to be taken as a substitute.